EDWARD MOUNTAGU
1ST EARL OF SANDWICH

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THE LIFE OF EDWARD MOUNTAGU, K.G.,

FIRST EARL OF SANDWICH

Edward Mountagu,
afterwards first Earl of Sandwich
(aet. 17)
from a portrait by Sir Peter Lely

THE LIFE OF
EDWARD MOUNTAGU, K.G.
FIRST EARL OF SANDWICH

(1625—1672)

BY F. R. HARRIS
NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES
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THIS LIFE OF HIS ANCESTOR

IS DEDICATED TO

EDWARD, EIGHTH EARL OF SANDWICH

IN REMEMBRANCE OF MANY A PLEASANT DAY AMONG

THE MANUSCRIPTS AT HINCHINGBROOKE

PREFACE

THOUGH the first Earl of Sandwich played a prominent part during our great constitutional struggles, no biography of him has hitherto appeared. Campbell, Charnock, and our earlier naval historians, treated him fairly as a seaman, Southey wrote of him with sympathy; but later writers have done him scant justice. Some sixty years ago, Thomas Carlyle, in his search for Cromwell's letters, looked over the papers at Hinchingbrooke. Shortly afterwards he wrote of Mountagu: "Such a man ought to have had a written Biography, and universal legible Memorial, long ago; if the *sacer vates* were not in so confused a state among us in these times! . . ." And Carlyle paused.

It has been left to the present Earl of Sandwich, the eighth of his line, to initiate the work. The idea of a biography of his ancestor had long occurred to him, and fitful efforts were made to examine and arrange the papers, but the pressure of a busy life prevented the fulfilment of the task. Yet Lord Sandwich only needed an assurance that the work was really worth doing, and within a few months the arrangements were made. Once begun, the work proceeded steadily, if slowly, and the completion of the book is due to his

interest. For only through Lord Sandwich's generosity in giving the fullest access to the papers, his hospitality during the various stages of the research, and his assistance in bearing the greater proportion of the cost, has the work been made possible. Finally, he decided not to subsidize the actual publication of the book, but to allow it to take the chance of acceptance or rejection at the hands of a publisher.

The book as it stands may prove the first instalment of a family history, for papers equally valuable and equally interesting are in Lord Sandwich's possession, and relate to more recent ancestors. The importance of the first Earl's papers and the range of his achievements demanded something fuller than a treatment confined to family affairs. As the work progressed, it grew in interest and in scope. The Earl was not only soldier and sailor, but statesman and diplomatist; Lady Sandwich was a woman who might well be added to the gallery of seventeenth-century ladies. The naval papers, the ambassadorial papers, were seen to be of importance. The plan of a calendar preceded by a biographical notice was gradually abandoned; the earlier structure was pulled down and rebuilt in its present form. A complete calendar or transcript of the manuscripts has, however, been made, though its contents have been woven into this biography; some, but not all the extracts, will readily be recognized by a change of setting. The manuscripts have been paged, compared with the *Carte Manuscripts* —originally part of the collection—and copious references are given. The public can verify the authority;

the family, and those who have access to the papers, can turn up a reference without any trouble. The present Lord Sandwich has added a genealogy to the appendices in the first volume.[1]

There is one charge in particular that may be brought against the book, and that is the charge of undue length; this would extend especially to the chapters on the navy and those on the Spanish and Portuguese Embassy. On these two subjects Sandwich wrote fully. Of the importance of his naval papers there can be no question. Of the embassy he wrote a daily record, which fills seven volumes. So far the fullest account of his work appears in Mignet; from the English point of view it has never been touched; it is a landmark in our economic history, and the diary of a seventeenth-century Ambassador seemed too important for excessive condensation. In addition the Public Record Office contains a number of letters on the subject of immense value, and these are uncalendared, and practically untouched. To have neglected them would have been impossible.

On one other point some explanation is needed—that is, in the matter of the extracts from Pepys. In the notices of Sandwich which have already appeared, such as Campbell's and Southey's, the diarist was unknown or neglected. When Mr. H. B. Wheatley, to whom every lover of Pepys is deeply indebted, edited the diary, he provided it as material. Even now this wonderful book yields much to the careful

[1] The spelling of the name which I have adopted is that of Mountagu's signature, the form used by the family until the eighteenth century. The correct form of the name is, first Montaigu and later Montagu.—F. R. H.

reader, for Pepys has in his wardrobe many coats, and few of them are threadbare.

The assurance of the importance of the papers was made to Lord Sandwich by Sir Sidney Lee, and he, as he has dubbed himself, is the godfather of the book. He stayed at Hinchingbrooke, made a cursory survey of the manuscripts, and wrote to Oxford, with the result that the present writer was entrusted with the work.

For the recommendation to Lord Sandwich I have to thank the Regius Professor of History, Mr. C. H. Firth. He must be tired of appearing in prefaces to seventeenth-century works; he has hurled many a bottle at the side of ships, before they slid down the ways; for this vessel he has made no ceremonial launch, but rather kept an eye upon her building. He has read the greater part of the book, and it owes much to his careful guidance.

Upon the naval chapters my friend, Mr. Julian Corbett, has given most valuable aid and criticism. To his help and judgment I am deeply indebted; and if any success attends the description of Mountagu's life at sea, it is largely due to him.

In the chapters upon Spain and Portugal, the greatest help was derived from Mr. H. C. Fanshawe's edition of Lady Fanshaw's *Memoirs*. A written discussion upon certain points led Mr. Fanshawe to prove himself a most timely friend; he did everything to facilitate the work, he placed his elaborate collection of transcripts from various sources entirely at my disposal, and talked over several vexed questions.

The tale of thanks, long as it is, must be briefly completed. The Marquess of Bath was good enough to send up three of his volumes of manuscripts for my inspection, and thus helped me to verify certain doubtful matters. The Marquess of Lansdowne allowed me to inspect the papers at Lansdowne House. Lady Ernestine Edgcumbe copied the whole of the letters from Lord Mount Edgcumbe's manuscripts, which relate to Lord Sandwich's death. The illustrations have been selected from the portraits at Hinchingbrooke, and Mr. George Montagu spent many hours in discussing their reproduction, and the Director of the National Portrait Gallery helped me to correct certain ascriptions. The librarian of the Admiralty, Mr. W. G. Perrin, gave every facility for the examination of the papers in his charge. Messrs. Bowes and Bowes, of Cambridge, kindly inspected the University registers and gave some needed information; and various questions were courteously answered by Mr. H. B. Wheatley; Mr. A. B. Gaselee, the librarian of the Pepysian Library; Mr. J. Horace Round; Mr. G. J. Turner; Mr. Oswald Barron; Mr. J. R. Tanner; the Rev. W. W. Baillie, Rector of Barnwell; the Rev. G. A. Weekes, Tutor of Sidney Sussex College; and Mr. J. H. Howgate, Headmaster of Huntingdon Grammar-School. I am much indebted also to my friend Mr. A. C. Bray, of Jesus College, Cambridge, who appears in the footnotes as A. C. B.; and to Miss Enid Routh, whose work is indicated in its proper place. My wife discussed the economic details in the treaty of Madrid; Miss N. Lewis helped me in the arduous

work of transcription; and Miss Bridghid Stafford, of Trinity College, Dublin, relieved me of some of the research done upon Tangier.

My tutor, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, has read some part of the work, and to him, and to the Chichele Professor, Mr. C. W. C. Oman, I owe my training in history, and the interest in the subject which their tutorship has given me. The proofs have been most carefully looked over by Mr. L. H. Pond, of Trinity College, Cambridge. In addition, my publisher, Mr. Murray, has read every word of the book, has made some most helpful suggestions, and proffered continual encouragement during the last few months. If any acknowledgments have been omitted, it is not from lack of gratitude; but all acknowledgments would be inadequate if I did not mention Mr. W. H. B. Somerset, of the Bodleian, or recognize the courtesy and assistance of the various officials at the British Museum, and at that indispensable institution, the London Library.

F. R. HARRIS.

February 5, 1912.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. I.

EDWARD MOUNTAGU (ÆT. 17) - - - *Frontispiece*

This portrait is dated 1643, and is one of the earlier portraits painted by Lely, since he only came to England in 1641.

ROBERT CROMWELL, FATHER OF OLIVER CROMWELL *to ace p.* 4

A portrait by Robert Walker, the painter of many of the Commonwealth generals.

PRINCE RUPERT, EARL OF HOLDERNESS AND DUKE OF CUMBERLAND - - - *to face p.* 38

By Anthony Van Dyck.

EDWARD MOUNTAGU, GENERAL-AT-SEA - *to face p.* 90

This portrait was attributed to Lely. Miss Boyle, in her Hinchingbrooke catalogue, says "after Lely." It is more probably by Jacob Huysmans or Houseman.

OLIVER CROMWELL - - - *to face p.* 102

By Robert Walker.

GEORGE MONCK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE - *to face p.* 162

By Robert Walker. This is the portrait mentioned in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

CHARLES II. - - - - *to face p.* 186

By Sir Peter Lely. Presented by Charles to the first Earl of Sandwich.

HENRIETTA MARIA, THE QUEEN-MOTHER *to face p.* 194

By Pierre Mignard. The legend in the Hinchingbrooke catalogue states that this is the Duchess of Orleans, but the costume is *temp.* Charles I. The identity of the portrait has given rise to some discussion.

THE ENTRANCE OF LORD SANDWICH INTO LISBON, 1662 - - - - *to face p.* 210

By Dirk Stoep. A complete set of these engravings, illustrating each stage of the marriage festivities, is in the British Museum. This is taken from a copy at Hinchingbrooke.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL, MOTHER OF OLIVER CROMWELL - - - - *to face p.* 228

By Robert Walker. The portrait has been reproduced in *Social England.* It is one of the Walkers to which allusion is made on p. 229 of this volume.

JEMIMA, COUNTESS OF SANDWICH - - *to face p.* 230

By Sir Peter Lely.

HINCHINGBROOKE, HUNTINGDON - - *to face p.* 254

An engraving made by Samuel and Nathaniel Buck in 1730. This shows the house as it was at the death of the first Earl. The fourth Earl made some additions, but in 1830 the house was partially destroyed by fire. When it was reconstructed, the circular bay-window was removed to the south front. The present Lord Sandwich constructed a tower, opened out the west wing, enlarged and converted several rooms, and renovated and restored the old nunneries.

THE LIFE OF THE FIRST EARL OF SANDWICH

CHAPTER I

THE MOUNTAGUS

"There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. And some there be which have no memorial."—*Ecclus.* xliv. 8, 9.

HALF a mile outside the old town of Huntingdon, upon the western side, stands Hinchingbrooke, the seat of the Earls of Sandwich.[1] A gentle slope rises from the valley of the Ouse, and spreads out, fanwise, for many acres, into meadow and lawn, glade and park. At the very heart of this demesne lies the house, which by varied form unfolds its history, and is surrounded by gardens laid out in styles as diverse as the house. Fine old trees, memorials of successive owners, shade the grounds, protect the house from the east wind, and shut out the view of low-lying lands beyond. On the south side a curious terrace hides Hinchingbrooke from the roadway, and merges into the walls and fences which run right round the park. Paths circle the estate, leading past the home farm and a few cottages

[1] The most recent history of the house is *Hinchingbrooke*, by the eighth Earl of Sandwich (London, 1910). The chief authorities for this chapter are the *Additional Charters* in the *British Museum*; the *Carte MSS.*; the *Sandwich MSS.*; Noble, *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell*; *Historical MSS. Commission: Buccleuch MSS.* Other references are given in the footnotes.

to the western confines, where the meadows stretch towards Brampton. By the side of this walk, a favourite haunt of those about the house, runs the Alconbury Brook. It skirts the sheltered fish-ponds, and flows towards the Ouse, passing out of the park under an ancient bridge.

The name, Nuns' Bridge, still lingers, a relic of earlier times; for the house on which the Montagu flag now flies was once a nunnery, and some of the stones have been in place for nearly a thousand years. William the Conqueror, says Leland, removed the nuns from Eltisley, in Cambridgeshire, to Hinchingbrooke, and founded there a Benedictine nunnery, dedicated to St. James.[1] The early history of the nuns and their foundation can be pieced together, in a fragmentary way, from a few old charters. The most considerable acquisition in land came to the foundation in 1199. Previously the nuns had paid a rent of fifteen shillings for the sixty acres of meadowland outside their gates. But King John at his accession, feeling sadly in need of prayers, remitted the rent as "soul alms" for himself, his father, and his ancestors.[2] Then, in 1393, John, Bishop of Lincoln, granted an indulgence of forty days to any that bestowed money upon the poor nuns of Hinchingbrooke.[3] The appeal was answered, and the money put to good use; for by gift and bequest the nunnery acquired, within the span of five centuries, land in the parish of Holy Trinity, the meadows which stretched towards Brampton, a "great close" near the house, a pasture called the Vyneyard, an enclosure with a dovecote,

[1] Leland's *Itinerary*. But the *Additional Charters* from Ramsey, now in the British Museum, show that William the Lion (1143-1214) was a considerable benefactor in adding lands to the foundation, and it is possible that he was the founder. (See *Add. Charters*, No. 33,595.)

[2] *Brit. Mus. Add. Charters*, 33,597. [3] *Ibid.*, 33,610.

adjoining the priory, as well as land in many of the villages round about Huntingdon, and in Cambridge and Northamptonshire.[1]

But this land was not always enjoyed in quiet, and at times strife, external or internal, disturbed the current of conventual existence. The social disorder which marked the close of the fourteenth century spread to Hinchingbrooke. The priory was attacked, part of the buildings were destroyed, the lands were wasted, and the deeds stolen or burned. The ring-leaders were excommunicated, and with their removal a lull of thirty years supervened.[2] Then the prioress, Anne Brynkley, found herself involved in a dispute with the bailiffs of Huntingdon over certain rights of way and of pasture.[3] Once again royal protection was sought, for the property was damaged, and the servants of the priory were attacked and wounded.[4] At times disorder came from within; Mary Porter, a nun, was dismissed by the prioress, Margaret Cave, to find subsistence in some other house of the Order, with a threat of perpetual prison if she molested the priory.[5] Another prioress, Joan Tychemers, petitioned the courts against an unfounded charge of incontinency which was brought against her.[6] But few other petitions or memorials are left to us: some rent rolls, the roll of a Court Leet, or a view of frankpledge; a lead pipe, or a fragment of stone of fifteenth-century date—such are the relics which indicate the history of the house up to the dissolution of the monasteries. One wing is still known as the Nunneries; it is now

[1] The list is given in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus*; see also *Hinchingbrooke*, pp. 6-8, and the *Additional Charters*.

[2] *Brit. Mus. Add. Charters*, 33,611. The excommunication order is dated 1395.

[3] *Ibid.*, 33,617.

[4] *Ibid.*, 33,616.

[5] *Ibid.*, 33,612. Dated 1410.

[6] *Ibid.*, 33,607.

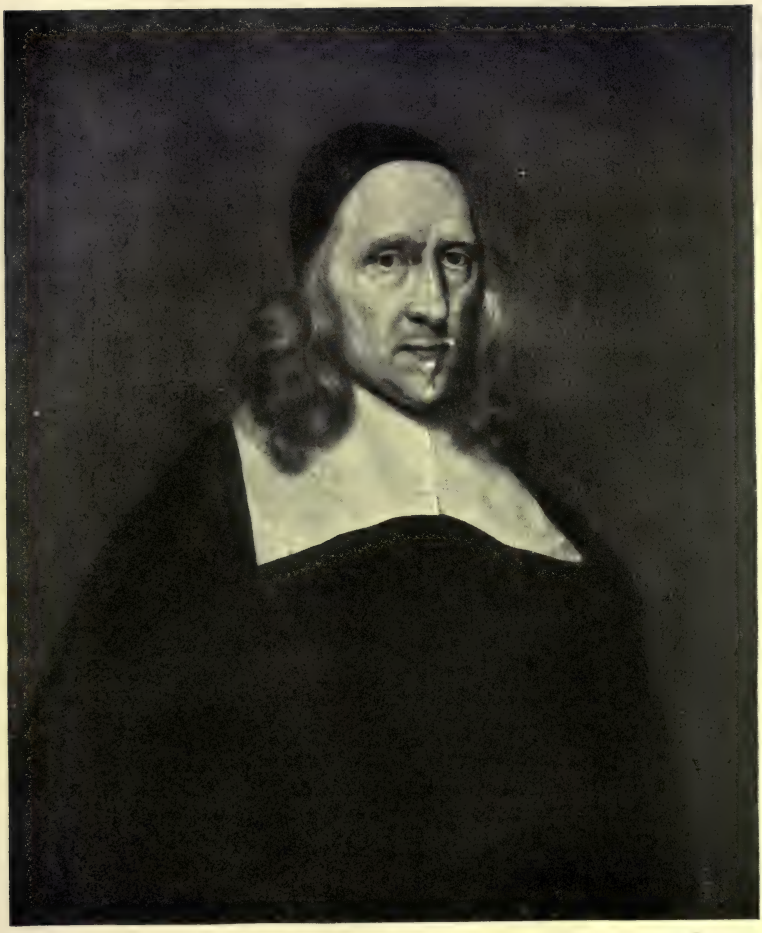
a servants' quarter, and the great kitchen, formerly the nuns' common-room, alone shows any sign of past estate. It was probably rebuilt in accordance with the will of Robert Burdon, who directed that "the kytchyn of the Nonnys of Fynchyngbroke, besides Huntyndon, be taken downe, and newe made uppe of such tymber as lay at Boughton of his coste and charge."[1] And all traces of the nuns are not obliterated; any alterations may reveal their remains. Within the past two years the skeleton of a woman was dug up in the garden, scarce three feet below the soil; and the bones of two prioresses lie in their stone coffins just underneath the great staircase, where seventeenth-century dames and gallants look out from their gilded frames upon the living and the dead.[2]

To the buildings of the old nunnery the present house was added bit by bit. When the monasteries were dissolved, Hinchingbrooke passed into the hands of Sir Richard Cromwell, and was gradually converted into a dwelling-house with stones brought from Barnwell Priory.[3] Most of the work was done by Richard Cromwell's son, Henry, the "Golden Knight," and by Henry's son, Sir Oliver. The nunnery was left unaltered, and upon its south-east side an Elizabethan manor-house was gradually built. This jutted out

[1] Bridges, *Northamptonshire*, ii. 349. It was from these Burdons that Sir Edward Mountagu bought Boughton.

[2] The following list of Prioresses is compiled from the Charters and Rolls in the British Museum: Agnes; Emma de Bideford; Elena de Walsche (*i.e.*, Ellen Wells), fl. 1275; Alice de Barewyck, fl. 1312; Isabella, fl. 1348; Anna, fl. 1353; Joan Tychemers, fl. 1365-1389; Margaret Cave, fl. 1412; Anne Brynkley, fl. 1425-1447; Margaret Lyle, fl. 1452; Elizabeth Brandon, fl. 1455-1481; Alice Wylton, fl. 1509-1535. The dates are taken from leases, etc.; Elizabeth Brandon is the only Prioress whose exact date of installation is recorded.

[3] Noble, *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell*, dedicated to the fourth Earl of Sandwich (edition of 1787). The footnotes in Noble's book indicate the contents of many deeds which were in the Earl's possession.



ROBERT CROMWELL

FATHER OF OLIVER CROMWELL

From a portrait by Robert Walker

To face p. 4 of Vol. I

from the corner of the nunnery, and faced the magnificent Norman gateway. On the north front of the new house two fine Tudor windows bore the Cromwell arms upon their stonework, and after Queen Elizabeth's frequent visits the royal cipher was added. That part of the house which faced the east was adorned by a great bow-window, two stories high; the royal arms crowned the whole, and under these the Cromwell arms were also quartered.[1]

The building and the upkeep of the new house, added to the cost of another considerable residence at Ramsey, were the undoing of the Cromwells. Everything was done upon a scale of great magnificence. As Henry passed from one seat to the other, he threw largesse out of the windows of his coach to the poor countrymen who lined the roadside.[2] Lavish entertainments given by him and by his son to Elizabeth and James, when the royal guests received coffers of gold, horses, hounds, and hawks, and the populace had access to the cellars, cost the Cromwells their home. Ruined by this extravagance and saddened by the death of his wife, Sir Oliver sold Hinchingbrooke. He hoped that the King would buy it for a royal residence, and offered it to James at a reasonable price.[3] But the King refused it, and in 1627 the house and manors passed into the possession of the Mountagus for about £3,000.[4]

[1] Nichols, in his *Progresses of James I.* (i. 98), says, on Noble's authority, that the window was built for the King's first visit; but the date upon the window is 1602. The royal arms were probably added in 1603. Engravings of the north and east sides of the house are in Noble, vol. i., and in Neale's *Views of Seats*. A fine old engraving, which gives a view of the same sides, and includes the nunnery, is by Nathaniel and Samuel Buck, and dated about 1730. The window last-mentioned was reconstructed on the south side of the house after the fire of 1830.

[2] Noble, *Memoirs of the Cromwells*, i. 22.

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, November 14, 1624.

[4] Noble, *Memoirs of the Cromwells*, i. 44.

The Mountagu who acquired Hinchingbrooke came of a family which has given to the nation innumerable men who have served it on land, at sea, and in the learned professions. By right of birth and dint of service the family, as a whole, can boast of many distinctions: in the short span of five reigns its members obtained no less than two dukedoms, five earldoms, and four baronies; while they displayed great capacity, especially for law and administration.[1] They trace their descent from early times, through Dreu de Montaigu, a Norman of the Conquest, and from the Montacutes of chivalry. Family tradition handed down the descent through a series of Montacutes, and thus through the Monthermers, until they are found as Mountagus settled at Hanging Houghton, Hemington, and Boughton in Northamptonshire.[2] Of this family, a particular Edward Mountagu, son of one Thomas Mountagu, was the representative.[3] He was born at the opening of the sixteenth century, and rose to distinction as a lawyer; he was knighted in 1537, and became a serjeant-at-law, and finally was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He was in Henry VIII.'s confidence, and entertained the King with the sumptuousness of a Wolsey. He was one of the Council of Regency during the minority of Edward VI. The dissolution of the monasteries brought him numerous Church lands and the Manor of Barnwell. At the same time he

[1] In Galton's *Hereditary Genius* there are some very interesting notes upon the Mountagus. See also Sanford and Townsend's *Great Governing Families*. Despite an evident bias against the family, the authors are bound to admit many excellencies in its members.

[2] C. Wise, *The Mountagus of Boughton*. See also *Hinchingbrooke*, and Collins' *Peerage* (edition Brydges). The *Carte MSS.*, 74, ff. 420-426, show that Sir Sydney was working at the family history, and an incomplete pedigree is in *Carte MSS.*, 239, f. 107.

[3] The land he inherited is given in the *Inquisitions* (Henry VIII.).

purchased parcels of land in the county of Huntingdon, and laid the foundation of a Mountagu estate round Brampton, Stukeley, and Alconbury.[1]

On Sir Edward Mountagu's death, in 1557, he was succeeded by his son, another Edward, who was a Knight of the Shire, Deputy-Lieutenant, and Sheriff of Northampton. This second Edward Mountagu died in 1602, leaving three daughters and six sons.[2] Of these, the eldest became Baron Mountagu of Boughton; the third son, Henry, was successively Recorder of London, King's Counsel, King's Serjeant, and Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He bought Kimbolton, revived the name of the Mandeville family, and was created Baron Kimbolton and Viscount Mandeville. Two of the younger sons, James and Sydney, were well-known men in their time, and, since the first had many associations with Hinchingbrooke, and the second eventually owned the place, their careers are traced in some detail.

James Mountagu took Holy Orders; he became Bishop of Bath and Wells, and afterwards Bishop of Winchester. Before his preferment he was Master of Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, and was chosen by his University to present the official welcome to James on his coming to England. The King stayed at Hinchingbrooke, where he was entertained, says a chronicler, in a manner that "made all former entertainments forgotten, and all future despair to do the like. All the pipes about the house expressed themselves in no other language than the several sorts of choicest

[1] *Huntingdonshire Fines*, p. 226. These are shortly to be published, under the editorship of Mr. G. J. Turner, to whom the writer is indebted for permission to consult the proofs.

[2] Edward, Walter, Henry, James, Charles, and Sydney. Another Henry, the eldest child, died when an infant.

wines."[1] Amid festivities the deputation met him, the heads of colleges arrayed in their scarlet gowns and corner caps. So pleased was the King with James Mountagu's conversation and address that the courtiers saw "the Beams of Royall favour shining in at a small cranny," and an offer of the Deanery of the Chapels Royal was made and accepted. This position brought Mountagu constantly into communication with the King; he became James's literary adviser, and was responsible for a handsome edition of his works, better clothed than they deserve to be.[2] Mountagu, indeed, was an unwilling editor; he had no great faith in the King's judgment upon controversial matters, and inclined to wish that His Majesty would not meddle in them.[3]

The bent of the King's mind towards a mixture of theology and superstition brought James Mountagu again into connexion with Huntingdon. For when the King was writing his treatise upon witchcraft he wished to examine the story of incantation at Hinchingbrooke; for the house had its legend. Sir Henry Cromwell's second wife died in 1592, after a lingering illness, and her death was attributed to the evil-eye. The frenzy of the age fixed upon a poor family as the culprits, and they were confined in Cambridge Gaol.[4] The King had need of all such evidence, and in 1604 James Mountagu was set to collect particulars in the surrounding district. Some information was gathered at Hinchingbrooke, but nothing to the point. The King and James Mountagu examined an informant,

[1] Fuller's *History of the University of Cambridge*, p. 157 (edition of 1655).

[2] *The Workes of the Most High and Mighty Prince James I.* Published by James, Bishop of Winchester (London, 1616).

[3] *Brit. Mus. Add. MSS.*, 6178, f. 843: James Mountagu to Lord Salisbury, October 24, 1608.

[4] Noble, *Memoirs of the Cromwells*, i. 25.

but found him weak and simple, waywardly conceited, and utterly unlearned. The girls who were accused of sorcery were proved sane, natural, and healthy, yet for a time were kept in confinement. "I wish we were rid of them," wrote James Mountagu, "for their charge groweth great."[1]

His uncertainty about witchcraft was expressed to a friend, for James Mountagu was too much of a courtier to offend the King by any doubts. A few of his letters passed to Hinchingbrooke, and thence into the Carte papers. One, which has been preserved, shows him possessed of some little wit:

"I have been much trobled with the toothake . . ." he wrote to his mother: "now I am better, for I am ridd of my payne and of my teeth both. The Kinge tells me that if my head ache, I must cut it off the next time, but I tell him I will leave that for him to do. His Majesty," he continues, "hath been trobled with the toothake too, but he will not pull them out, but takes such hott medecines as have marred all the teeth in his head."

Then comes a serious turn:

"Heere is no newes now but of a parlament, and that is only for monny, and I wish the Kinge had it, and that he had an end of it, for we shall never have the Kinge in quiet so long as it lasteth."[2]

Since the Bishop had the ear of King James, he was able to do some service for the rest of the family. When his brother Edward incurred the King's displeasure, it was James Mountagu who acted as mediator. "You shall find the King gracious," he told his brother;

[1] *Brit. Mus. Add. MSS.*, 6177, f. 403 (199 N. S.).

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 326, February 19, 1614. It was at James Mountagu that Bacon once aimed his wit. When the Bishop cut down some trees in a dark place, Bacon remarked that it was the first dark place that Bishop Mountagu had ever illuminated (*Hist. MSS. Comm.: Wombwell MSS.*).

"unless I be sure of that, you shall not come to him."[1] "Brothers that love are all concerned when one is unkindly dealt with," wrote Henry, and the Mountagus could always rely on James.[2] He smoothed over the family troubles, and interested himself in the advancement of his kin. For his youngest brother the Bishop showed a special affection. Much of his correspondence concerns either a good marriage for Sydney, or some place for him at Court. "The widow is worth having, though nothing so rich as she is reported," he wrote.[3] And to obtain for Sydney a Mastership of Requests, James worked hard; he feared the Master would not give up his post; "it may be he would draw the strings higher."[4] But his persistence was rewarded: he saw his brother obtain the Mastership and a knighthood. Soon afterwards the Bishop died. He bequeathed to the King a cup of gold worth £100, and some plate to his brothers, Edward, Henry, and Sydney, "having left them all better remembrances of another kind." The remainder of his fortune, save a few legacies, went to his brother Charles. "I think it," said he, "both a natural and a Christian duty to do somewhat for the good of the House from which I am descended."[5]

Sydney, the youngest brother, was born about 1571, and witnessed the end of the Elizabethan age and the beginning of the Stewart troubles. In 1587 he followed his brothers, Henry and James, to Christ's

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Buccleuch MSS.*, i. 237. See also report on MSS. at Beaulieu, pp. 46, 47.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Buccleuch MSS.*, i. 244.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 369. [4] *Ibid.*, f. 337.

[5] A copy of the will is in *Lansdowne MSS.*, 983, f. 181; probate was granted on July 21, 1618. See also the *Buccleuch MSS.*, i. 253. In the *Brit. Mus. Add. MSS.* 17,083 there is a quaint velvet-covered autograph-book which contains the signatures of many royal and distinguished people. The Bishop has written: "Theatrum virtutis conscientia."

College, Cambridge, where a flagon of silver-gilt commemorates their residence. Thence he proceeded to the Middle Temple.[1] Some of his letters describe the festivities for the marriage of the King's daughter; the fireworks, the masques, and the sham fight on the Thames, when a Turkish castle, built near Lambeth, was assaulted.[2] But Sydney Mountagu does not write as though his heart were in such scenes. He was far happier when reading or inditing a religious work. In the neatest of hands he wrote long commentaries upon some chapter or text, bound them most sumptuously, and sent them to his friends and relations.[3] He was a deeply devout man, whose delight was not only in long theological exercises, but in weaving a religious bond into the family life; yet, according to his brothers, he was very reserved, "as none shall be of his counsell."[4]

His reserve did not, however, prevent his getting on in the world. In 1592 he sat as Member for Brackley in Queen Elizabeth's eighth Parliament. For some time he was Groom of the Bedchamber to James I., but his most important office was the Mastership of Requests; the salary was £100, and the numerous fees, of perhaps "six angells," brought him yearly a very considerable sum. There are traces of his work in petitions as diverse as an appeal from the Wickhams for the recognition of "founder's kin" at New College, and a petition from the inhabitants of Holborn for adorning the entry to their city with fair buildings.[5] In 1616

[1] Peile, *Biographical Register of Christ's College. Middle Temple Records*, May 11, 1593.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Buccleuch MSS.*, i. 243.

[3] Several of these books, in manuscript, are at Hinchingbrooke. One is in the British Museum—a "valida consolatio" for his mother (*Add. MSS.*, 28,560).

[4] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Buccleuch MSS.*, i. 250.

[5] *Collectanea Topographica*, iii. 192, 357; *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 165.

Sydney was made a Knight of the Bath. He was then living at Barnwell. He began to acquire some property, more than is usual for a younger son, and appears to have been a thrifty man. He was married, in 1618, to Paulina Pepys, who was not by any means an heiress.[1] But Mountagu, without making a wealthy match, was prepared to purchase a considerable freehold. In 1627 the Earl of Manchester bought part of the old forest of Wabridge, and the Hinchingbrooke estate, from Sir Oliver Cromwell. "Because my brother Sydney lacks a house," wrote the Earl, "and I was troubled to think what to do with the house, I have let him have that part of the purchase." [2] So it came about that Sir Sydney Mountagu took over the property, and moved with his young family to Hinchingbrooke.

One reason for his readiness to leave Northamptonshire was the grief which he felt at the death of his little son, Henry. The boy was born in 1622. When only three years of age he was drowned in the moat at Barnwell. His memorial is in the Church of All Saints :—"A wittie and hopefull child, tender and deere in the sight of his parents and much lamented of his friends."[3] For a brief space Sir Sydney was left with but one child, a daughter, Elizabeth, or

[1] Her father left her £200. See Nichols' *Topographer and Genealogist*, 1858, iii. 101.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm. : Buccleuch MSS.*, i. 266. The great forest of Weybridge, or Wauberge, included all the forest lands in Huntingdonshire.

[3] He died on April 28, 1625, three months before his brother's birth. In the *Complete Peerage* (edition of 1896) by G. E. C., the boy is put down as son of the first Earl of Sandwich. In several other works he is said to have been drowned at sea.

The chancel of All Saints contains the monuments of many of the Mountagus. Sir Sydney Mountagu was at one time joint patron of the church, but gave over the patronage to his brother. Sir Sydney was buried there, and many of his successors. In 1884 the eighth Earl of Sandwich closed the vault, erected a tablet to the members of his family, and removed the remains of his mother and brother Sydney to Brampton, which is now the family burying-place.

Eliza as she signs herself, who was born in 1620.[1] And then, on July 27, 1625, came a third and last child, Edward, the future Earl of Sandwich.

The boy was just two years of age when Sir Sydney Mountagu purchased Hinchingbrooke, and began that long association between the Mountagus and the town and county of Huntingdon which endures to the present day.[2] Sir Sydney's son, though not Huntingdon-born, was Huntingdon-bred. He received his earliest and most lasting impressions in the house and town which keep his memory green. Under the oaks and cedars at Hinchingbrooke, or in the quaint buildings of the nunnery, he absorbed the stories, legends, and traditions of his home. He heard the tales of Oliver Cromwell's near escape from the clutches of a monkey upon the roof of the house, and his scuffle with young Prince Charles among the glades of the garden. Some old retainer, perhaps, could tell of the elder Cromwell's lavish entertainments held on the coming of King James, and had heard the sovereign say, in his strong brogue, "Marry, mon, thou hast treated me better than any one syne I left Edinburgh." Other servants had stories of Charles, who was a frequent visitor when Prince of Wales, and who became king the year young Edward Mountagu was born.

As the boy grew up, he saw the King for himself. When Edward was nine years of age, and again the next year, Charles and his Queen stayed some two nights at Hinchingbrooke.[3] The suite stayed at the

[1] *Sandwich MSS., Appendix*, f. 120. The date of her birth is June 13, 1620.

[2] Among the *Carte MSS.* are frequent evidences of Sir Sydney's activity in county business. He had much unpopular work to do—such matters as distraint of knighthood, collection of ship-money, searching out recusants, and so forth. For ship-money he was assessed at £6 13s. 4d.; while Apollo Pepys, Esq., is assessed at 10s. (*Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 206). The rest of his papers are in the same volume, ff. 170-209; or in vol. 103, ff. 35-52.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 177.

George, an hostelry which still retains some traces of the appearance it wore in Stewart times. At Hinchingbrooke the King no doubt showed Edward the place where he, as Prince of Wales, had had a dangerous fall.[1] But the boy became no courtier. After the bustle of a royal visit his life ran again in a lonely groove. His mother, who was often ailing, died when he was but twelve.[2] Three months later his only sister, then a girl of eighteen, left home as the bride of Sir Gilbert Pickering.[3] Edward was without a single friend, save his stern and pious father, a man close on sixty, further saddened by the death of his wife. The lad was thus thrown on his own resources; though he was within riding distance of his cousins at Boughton and Kimbolton, a visit could rarely be undertaken by one so young. For companion he had his father's steward or bailiff; for sport, the run of the game for seven miles round the house.[4] For lessons he walked to the ancient grammar-school, which carried on the severe and Puritan traditions of Cromwell's schoolmaster, Dr. Beard. Between the discipline of his school and the religious strictness of Sir Sydney, young Edward grew up with a wholesome fear of God and the stick. In addition to the conventional knowledge of the classics, he acquired a considerable proficiency in mathematics and astronomy, studies which he continued in later life; he learned the rudiments of surveying, and could draw rough plans and measure them to scale. For pictorial art he exhibited little

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, November 2, 1622.

[2] Lady Mountagu died on February 17, 1638 (*Sandwich MSS., Appendix*, f. 120).

[3] She was married on May 15, 1638 (*Sandwich MSS., Appendix*, f. 120). Her husband's home was Tichmarsh, near Thrapston, Northamptonshire, so that he was a near neighbour of the Mountagus. At the time of the marriage he was twenty-eight.

[4] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, March 2, 1628.

taste, but he was endowed with that musical ability which his successors have inherited; he sang agreeably, composed anthems and songs in the dilettante fashion of his times, and played with skill upon the various stringed instruments. He was intended for the study of the law, and when he was ten years of age his name was placed upon the books of the Middle Temple.[1]

When Edward Mountagu was in his fourteenth year, the King came once more to Hinchingbrooke.[2] This time the current talk in the family was such as would stir the ardour and imagination of the lad. Of the four years' dispute over the ship-money, then hardly ended, a boy would understand little. But now an actual war was in prospect, for the Scots had risen in defence of their religion, signed the National Covenant, and abolished Episcopacy. Charles was on his way northwards to quell what he considered a revolt, and as he moved from house to house he sought to stiffen the loyalty of his subjects, and to collect money and arms. On March 27 he was at Hinchingbrooke. For weeks the Mountagus at their various houses had been busy preparing money and horses. Edward, Lord Mandeville, was sent into Huntingdon to muster the forces of the county; and the whole family was engaged in making ploughboys into soldiers. Old weapons which had lain aside since the days of Elizabeth were furbished up; some of the suits of armour were ill-matched, a few could be classed as "reasonable fashionable." Mandeville had furnished his men with carbines and buff coats and scarves; many wore headpieces, breastplates, and gauntlets. Lord Mountagu's men had red breeches

[1] *Middle Temple Records*, May 4, 1635.
[2] *Sandwich MSS., Appendix*, f. 120.

to their buff coats, "because otherwise, being country fellows, they will not be so neatly habited."[1] What a splendid sight for young Edward when the soldiers assembled at his father's; and the great farm waggons were dragged out, and piled with armour and provisions; and gold was sent, and horses, and in the courtyard at Hinchingbrooke these offerings were laid at the King's feet. But at the last moment Lord Mandeville withdrew. Though the muster made a deep impression on the boy's mind, the absence of his cousin, and the failure of the expedition, made a mark yet deeper. To every question which he asked as to the progress of the Bishops' war, the answer was a tale of unreadiness and misfortune.

The disastrous result of the King's Scottish policy gave a great impetus to the long-threatened quarrel between King and Parliament. When this broke out, Sir Sydney Mountagu inclined towards the Royalist side. He was asked by Parliament to lend £2,000 for the war; on his refusal he found himself under a cloud, and was suspended from his Mastership of Requests.[2] But he remained in the House; at the opening of the Long Parliament he sat as Knight of the Shire, and witnessed the whole political drama. In a few months much happened; the King's advisers were impeached, and one of them was brought to the block. The Star Chamber and the great conciliar Courts were abolished; the collection of ship-money was declared illegal. The vote of censure on the King's government, known as the Grand Remonstrance,

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Buccleuch MSS.*, i. 276-284.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Duke of Rutland's MSS.*, i. 521. An entry in *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, shows that his arrears of salary, £350 for three and a half years' service, were paid to his son on July 31, 1654.

passed by only eleven votes, while a dim candlelight touched the hilt of the swords not yet drawn from their scabbards. Such were the scenes Sir Sydney witnessed; and when the crisis came, his nephew, Lord Kimbolton, or Mandeville, was impeached with the five members. Before the Parliament was many months old, England was in the midst of civil war.

Sir Sydney was then seventy years of age, and, since he was past bearing arms, he retired to Hinchingbrooke. But there bitterness awaited him. His own county denied allegiance to the King, and received thanks for their care and affection, and for their gifts of money and plate dedicated to the service of the Parliament. Sir Sydney's manner and his withdrawal from public life were watched with suspicion, and on October 27, 1642, he was "summoned forthwith to attend the service of the House."[1] Once more he returned to London, an unwilling witness of the further attacks levelled at the monarchy. At length, on December 3, was presented the question for adhering to the Earl of Essex and his army.[2] But with Essex and his army the old knight would make no pact: "He would not swear to live with him, because he was an old man, and might die before him; nor would he swear to die with him, since the Earl was going with an army against the King, which he did not know how to free from treason."[3] And Sir Sydney was not content with a refusal to take the oath, but drew from his pocket a proclamation of the King's which proclaimed them traitors that had taken the same.[4]

[1] *Commons' Journals*, October 27, 1642.

[2] *Ibid.*, December 3.

[3] Warwick's *Memoirs*, p. 221.

[4] Vicars, *God in the Mount*, p. 223. See also *A Moderate and Most Proper Reply*, etc., *Thomason Tracts*, E. 244 (No. 35) and E. 242 (No. 34).

For his defiance to Parliament the stanch old knight was committed to the Tower. He lay some days in prison, and then drafted a petition for release; he was threescore and eleven years old, he wrote, and the restraint was like to impair his health.[1] On December 16 he was forgiven, released, and discharged; but two members were told off to move him to lend £1,000 towards the war, upon the security of the public faith.[2] Only his accounts could show whether he complied. He retained his membership of the House, but was disabled from sitting, and retired to his home. He was then summoned by the King to Oxford, but excused himself on the grounds of ill-health and old age.[3] He was desirous of living in peace, but even his own family was rent by differences of opinion. After a short sojourn at Hinchingbrooke, he handed over the housekeeping there to his only son.[4] It was in 1643 that he thus severed his life from Huntingdon and retired to his old home at Barnwell. Yet, old and broken as he was, he took a second wife. On January 17, 1644, he married Ann, the widow of John Pey, a Westminster citizen. She was one of the Ishams of Lamport, a good Northamptonshire stock.[5] Their married life lasted only a few months, for on September 25, 1644, Sir Sydney Mountagu died, and was buried at All Saints', Barnwell.

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, ff. 349 and 375.

[2] *Commons' Journals*, December 16.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 155: Julius Bedell to his godfather, Sir Sydney Mountagu.

[4] *Sandwich MSS.*, *Appendix*, f. 120.

[5] See Oswald Barron, *Northamptonshire Families*. The lady married again, one Anthony Luther, of Kelvedon Hatch, Essex. She always subscribed herself as "Dame Anne Mountagu," keeping the surname of her most distinguished husband. She is mentioned now and again in Pepys's *Diary* (once as "Lady Mountagu, my Lord's mother-in-law," September 3, 1661), and has occasioned some trouble to the diarist's editors.

Sir Sydney lived long enough to see his son's sword drawn for the Parliament. Fifteen months before his father's death, young Edward Mountagu went over to the enemy. The seclusion of his boyhood had told upon him, and allowed him opportunity to form his own judgment. His Puritan upbringing, the failure of the King's policy, and the impeachment of his cousin, had made a deep impression on his mind. His father was half a century his senior, unbending and remote in manner; so that the example of the old knight, fighting for a losing cause, was outweighed by other and more potent influences.

Foremost of these was the new tie which Edward Mountagu had woven. At seventeen he married Jemima Crew, a girl of his own age.[1] The bride's father was a stanch Parliamentarian, as stout for the one side as Sir Sydney Mountagu was for the other. The family home was at Stene in Northamptonshire, a manor held from the Crown by a promise of fealty and the rent of a red rose.[2] The estate came into the family through Temperance Bray, wife of Sir Thomas Crew, who left it to her son John. The family names show their Puritan tendencies: the daughters were Patience, Silence, Prudence; the sons, John, Nathaniel, and Salathiel. Sir Thomas Crew had incurred the displeasure of James I., and John Crew was no more eager to conciliate Charles. The owner of Stene was a Presbyterian, and would have had our religion uniform with that of Scotland.[3] When the Civil War broke out, he subscribed £200 in plate and maintained four horses for the Parliament. It was

[1] Jemima Crew was born on July 17, 1625, ten days before her husband. The marriage took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on November 7, 1642.

[2] Bridges, *Northamptonshire*, i. 197.

[3] *Verney Papers on the Long Parliament*, p. 78 (*Camden Society's Publications*). And see the article on Crew in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

while this enthusiasm was red-hot that his daughter married Edward Mountagu, and it was through Crew's influence that his son-in-law sided with the Parliament. "Mountagu was of a family too much addicted to innovations in religion, and that in the beginning of the troubles appeared against the King," says Clarendon, "though his father, who had been long a servant to the Crown, never could be prevailed upon to swerve from his allegiance, and took all the care he could to restrain this, the only son, within those limits."[1] But Sir Sydney's religious influence was hardly of the school of Laud or of Charles I.; what he has left in writing shows that his mind was cast in the Puritan mould, though he adhered to the Church of England. By the seeds he had sown his son's mind was ready for innovations; and when Edward married Jemima Crew he went a step aside from the Established Church—he "trod awry," as Clarendon phrases it, under the influence of his father-in-law.

Yet another family who took up arms against the King, and with whom Mountagu was intimately connected, was that of the Pickerings. Sir Gilbert was Deputy-Lieutenant of Northamptonshire, and was active in raising troops and money to resist the Crown. Above all, he was "furious, fiery, and implacable" against the loyal clergy.[2] He passed from Presbyterianism to Independency, and worked hard for the cause of religious freedom. Thus Mountagu found himself beset on all sides; not only his wife and sister, but the most prominent of his kith and kin, walked in the one path and inclined in the one direction.

[1] Clarendon, *History of the Rebellion*, book xvi., § 153.

[2] See the article on Sir Gilbert Pickering in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

But above the influence of Crew or Pickering must be put that of Oliver Cromwell, to whom Edward Mountagu dedicated a dogged hero-worship, and whom he served faithfully for fifteen years. In the neighbourhood of Huntingdon, Oliver's name stood for freedom: he had secured the rights to pasturage of the poorer burgesses when threatened by a new town charter, and did the like for those round St. Ives and Ely.[1] He had opposed the sale of certain common lands to the Earl of Manchester, and was looked upon as the author of the riots which the sale had caused.[2] In religious matters he had taken a definite stand against innovations, and did much to strengthen Nonconformity in the eastern counties. By the time that Edward Mountagu was upon the threshold of manhood, Cromwell's local power was so strong as to appeal to the youth in a way the rigid loyalty of his father had never done; "he was so far wrought upon by the caresses of Cromwell that, out of pure affection to him, he was persuaded to take command in the army."[3]

The influence of this great man only overspread Mountagu after the Crews had planted the seed of independence. In 1643 the counties which contained and touched the great fenlands rose against the King, and were banded together into an Association for mutual defence. Those clergymen who sided with the Parliament preached a crusade. Cromwell threw the whole of his strength into the work of enlistment, seeking out men of religion to join the cause, and calling for contributions.[4] "Out instantly, all you

[1] See Professor C. H. Firth's *Cromwell*, chap. ii., and Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell*, edited by Mrs. Lomas.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Earl Cowper's MSS.*, pp. 282, 284.

[3] Clarendon, *Rebellion*, book xvi., § 153.

[4] Carlyle's *Cromwell*.

can," said he. During the early months of the year, Cromwell was frequently at Huntingdon, and his enthusiasm drew Edward Mountagu more and more towards the parliamentary side. On February 9, 1643, a meeting of the Association was held at Bury St. Edmunds, and Edward Mountagu took down the articles of association, and the names of the members, in a boyish hand.[1] He went home, and worked in his own county, for Huntingdon, because of its "fears and distractions," needed someone upon the spot. It was said that if a man should come down thither he should have ten thousand men, but that they might go over to the Royalists.[2] Cromwell prevented this, and Edward Mountagu was his lieutenant. Long before the county was formally admitted to the Association it was reckoned among the faithful, and in May it was formally enrolled.[3] Edward Mountagu was put upon the Committee of the Counties, and Parliament made him a Deputy-Lieutenant.[4] He prepared to take an active part in the war. On August 9 his cousin, Edward of Kimbolton, now Earl of Manchester, was placed in command of the Association's forces. He unfurled a green standard, fringed with red, which bore in gold letters the motto "Truth and Peace." Under these colours, Edward Mountagu of Hinchingbrooke was authorized to raise a regiment. Truly, as Cromwell said, God had stirred up the youth to cast in their mite. It was young

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 163.

[2] *Thomason Tracts*, February, 1643.

[3] Husband, *Ordinances*, ii. 183; *Commons' Journals*, May 25. Hitherto Huntingdon had been associated with Leicester; the county now joined Cambridge, Hertford, Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk. There was some dispute in 1643 as to whether Huntingdon had been over-assessed in proportion to Northamptonshire and Bedford. See *Carte MSS.*, 103, f. 209, and 117, ff. 302-319.

[4] *Commons' Journals*, June 16.

officers or none; and these striplings worked with enthusiasm: "When you strike in on the Lord's side, on his Churches side, on his Causes side, you shall not only strike in with the best side, with the best cause, but with the most prevailing, with that side which must and shall have the victory at the last."[1]

[1] *Thomason Tracts: The True Informer*, E. 50, No. 5.

CHAPTER II

I. THE CIVIL WAR[1]

"Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."—*Ps.* cxliv.

When Edward Mountagu first held a commission in Manchester's army, he had barely entered upon his nineteenth year. If his portrait may be trusted, he looked much younger, and it is hard to believe that he was master of Hinchingbrooke, and a husband. His boyish face was framed in long brown hair, he had a high forehead, a long, delicate nose, curved nostrils, and a full, shapely mouth. He was, in appearance, more a Cavalier than a Roundhead. His figure was slight, and gave no indication that he would grow stout and unwieldy in later life. He was painted in a rich dress, and was depicted pointing to a globe. The artist, Peter Lely, selected a suitable pose and setting for one whose favourite studies were scientific. But shortly after the portrait was painted, Mountagu was absorbed in politics and warfare. Mathematics had not made him subtle, but logical; and his respon-

[1] *Authorities:* S. R. Gardiner, *Great Civil War* (the later edition in 4 vols.); C. H. Firth, *Cromwell*, and *Cromwell's Army;* T. Carlyle, *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (edited by Mrs. Lomas). Of contemporary authorities, Sprigge's *Anglia Rediviva* has been used for the Naseby and Bristol campaigns. But most of the new matter concerning Mountagu is taken from the *Thomason Tracts*, and practically the whole collection, from 1643 to 1660, has been searched through, and yielded a fair amount of evidence as to his career. The journal of his regiment is in the *Carte MSS.*, vol. lxxiv.

sibilities had made him a man older than his years. Under Cromwell's influence he developed with an astonishing rapidity, which makes it difficult to associate the boyish figure and bearing of the portrait with the deeds of the next two years.

He was one of a number of young colonels whom Cromwell selected from the various county families, not because of their birth—for with him that weighed little—but because he saw in them the material out of which leaders are fashioned, and because those whom he had chosen manifested devotion to his cause. Their lack of experience was made less glaring by their enthusiasm; they were volunteers in the truest sense. For a school of strategy they had Cæsar and Livy; from the *Swedish Intelligencer*, a journal widely read, they could study the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus. Round the camp fire, Crawford, who had served under the great Swedish king, could tell stories of his exploits; while Skippon had seen campaigns in the Netherlands; and Cromwell, at first a student, fast became a master of tactics. There were many men from whom a youth could learn his business; and thus it came about that Edward Mountagu acquired a theoretical knowledge of warfare, and, after a few months' drill and practice, proved himself well worthy of his masters.

His commission dates from August 20, 1643, when he was empowered to raise a regiment of one thousand men in Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely.[1] He was provided with "mounting money," and set about equipping his men. Each company contained one hundred soldiers, a captain, a lieutenant and ensign, non-commissioned officers, drummers, surgeon,

[1] Collins, *Peerage*, edition Brydges, iii. 449. The usual strength of a regiment of foot was 1,200. See Firth, *Cromwell's Army*, p. 18.

waggon-master, gentlemen of the arms, and clerk of the company. The colonel provided a chaplain for the regiment. He also selected a banner and a motto. The confusion of colours in the earlier fights gradually gave way to the uniform redcoat of the Parliamentary army, and Mountagu's regiment wore red coats with white facings.[1] By November, 1643, four companies were equipped, and prepared to join the army; during the winter the numbers were doubled, and in a few months the regiment was at full strength.[2]

The men joined Manchester's army just a year after the Royal Standard challenged Parliament from the battlements of Nottingham Castle, and the war began. The western counties endured the first strokes of the contest, but in 1643 the tide surged slowly towards East Anglia, where resistance to the King was sharpened by the revelation that the Royalists were prepared to call in help from abroad. Various efforts at peace had already failed, and the bitterness on both sides was gradually intensified. On the very day that Mountagu's regiment began its march, the King decided to make use of Irish soldiers, sending "his bloody villains over to settle the Protestant religion here in England."[3] On the following day Parliament authorized the use of a new Great Seal, and gave to a Commission the highest symbol of sovereignty.[4] From that moment the hand was put to the plough, and there was no looking back.

[1] *Exchequer Papers*, March 27, 1644. The term "Redcoats," applied to the Roundhead soldiers, appears quite early. The royalist paper *Mercurius Aulicus*, on February 20, 1643, speaks contemptuously of "the Redcoats" following a clergyman up to the Communion-table with tobacco-pipes in their mouths, and behaving outrageously in church (*Brit. Mus.: Thomason Tract*, E. 246, No. 41).

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 159, and MS. notes of Professor Firth.

[3] *Brit. Mus.: Thomason Tracts*, E. 47, No. 19.

[4] Gardiner, *Civil War*, i. 249.

This happened in the autumn of 1643. The whole of the north and west of England was then in the King's hands, and his Court was at Oxford. The Parliament guarded London, and directed operations from Westminster Hall. They held a great triangle of the country, the base running from the Isle of Wight to the Wash, while the two sides enclosed the Midlands, and eventually reached an apex in Lancashire and Cheshire. Just outside the triangle was Lincolnshire, and the county became the scene of the autumn campaign. The northern army of the Royalists endeavoured to secure all roads to the north. Once they could cross the Humber and establish themselves in Lincoln, the Eastern Association lay open to them, and the stronghold of Parliament was endangered. Manchester's army was told off to gain the county and make it secure. The work was quickly done; Cromwell, the commander of the horse, routed the Royalists at Winceby, and on October 20 Manchester took possession of Lincoln. The Royalist army fell back into the heart of Yorkshire, leaving the seaport of Hull to the Parliamentarians, who were able to push their outposts almost to the walls of York.

Had the operations in Lincolnshire been less successful, Mountagu would have seen his first engagement in that county. His regiment marched to join Manchester's army early in November. But the county was by then secure, and Manchester turned southwards in order to recruit his forces. During the winter his army rested for some six weeks within reach of their homes, and Mountagu and his regiment found themselves quartered at Bedford.[1] Meanwhile, since no action was impending, he paid a

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 159.

brief visit to London. All his family were talking over the quarrel between Lord Manchester and Lord Willoughby of Parham, which turned upon Willoughby's incompetence as a general. Manchester and Cromwell were for depriving him of his command, and Parliament was hard put to it to compose matters. Willoughby challenged the Earl, for which he was committed to Black Rod. While the affair was still under discussion, Manchester set out from London, and Mountagu accompanied him.[1] The Earl's business was to purge the University of Cambridge. The colleges were "so many little garrisons for the King," and the people's souls were starved by idle, ill-affected, and scandalous clergy.[2] He was given power to eject the unfit, sequestrate their estates and revenues, and impose the Covenant upon them. But before Mountagu could see the end of this experiment in Puritan government he was recalled to his regiment, and for the next three years saw but little of civil life, and much of civil war.

His first engagement was at the storm of Hillesden House, one of the belt of outposts which girded the district round Oxford, the King's headquarters. This nest of Royalists was situated near the road from London to the North, and the garrison was a menace to the Roundhead quarters at Newport Pagnell, and to the Eastern Association.[3] The house was not strongly fortified, but great efforts were made to hold it. For some weeks the garrison had terrorized the neighbours, burned their barns, and plundered their cattle.[4] On

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 392: Lady Pickering to Sir Sydney Mountagu; Gardiner, *Civil War*, i. 304; Masson, *The Quarrel between Manchester and Cromwell*, xvi.

[2] Neal, *History of the Puritans*, iii. 86.

[3] Gardiner, *Civil War*, i. 311.

[4] *Brit. Mus.: Egerton MSS.*, 785, ff. 123-128. These are probably copies from the *Verney MSS.* See the *Verney Memoirs*, ii. 192.

Sunday, March 3, Lieutenant-General Crawford led a force against the place. Cromwell and his horse were there, and some of Manchester's foot, among them the regiments of Colonel Mountagu and his friend, Colonel Pickering.[1] The surrender of Hillesden House was demanded and refused. Within forty-eight hours the place was captured.

The short, sharp onslaught has been described by an eyewitness. "The Major-General ordered the foot to fall on in four parts, which was done with that brave resolution that I never saw anything better performed. In less than a quarter of an hour's time they made themselves masters of the works and house, with the loss of not above six men, besides what were hurt on our side, and above thirty of theirs."[2] The defenders were overwhelmed. "For the life of me," said their colonel, "I could not make our soldiers stand to the works." He endeavoured to rally them, but without success, and in a few hours all was over. The men laid down their arms and were made prisoners. Hillesden House was plundered and burned to the ground, and the works were demolished. Mountagu and his men gained their first experience of warfare in an attack which ended in victory.

After the storm of Hillesden House, Mountagu's regiment, with some of Crawford's brigade, returned to Newport Pagnell, and remained in garrison there until Easter eve. The regiment was then recalled to the north, for Lincoln was once more in Royalist hands. With a characteristic dash across England Rupert had taken Newark, Lincoln, Sleaford, and Crowland from the Roundheads. His success was all

[1] John Pickering was a younger brother of Sir Gilbert, who married Mountagu's sister.

[2] Sir Samuel Luke (Appendix B of Sanford's *Studies of the Great Rebellion*).

the more important since the Scots had entered England to help the Parliament, and were marching south in order to join Ferdinando, Lord Fairfax. For a time Rupert drove a wedge between the Roundhead and the Scottish armies. But when he was recalled to the south, the garrisons he left behind were insufficient, and served merely to deplete his regiments. In a few weeks Fairfax cleared the West Riding of Yorkshire, made his junction with the Scots, and drove the Royalists into the city of York.

When the spring campaign began, Manchester was told off to join Fairfax. But first he was bidden to secure his communications by regaining Lincoln. He collected his regiments one by one. Mountagu's men left their garrison duty at Newport Pagnell on April 20. Two days later they came up with the main body and the artillery at Huntingdon, and in another week the whole force was outside Lincoln. The task which lay before them was strenuous enough, for they had to attack a city which owed much of its peculiar beauty and its imposing appearance to its inaccessibility. Manchester directed operations from the little village of Canwick, which was separated from Lincoln by a narrow dip. From his headquarters upon a hill-brow he surveyed the city. Few towns could show such a union of beauty and strength. The houses clustered upon the sides of a steep declivity, and Cathedral and Castle towered above them. An attack presented many difficulties. The Cathedral Close was surrounded by a high wall; the wall was embattled, and the gates and fortifications had that massive strength which belonged to feudal times. Before this inner city could be reached there was work to do, for a ring of Royalist outworks, at the foot of the hill, had been hastily thrown up as a first line of defence.

On May 3 Manchester determined to clear these, and to capture the city "below hill." First, in the fashion of the time, he sent a Trumpet to the defenders, "with a fair demand of the place. . . . whereunto a very uncivill answer was returned." He then detailed two regiments of foot, Russell's and Mountagu's, to attack the first line of outworks. This was done "with good allacrity and resolution, being led on by those two valiant and religious Colonels, who, through the might of God, so undauntedly approached the Enemy that after a very short dispute, terror seized upon their spirits, and our men seized upon their works." The lower part of the town was gained, and that without the loss of a man. The enemy, while retreating, endeavoured to set the houses on fire; but Mountagu and Russell pursued them up the Strait and up Steep Hill, drove them into the town, and set their own men to beat out the flames.

When the lower city was swept clear by the Roundheads, the defenders retreated within the walls of the Castle and the Close, which they conceived to be impregnable. On the night of Saturday, May 4, Manchester resolved to storm their position, and drew up his foot in readiness. But ceaseless rain hindered the attempt; the ground was so slippery that no one could get a foothold, "the Mount whereon the Castle stood being nere as steep as the eaves of a house." On the next day came a report that five or six thousand Royalists were advancing to relieve the place. At first Manchester resolved on instant action, prepared his scaling-ladders, and drew out the foot ready to set on. "But second and better thoughts," says a writer, "stayed us till the next morning." It was ascertained that the Royalists were too far away to create alarm,

and Cromwell, with 2,000 horse, was detached to keep them at bay. Once again Manchester withdrew his foot, "which the Enemy perceiving, it caused them to insult, houping and hollowing against us, thinking we were afraid to set upon them; but the next morning," says the chronicler, "they sang another note in another tune."

Before dawn on May 6 the final assault was made. The foot regiments lay upon the several sides of the hill, in the works which they had already captured. Between two and three in the morning the signal was given by the firing of the greater guns—"six pieces together let fly." Again Mountagu and his regiment were in the party which first attacked. The enemy were on the alert, and met them with all their shot, "which they powred out like haile." But resistance failed; in less than a quarter of an hour the Roundheads dashed up the hill and reached the very walls of the Close. Then scaling-ladders were set up, and the fight began in earnest. The defenders used pikes to push back the assailants, fired pistols and carbines in their faces, seized the ladders, and threw down great stones, "by which we received more hurt than by all their shot."

But the Roundheads contrived to clamber up the walls, and when the ladders were too short the men mounted on each other's shoulders. They dragged up their companions, until the defenders thought them mad to come on in so desperate a fashion. Their dash demoralized the Cavaliers, and as soon as a few of the garrison were killed the remainder began to cry out for quarter. Within an hour the Close surrendered. The Governor of the Castle and the commanders were taken prisoners. The pillage of the upper town was given to the soldiers; according

to the *Parliament Scout*, some of the men got £100, some £150, for their share.[1]

The capture of Lincoln was a triumph for Mountagu and his men, and the parliamentary journals praised the young Colonel's work.

"We would have men that do bravely lose no honour," they wrote. "Colonel Russell and Colonel Mountagu, of whose affection to the Cause, freenesse from self ends, hatred of covetousnesse, we have had sufficient testimony, and now lastly of their valour, who led up their men, and fought bravely in their own persons, one of which gave a Colonell of the other side severall wounds."[2]

This incident occurred during the attack upon the lower town, and again during the main assault Mountagu's regiment was well to the fore and well led.

"The Colonels and other superior officers were in the face of all the dangers, performing equall service with the meanest souldier (who undoubtedly received much life and courage from the undaunted resolution and forwardness of their commanders)."[3]

Of the two officers killed, one, Lieutenant Saunders, was in Mountagu's regiment.[4] The Parliament lost about forty men in all, mostly at the hand-to-hand fight upon the ladders. The Royalists suffered greatly; they lost all their ordnance, horse, and ammunition, and many were taken prisoners. In London the victory was hailed with great joy, and was looked

[1] *Thomason Tracts*, E. 47; *A True Relation*, etc., 1644; *A Particular Relation*, etc. See also Rushworth, *Historical Collections*, vol. iii., part ii., p. 620.

[2] *The Parliament Scout*, E. 47, No. 26. The accounts given in such papers were, of course, partial on some points, and Cromwell used the press for his own purposes. But in regard to the actual course of a battle the journals were fairly accurate.

[3] *A Particular Relation*, E. 47.

[4] His name appeared in the Muster Rolls of May, 1644, but not in those of June.

upon as an encouragement for the future.[1] Parliament was in need of a success, and in gaining it Mountagu's regiment played no mean part; their young Colonel won his spurs, and justified his selection as a leader of men.

Once Lincoln was safe, Manchester prepared for the march to York. After a day of solemn thanksgiving, the regiments set out for the north. The foot left Lincoln on May 8, and marched thence through Torksey to Gainsborough. A bridge of boats took them across the Trent.[2] On May 21 they were close to Doncaster, and rested for a while. There was much to discourage the men. The army was short of money, and "for want of present pay, tickets were given to them who were charged with the soldiers." Rain was continuous and drenched them to the skin. The rest of their march was but a slow affair. The roads were almost impassable; but the twenty miles between Doncaster and Selby were done in two days, and the regiments reached Wistow. There Manchester joined them, and made Selby his headquarters. He was then some fourteen miles south of York. On June 1 Mountagu's regiment was among those which set out to facilitate the final march of the main force, and enabled Manchester to advance with his whole body of foot and artillery two days later. The weather was still lowering, the roads "tedious and tiring," and the General had to encourage his soldiers by dismounting and marching with them.[3] At length, "considering divers diversions by waters and deepe waies," the eighty miles from Lincoln were covered, and the army halted outside the walls of York.

[1] *Thomason Tract.*

[2] *The Continuation of True Intelligence*, E. 50, No. 33.

[3] *A Particular Relation of Remarkable Occurrences; Thomason Tract*, E. 51, No. 3.

The siege of the city had then been in progress for about six weeks. This, the last great Royalist stronghold in the north, was held by William Cavendish, Marquess of Newcastle. Since April 20 he had been surrounded by the small contingent of northerners whom Fairfax led, and the army of the Scots—2,000 horse and 14,000 foot—under the Earl of Leven. During the whole of May the besiegers expected the city to surrender; for it was said that the garrison lacked provisions. "They get a mutchkin of beans, an ounce of butter, and a penny loaf every one of them per diem," wrote a soldier in Leven's army, "and there is an ordinance that every one within the city of York shall have but one meal per diem."[1] There were reports of mutiny in the city, and great heart-burnings and divisions; the Roundheads declared that God had made Ammon to fight against Moab.[2] But the garrison was neither divided nor despondent, and gave no sign of submission.

As time wore on the besiegers grew anxious, and it was in response to a call for aid from Fairfax that Manchester came up with his men to join in the siege.[3] His arrival was the signal for a series of attacks and sallies; "every day," says Rushworth, "produced some notable action." Manchester's forces, about 6,000 foot and 1,000 horse, were quartered outside Bootham Bar, to the north of the city, within cannon-shot of the Minster. Fairfax was on the east, while Leven watched the southern and western gates. Batteries were raised by the various besiegers in face of the defender's forts. On June 6 a general

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Eglinton MSS.*, p. 54. See also E. 47, No. 19.
[2] *The Parliament Scout*, E. 50, No. 3.
[3] *Hist. MSS. Comm.:* Fairfax to the Committee (Report VIII., part ii., p. 60).

assault was ordered, and the suburbs were stormed in four several places. Manchester's foot, fresh from their work at Lincoln, attacked the Manor-house. Though the attack failed, they gained a position which brought them right up to the walls, where some ordnance could be planted within forty yards of the city. In return a sally was made by the defenders, and Manchester's foot was hotly engaged, but repelled the enemy. The Roundheads obtained good positions outside every gate, and forced the Royalists from the shelter of the suburbs.[1] Then, covered by their artillery, the miners began work. For several days, while the fortifications were gradually undermined, the regiments had a rest from action. This enabled young colonels, such as Mountagu and Pickering, soldiers of a few months, to watch a new phase of warfare, and to complete their education.

During these days of preparation the stress of the siege was broken by an attempt to treat. On June 13 Newcastle offered to surrender. But he asked that the whole garrison should have leave to march away, taking all their ordnance, arms, and ammunition, money and plate, with drums beating, colours flying, and matches alight. Little wonder, said the Parliamentarians, that their organ pipes and anthems went for consecrating such a treaty. Manchester and the Scots had no lenience towards people who used the Common Prayer, organs and copes, surplices, hoods and crosses; they refused to treat on such terms, "for there is a sweet harmonious union between them, firmly knit by brotherly covenant, as brethren of one Kingdome, defenders of one truth, and members of one body, Christ Jesus being the head."[2] All that

[1] *The Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, E. 50, No. 26.
[2] *The Scottish Dove*, June 14-21, E. 52, No. 5.

Manchester, Fairfax and Leven offered was liberty to the soldiers to go home, under a pledge to lay down their arms. Newcastle refused such conditions; persons of honour, said he, could never condescend to them. And since the story was current among the Roundheads that the rejection was coupled with "many bloudy oaths and fearful execrations, desiring that God's vengeance might be upon the defenders, if ever they gave up the town upon such conditions," the siege was resumed with still greater zeal.[1]

The soldiers, indeed, welcomed the failure of negotiations; the hostilities round York were conducted with more bitterness than was usual in the Civil War, especially, it was said, upon the part of the Scots; but all the armies had many hard knocks to avenge, and looked forward to considerable gain from the storming of the city.[2] The success at Lincoln had whetted their appetite for plunder. On June 16 hostilities were again commenced. Fires flaring from the Cathedral were answered from Pomfret Castle. The flames were signals of relief, and as the news reached York that Rupert was approaching, besieger and besieged fought with additional keenness. The city sent out messengers to hasten Rupert's coming; of nine men, bravely mounted, six were taken, one was slain, but two galloped off with their message.[3] The attacks were then redoubled. Crawford, Manchester's Major-General, eager to gain credit, ordered a mine to be fired, without warning Fairfax or the Scots. He blew up St. Mary's Tower, and as the stones came crashing down, a hot morning's work began in the breaches. Mountagu's regiment was

[1] *A Continuation of True Intelligence*, E. 51, No. 19.

[2] For the severity of the Scottish forces, see *The Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, E. 50, No. 26, and *Mercurius Britannicus*, E. 52, No. 8.

[3] *The Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, E. 51, No. 10.

in the storming-party; they scaled the walls, and obtained possession of the Manor-house.[1] But the defenders, who were at cathedral—for it was the morning of Trinity Sunday—collected their forces, rushed on the invaders, and, in the bowling-green, orchard, and garden of the Manor, a smart skirmish ensued. The breach which the explosion had caused blocked up the only way of retreat, and Manchester's foot lost many soldiers: fifteen were killed, sixty wounded, and about a hundred men were made prisoners.[2] After this event a fortnight's quiet followed, broken only once, when, on June 24, six hundred of the defenders sallied out and furiously attacked Manchester's leaguer, but were driven back with considerable loss.[3]

At length came news which caused the siege to be abandoned, for the scouts reported that Rupert was within a day's march. He had dashed from Shrewsbury into Lancashire, relieved Lathom House and its gallant lady from the "insolent rebels," joined Goring and his 5,000 horse, and plundered Liverpool. He then entered Yorkshire, and devastated the country as he came along. On the last day of June the Parliamentary generals knew that he had advanced to Knaresborough, only twelve miles westward of their camp. They were in danger of being caught between Rupert's forces and Newcastle's army, which still kept the King's flag afloat upon the towers of York.

When the Roundheads were certain of Rupert's position, they raised the siege and marched north-

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 159: Journal of the Regiment.

[2] The accounts of the number slain and taken varies considerably. Slingsby in his *Diary* puts it at two hundred, and so does one of the Parliamentary journals.

[3] Rushworth, v. 631. For the plans of the city and certain details of the siege, see Drake, *Eboracum* (1736).

PRINCE RUPERT

EARL OF HOLDERNESS AND DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

From a portrait by Van Dyck

To face p. 38 of Vol. I

wards to meet him, in order to prevent a junction with Newcastle. But they were outwitted. Rupert swept round the Parliamentary forces, drove back the men who guarded the Ouse, and summoned Newcastle from the city. This successful move upon the part of the Royalists struck the Roundhead generals with dismay. They conceived a plan for falling back to the defence of the eastern counties, but Rupert kept in touch with them, harassed their rear-guard, and made them stand. On the afternoon of July 2 the two armies were face to face upon Marston Moor, not far from a spot which Mother Shipton had prophesied would be the scene of a great battle.[1]

An engagement was then unavoidable. Both sides looked upon the fight "as the losing or gaining the garland." On the one side there was "the cream of all the Papists"; on the other, "such that had the greatest antipathy to Popery and Tyrrany."[2] Charles had warned Rupert that the north must be won; the Roundheads had determined upon the capture of York. Since both sides had so much at stake, the approaching struggle promised to be the turning-point of the campaign.

The rival armies occupied a position between the villages of Tockwith and Long Marston. The Royalists, 18,000 at the most, lay in a line two miles long, facing southward; Rupert and his cavalry were upon the right wing, Newcastle had the centre, and Goring was on the left. Behind them, Marston Moor afforded good ground for manœuvring; the hedges and lanes which protected their flanks were lined with musketeers; in front of them ran a ditch. Just across the ditch lay their opponents, 26,000 in all.

[1] *The Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, E. 54, No. 9.
[2] *A True Relation of the Late Fight*, E. 54, No. 7.

To the east was the right wing, commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisting of cavalry; in the centre was the infantry, the Scots, Fairfax's foot, and some of Manchester's foot; facing Rupert lay Manchester's cavalry under the command of Cromwell; with them was the Scottish horse under David Leslie, and some dragoons were upon the extreme left. Close to Cromwell, but forming part of the centre, was Crawford's brigade, in which were Mountagu, Russell, and Pickering, with their regiments. The line extended for a mile and a half, rather less in length than that of the Royalists. The battalions were placed at regular intervals among large fields of rye; hedges and ditches and cornfields were on each side, and stretched behind them up a gentle slope, from which the Roundheads "might clearly view the Prince's army."

Though both sides knew that an engagement was at hand, the Royalist generals looked for it on the morrow. A small exchange of harmless cannon-shot took place, and evening came without a general action. Both armies gave signs of settling for the night, and the Parliament forces fell to singing psalms.[1] This was an evening signal that all was quiet, and the Royalists finally put away all idea of a battle. "We will charge them to-morrow morning," said Rupert. Newcastle asked him whether he were sure the enemy would not fall upon them sooner. He answered, "No." The Marquess then left his men, retired to his coach, and lit a pipe.[2] Rupert sat down to supper, "at a pretty distance from his troops, and many of the horsemen were dismounted, and laid on the ground."[3] But suddenly their rest was broken by a stir among

[1] Slingsby, *Diary*, p. 112.
[2] Clarendon, *Rebellion*. Macray's edition, iii. 376.
[3] Cholmley's narration. See *English Historical Review*, v. 347.

the Roundheads. In the evening sunlight, soft and still after a day of showers, the Parliament's colours were unfurled, and the cry "God with us!" rang from a thousand throats. Their white kerchiefs in their hats, the Roundheads moved down the hill, "like unto so many thick clouds," trampling down the rye as they advanced.[1]

It was Manchester's army which made the first great onslaught, and thus Mountagu and his regiment were immediately in the thick of the fight. The infantry was hurled against Newcastle's men, and against Rupert's bravest foot. The Royalists had taken up a position far too near the Parliament's force. "In a moment," says a Roundhead, "we were passed the ditch on to the Moor, upon equall grounds with the enemy, our men going into a running march." Cromwell's cavalry meanwhile "had a hard pull of it, for they were charged by Rupert's bravest men both in front and flank." But cavalry and infantry pressed on, "dispersing the enemy's foot almost as fast as they charged them." They cut down man after man, and carried the whole field before them, until it looked as though the victory was wholly theirs, "and nothing to be done but to kill and take prisoners."[2] In this first pass, the shock was terrific; the meeting "made such a noise with shot and clamour of shouts that we lost our eares; and the smoke of powder was so thick that we saw no light but what proceeded from the mouth of gunnes."[3] There was a great duel between Cromwell and Rupert. At the first alarm the Prince mounted, and rallied his surprised and wavering men. "'Swounds," he cried out, "do you run; follow me."[4]

[1] Simeon Ash, *A Continuation of True Intelligence*, E. 2, No. 1.

[2] *A More Exact Relation*, E. 2, No. 14. This pamphlet, by Scoutmaster Lionel Watson, gives the best description of the work of Manchester's army.

[3] *Account by an Officer*, E. 54, No. 11.

[4] Cholmley's narrative, already cited.

He and Cromwell met; the Parliamentarians wavered for an instant, rallied as quickly, and by their dash and brilliance earned for themselves the name of "Ironsides." They were well supported by the foot: "What should I name the brigade of Colonel Russell, Colonel Mountagu, and Colonel Pickering, who stood as a wall of Brasse," says an eyewitness, "and let fly small shot like Haile upon the enemy, and not a man of their whole brigade slain?"[1]

The men from the eastern counties had indeed done grandly. But when their leaders, Crawford and Cromwell, the latter slightly wounded, paused to inquire how the battle went, they found the centre and right wing in a pitiable state. Their order and position were lost; the horse, under Thomas Fairfax, was scattered, and the infantry was hard-pressed. The centre was broken; their craven generals had fled; and Goring and his cavalry were chasing the Parliamentary fugitives towards York, or Leeds, or Hull. Other Royalists had outflanked their opponents, had driven them from the cornfields, and were then among the carriages and ordnance of the Roundheads, seeking for plunder. Some of the Scottish regiments, particularly Maitland's and Lindsay's, held their ground; and with firm ranks they opposed a solid wall of pikes to the enemy.

To their rescue came Cromwell and Leslie with the cavalry, and Crawford with his brigade of foot. For the second time Mountagu and his men found themselves in the thick of the fight. The Royalist cavalry left pursuit and plunder, and gathered to meet them. The whole position was reversed; the Parliament's left wing had wheeled about and faced the remnants of their own camp. From this new

[1] *A True Relation of the Late Fight*, E. 54, Nos. 7 and 20.

stand they waged the decisive struggle, which turned the fortunes of the battle. In the gathering twilight, amid the trampled corn, a terrific contest took place. Cavalry and infantry alike were victorious; it was hard, said a writer, to say which did the best. But it was Cromwell who won the day; he put the Royalist horse to flight, and then helped Crawford to sweep down their infantry in one great and deciding movement.[1]

By nine o'clock the battle was over and the Cavaliers were in full flight. The Parliament's success was overwhelming. "The cloud that hath so much obscured the north is now dissipated," said the journals. "The plundering Prince with his Irish Rebels, Papists, and other desperate Ruffians, were totally routed and defeated."[2] The Royalists had lost heavily, both by death and capture; the whole of their baggage was gone, carriages and ordnance, coin and ammunition, and colours "enough to make surplices for all the Cathedrals in England were they white." The garland had been won by the Parliament, and no part of the army earned greater credit than Manchester's men, who had plucked a victory out of the enemy's hands. The General of the Scots commended them highly, and "professed Europe had no better souldiers."[3]

When the Royalists were dispersed, the Roundhead army marched back to York and resumed the siege. After a day's rest in the outlying villages, the city

[1] In addition to the contemporary authorities, the writer is indebted chiefly to Professor Firth's comments upon the battle in the *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, New Series, vol. xii. Other modern accounts are in Sanford's *Studies of the Rebellion* and Sir Clements Markham's *Life of the Great Lord Fairfax*.

[2] *Mercurius Britannicus*, E. 54, No. 6.

[3] *A More Exact Relation*, E. 2, No. 14.

was again invested. But the conditions had changed: Newcastle was upon the water, Rupert had hastened away northwards to recruit his force, and the defence of the city was left to a mere handful of Royalists. Even then it held out for some days. But when the besieged saw the approaches laid up to the very walls, and the ladders prepared for an assault, they hoisted a flag of truce and desired a parley. On July 15 articles of surrender were drawn up, and Colonel Mountagu, as a reward for his bravery at Lincoln and Marston Moor, had the honour of representing Manchester. The terms of surrender were not unduly harsh. The city was yielded, with all its ammunition; the Governor, the officers and soldiers of the garrison, and their wives and servants, were allowed to march out with the honours of war. When the victors had taken possession of the city, they divided: Fairfax remained in Yorkshire, the Scots marched to reduce Newcastle, Manchester retired into Lincolnshire to secure the eastern counties and to recruit his army from his own Association.[1]

The downfall of York was followed by a brief lull, during which young Edward Mountagu could take stock of his life during the last six months. He had cause for satisfaction. He had served his apprenticeship to the profession of arms, and had done so with credit to himself and his men. Lincoln and Marston Moor were names worthy to be woven upon the banner of his regiment. But he was now to gain a deeper understanding of the whole situation, and there came a series of events which had the most profound effect upon his life. The two men whose influence had dominated him were drifting slowly apart; their ideals differed, their aims divided them;

[1] Rushworth, v. 638-641.

the quarrel between Manchester and Cromwell overshadowed the importance of the campaign. The question was religious as well as military. The Scots were fighting, not only for the defeat of the King, but for the establishment of Presbyterianism in England. Manchester inclined towards their religion, whereas Cromwell wanted toleration for all, whether Anabaptists, Brownists, Socinians, Seekers, or sectaries of any denomination.

For months this quarrel had been simmering in the camp. The Parliamentary papers watched the widening rift with anxious eyes, and were at pains to emphasize the profound agreement of the armies.[1] The pamphlets were eagerly read by the soldiers, and afforded material for disputations round the camp fire. While the siege of York was in progress, one journal told how the Independents were angered at the vicious methods of their Scottish allies. As a rule the war was conducted with a certain amount of humanity, and quarter was freely given. But the Scots ignored this, and incensed the Englishmen by their refusal to show any mercy.[2] Few of the pamphlets had the courage to comment on this difference; most of them attempted to allay all feeling between Independent and Presbyterian. "They act their parts so evenly," said a journal, "we know not how to deal out more Laurell to one than the other. . . . Let us not call them Scots, but Brethren, according to the Covenant, and fix some name of love or honour upon them."[3]

Despite attempts to keep both armies at peace, the differences over religion contained all the seeds of

[1] See *The Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, E. 47, No. 19.
[2] *Ibid.*, E. 50, No. 26.
[3] *Mercurius Britannicus*, June 10-17, E. 51, No. 8.

bitterness. And a question even more important was that of the conduct of the war, over which Manchester and his colleague were in hopeless disagreement. The idea that any compromise with Charles was possible, had become incredible to Cromwell. He was of a party which believed that no settlement, satisfactory to the Puritans, was attainable so long as Charles was on the throne. If deposition was too extreme, there was the remedy of a successful war, and Cromwell had no hope of lasting peace until the King was beaten to his knees. Cromwell's aim was to conclude the war in a decisive fashion; Manchester hoped to ease the distractions of the country by some method of compromise. When Marston Moor was won and York had fallen, there was one man at least who looked askance upon success, and that was the General of the Eastern Association. The triumphant words of Cromwell, "God made them as stubble to our swords," found no echo in Manchester's mind. That "sweet, meek man" was a victor who dared not pluck the fruits of victory.

The diffidence of Manchester was patent to the Independent Colonels. To a man like Mountagu, full of a stubborn enthusiasm, the policy of energy, and the fight for freedom, made a strong appeal. He and his companions, such as Pickering and Hammond, supported the sterner course. They were pledged to great ends, and knit together as comrades. Their regiments had dashed shoulder to shoulder up to the walls of Lincoln, and had charged side by side at Marston Moor. They had endured much—the impassable seventeenth-century road, the sounds of groaning from the wounded, and the sight of their sick comrades jolted along in carts, the want of "decent water," the

lack of shelter; and, mindful of these hardships, the young bloods of the Eastern Association were in no mood for compromise. They turned to Cromwell. His word and his courage were to them the best precept and example. From the time of Marston Moor a group of these young colonels became his devoted adherents, and all other influences over them were steadily put aside.

The first signs of open discontent were seen when Manchester began his march towards the eastern counties. Round about him were numerous Royalist garrisons, and the Independent Colonels were eager that these should be reduced. The General was lukewarm, and showed little enthusiasm, but his officers thrust conquest upon him. When the army reached Doncaster, John Lilburne, a decided Cromwellian, and his men, were quartered at Tickhill, some four miles from the town. Tickhill Castle contained a small Royalist garrison. Lilburne knew that the defenders faltered, and begged leave to summon the place in Manchester's name. The General refused; Tickhill, he said, was only a little hole, and he valued ten men more than the castle.[1] But Lilburne disobeyed him, and the place was yielded; so my Lord threatened to hang him for his pains.[2] Welbeck was another stronghold given up to Manchester, but without any exertion on his part. His colonels then clamoured that Sheffield should be taken, and on August 1 Manchester detached Major-General Crawford, and with him the regiments of Mountagu and Pickering; but even this service to the cause was unwillingly done.[3] The colonels thought that the whole force should have been

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, November 25, 1644: Lilburne's deposition, in the charges against Manchester.

[2] *Ibid.*, same date: Pickering's deposition.

[3] *Ibid.*, November 25: Depositions of Hammond and Ireton.

employed, yet only about a thousand foot soldiers were sent, and a single regiment of horse.[1] And when the men had overcome the bad roads, rocky and inaccessible, "where the ordnance was ever likely to be overturned," there was no encouragement for them. The orders from Manchester consisted, in the main, of continued appeals that his men should not be endangered.[2] But the expedition prospered, and Sheffield was successfully invested. The siege lasted until August 10, "in which tyme wee made 468 greate shott against the castle." At length the place was yielded.[3] Four days later Bolsover Castle was taken, and this success was followed, in a week's time, by the surrender of Wingfield Manor. Little fighting was needed, and the garrisons were allowed to march out with the honours of war.

After this series of successes, Crawford's brigade marched into Lincolnshire, and on September 3 rejoined the main army. Manchester had been in Lincoln for some days, in correspondence with the Committee for Both Kingdoms—the body in charge of the war. At first the Committee urged upon him "wholly to break" Rupert's army. But sickness among his men, and the lack of regular pay, deterred Manchester. His colonels advised him not to move until his base in the eastern counties was made secure. He was indifferent, ignored their advice, and

[1] *A Journal of . . . Crawford's Regiments*, E. 8, No. 4. [2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 159. Though the extract is taken from the journal, it is most probable that Edward Mountagu was not with his regiment at this particular time. A colonel was liable to be detached on special service. The Commissioners to whom Sheffield was yielded were Pickering and Lieutenant-Colonel Grime, who was Mountagu's second in command. It is unlikely that Grime would have been joined with Pickering had Mountagu been present. In Mountagu's deposition (see p. 51) he makes little mention of the expedition. At this time Sir Sydney Mountagu was very ill, and died a few weeks later. It is probable that his son left the army in order to visit him.

remained passive. He would neither block up Newark as they wished, nor embark on any great design. Murmurs were frequent. Manchester's friends afterwards declared that the army was barely kept from a mutiny, and instanced Pickering's and Mountagu's regiments as the most refractory.[1] It was stated that near Sheffield or Bolsover, they had refused to obey Crawford, who was a Presbyterian. If this be so, it is evident that the colonels were dissatisfied with the dilatory messages which reached them; for they were continually straining at the leash, and were in no mood for indecision. The discontent was widespread, and it was with an uneasy mind that Manchester brought his army to Huntingdon. He came there on September 8, and proposed to remain until he had recruited more men and could obtain some money.[2]

While the army was about Huntingdon, there came to them bad news from the west. The Parliamentary force had suffered a rude check. The Earl of Essex had been hard pressed by the King. Essex himself fled, and his men were compelled to lay down their arms. The disaster took place at Lostwithiel, on September 1. Coupled with the inaction of Manchester this blow was an indication that the Roundhead organization in the South of England had broken down.[3] The Committee, for remedy, had looked to a junction of Essex, Waller, and the Western forces, with Manchester's army. United they could have prevented the King's advance into Berkshire, where he proposed to keep in touch with his ring of garrisons.[4] When the news of Lostwithiel came to the camp, the Inde-

[1] Masson, *The Quarrel between Manchester and Cromwell*, p. 61. For a discussion of Manchester's attitude, see also A. Kingston, *East Anglia and the Great Civil War*, pp. 172, 173.

[2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, September 5. Gardiner, ii. 44.

[4] Gardiner, ii. 19.

pendents were said to have rejoiced, as though the time for keenness had come. The Cromwell faction hoped that Manchester would at last be aroused from his lethargy. Instead of this there began a lengthy correspondence. Manchester was hard to move. At length the Committee ordered him to join Waller, and to attempt to intercept the King. After much marching, first into Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Hampshire, and Berkshire, a junction was effected. Little wonder that affairs looked slow to the more ardent. Even the journals could not disguise the canker. "Our division is the enemy's joy," said the *Parliament Scout*, and the paper was at the greatest pains to deny a rumour that Cromwell and the other Independent Colonels were on the point of laying down their commissions.[1]

But in less than a month the quarrel came to a head. The Parliamentary forces—Manchester, Waller, and the City brigades—joined at Basingstoke on October 22. Five days later they met the King's forces at Newbury, and a sharp engagement took place. Owing to Manchester's hesitation, the attack did not commence until the evening, and such success as there was could not be thrust home. In the night the King and his army stole away. Manchester refused to pursue him, and adopted an irresolute attitude. True, the command was not entirely his, for Parliament had ordered it to be put in commission. But at the councils of war, where opinions were divided, a lead was wanted, and the Earl had none to give. On November 9 his men saw Donnington Castle relieved under their very eyes.[2] They were kept marching and

[1] *The Parliament Scout*, October 3, 1644, E. 12, No. 12, and E. 21, No. 8. This was a real threat (Baillie, *Letters*, ii. 230).

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 159.

counter-marching, and no further engagement was brought about. Their losses were few, but the sense of wasted endeavour was enormously increased.

The campaign round Newbury throws no light on Mountagu's military career. His regiment was engaged throughout the time, but no special mention of it is made in accounts of the battle.[1] But in his life the campaign made a definite landmark: the Manchester influence was entirely thrown aside, and Cromwell was enthroned. No sooner was Newbury fought than serious accusations were brought against Manchester, and the heads of the quarrel were discussed in Parliament. The Earl's conduct, from the storming of Lincoln to the battle of Newbury, was passed in review, and the officers of his army were called upon to give evidence. A definite indictment against Manchester was brought by Cromwell in November, and the remainder of the year was occupied in the hearing. One after another the Independent Colonels—Lilburne, Fleetwood, Pickering, Mountagu—testified against Manchester. His backwardness in action, his unwillingness to follow up a victory, and his neglect of orders, formed the main counts against him. He was condemned out of his own mouth; Haselrig told how Manchester had said: "If we beat the King ninety and nine times, yet he is King still, and so will his posterity be after him."[2] Mountagu affirmed "that he heard the Earl of Manchester say that he was against this war in the beginning of it, and that if those who began it had to do it again they would be twice advised, or to that effect."[3] But in the end no decisive action against Manchester was taken, for Parliament was

[1] The movements of the regiment can be traced in the journal (*Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 159).

Cal. S. P., Dom., November 25.

[2] *Ibid.*, November 25. See also *S. P., Dom.: Charles I.*, vol. dlii.

divided; and when the time for a campaign arrived, a new army and new commanders took over the conduct of the war.

The battle of Newbury, which preceded this quarrel, was the last military event of the year. When the winter came on, Mountagu's regiment was quartered at Henley, and on January 10, 1645, Mountagu was appointed Governor of the place, with the chief command of all forces, horse and foot, belonging to the garrison.[1] He had no light task, owing to the factious spirit which was at work, and the division which was felt throughout all ranks of the army. The pay of the men was sadly in arrears, and for some time they had been out of hand. The Royalist papers reported that the Henley garrison was one which could "only agree to rob the poor country, and then quarrel about the distribution"—a story which *Mercurius Britannicus* did his best to deny.[2] But the sequel showed that there was disorder in the camp, which at length broke into open mutiny.

The ringleaders of the disturbance were two officers, Captains Taylor and Rouse, who had been cashiered some months before, says Mountagu, "for notorious crimes." When the young Colonel became Governor of Henley, he determined to root out all such men, and dismissed the two malcontents, at the same time informing Manchester of what he had done. But the affair happened in the thick of the Manchester and Cromwell quarrel, and Manchester overrode Mountagu's decision and reinstated the wranglers. "The first fruits of their coming has been this mutiny," said Mountagu. For no sooner were Rouse and Taylor

[1] The original warrant is in the *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 151. His instructions as Governor are in the *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 418.

[2] See *Perfect Passages*, E. 268, No. 1; *Mercurius Britannicus*, E. 269, No. 6.

back in the regiment than trouble began. They had good material for sedition; the soldiers demanded six weeks' pay, and were put off with two. On February 19, Grime, Mountagu's Lieutenant-Colonel, who was aware of the discontent, saw the ringleaders drinking with some of the disaffected, and endeavoured to arrest them, but they escaped. Next day, on parade, mutiny broke out. Some of the soldiers chattered and shouted, refused to be mustered, and at length ran outside the town. For a time the whole regiment looked dangerous, but force and persuasion prevailed, and order was restored. The Governor suspected that the mutiny was "occasioned by some underhand insinuations" of those disaffected to himself, and the trouble was more particularly apparent after the ringleaders had seen Manchester. He actually gave them the letters, ordering their reinstatement, to carry to Henley. Mountagu felt that his authority was undermined, "to the great disturbance and almost ruin of his regiment." He proved himself as firm as he was brave. Fortunately, he was then in London, and able to state his own case. He appealed to the Committee which had the management of the war, and on February 27 the mutinous troops were marched out and replaced by others.[1] After that, nothing more was heard of the affair.

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, February 20 to 27.

II. THE NEW-MODELLED ARMY

"From the beginning I was confident, a blessing from Heaven did attend this Army, there were in it so many pious men, men of integrity, hating vice, fighting not out of ambitiousnesse or by-ends, but aiming at God's glory and the preservation of Religion and Liberty, and the destruction of the Enemy."

In the spring of 1645 everything gave place to the preparations for a new-modelled army. The men who wished the war to make an end of the quarrel between King and Parliament had outlined a scheme which gave England the most effective army she has ever had. The Members of Parliament were replaced by a professional soldiery. The trained bands and local regiments were swept away. Though the men were, if possible, recruited from a given group of counties, this was done in order to keep a spirit of comradeship, and not with an understanding that their work was confined to any one district. The three armies—those of Essex, Manchester, and Waller—were united under a single command. The methods of pay were entirely reorganized. Nothing was neglected. The scarves and boughs of trees, the white paper and handkerchiefs, which had formerly acted as insignia for many of the regiments, gave place to a regular uniform.[1] The local colours—facings of red or blue or white—were left in certain regiments, and every soldier was for the first time clothed in red. "The men are Redcoats all," says a newspaper; "the whole army only are distinguished by the several facings of their coats."[2] With weapons and headpieces, hats,

[1] See the comments at the beginning of this chapter, page 26. It is most probable that in the early stages of the war, as new men joined the ranks, they remained for weeks or months without regular clothing or weapons. Before the New Model Army was built up, the appearance of the troops was diversified.

[2] *Perfect Passages*, May 7, 1645, E. 20, No. 20. And see Professor Firth's book, already cited.

breastplates, and helmets, it was all the same—uniformity throughout. And since the number of men allotted to each regiment was considerably lessened, this uniformity could the more easily be maintained.

The new regiments were officered by the men who had distinguished themselves in the early part of the war, and whose character would stand the test of zeal. The Commissioners were well assured that nothing in the army was more considerable than the choice of their officers and commanders.[1] For Commander-in-Chief the choice of the Parliament fell upon Sir Thomas Fairfax, who had seen active service in the Netherlands, and who had led a detachment at Marston Moor. His excellence of character, and the love he inspired among his men, proved assets even more important to the army than his military capacity. His lieutenants were the tried soldiers of the previous campaigns, such as Ireton, Fleetwood, Hammond, Rainsborough, Pickering, and Mountagu.

The regiment which Edward Mountagu commanded was a regiment of foot, mostly drawn from Cambridgeshire and the surrounding counties. The soldiers were "levied in those places whence the regiments have been levied, and do use to be recruited."[2] The old territorial feeling was thus kept alive, though it was brought home to the men that local feeling was subordinate to the necessity of concluding the war. The regiment abandoned its old facings of white, and their red coats were trimmed with blue.[3] The banner is not described; but when the regiment changed hands, Mountagu's successor carried a red banner, on which was depicted a most elaborate device: a pillar, bearing

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 80, f. 210.
[2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, January 17, 1645; Firth, *Cromwell's Army*, p. 38.
[3] *The Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, E. 304, No. 24.

the arms of London; and crowned with a regal crown, touched by a naked hand and arm. The motto was *Ut servat incolumem.*[1] Perhaps in some corner at Hinchingbrooke there lies the flag which Edward Mountagu unfurled at Naseby, and planted upon the walls of Bristol.

The building up of the New Model Army occupied some months, and it was not until May that Fairfax was able to take the field. Even then the final arrangements were incomplete, but the Royalist movements made it urgent that the army should be mobilized. The various regiments were hurried to the rendezvous. Mountagu's committee-men were advised to hasten up their recruits. The Colonel had appointed officers to meet the soldiers at St. Albans, and to conduct them to Huntingdon. "It is high time the regiments were full," said one, "the enemy being now in motion."[2]

When the army was at length able to take the field, Fairfax found the relative position of King and Parliament much as it was at the end of 1644. Though the north was flecked here and there with Royalist garrisons, the country round was in the Parliament's hands, and their influence spread all along the midlands, the eastern and the home counties. The west, and most of Wales, still held out for the King; Oxford was still his, and from this point of advantage the Royalist army could be hurled upon the east of England. With the country behind him secure, the Royalist could turn east or north. Some such plan was indeed afoot. On May 9 the King came out of Oxford, and marched with his main army towards Worcester. For a time his activity

[1] Prestwich, *Respublica Anglicana.* The banner was that of Colonel Lambert.

[2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, May 6 and 8.

enlivened the Royalists and dismayed his opponents. But the King's plans were not matured, and there was a fatal division in his councils. Two main courses were open to him: either he could seek out Fairfax and his army, or march to the north of England and sweep back the Scottish forces. If he could defeat either Fairfax or Leven, he had one army the less with which to deal. But he went direct at neither obstacle. While his council were divided, and disputed over the two plans, his army turned sharply eastwards without any definite purpose, beyond that of harrying the midlands and ensuring supplies.[1]

The chief reason for this indecision was the insecurity of the King's communications. Charles had barely left his headquarters, when he heard that Oxford was in distress. Fairfax and his army had made a rapid march; they besieged the city, and it was a question how long the place could hold out. To Charles and Rupert this was of considerable moment. Any great move was impossible unless their base of operations was sufficiently well provisioned to stand a siege. In order to make the midlands a ground of supply, it was determined to attack Leicester. On May 31 the small garrison of Roundheads was overcome, about one hundred men were slain, and the town and neighbourhood were plundered.

This was enough to rouse the Parliament. Their papers were more despondent than at any time during the war. "We are now like men," said one, "that are fallen into a ditch; we must not lie gazing up and looking how we fell, or who threw us into it; but we must rather seek how we can get out."[2] The news

[1] Gardiner, *Civil War*, chap. xxix.

[2] *The Exchange Intelligencer*, E. 288, No. 3.

from Leicester was a threat to the Eastern Association. The Committee of Both Kingdoms, which hitherto had directed the campaign, immediately resigned its conduct to Fairfax. They had learned the value of undivided counsel. At the same time every one of the colonels petitioned Parliament that Cromwell's services should be retained, despite his membership of the House. The petition was granted, and Cromwell became Lieutenant-General. In a few days the New Model was ready for action. Fairfax abandoned the siege of Oxford, and set out to engage the enemy.

He marched north-east, and came within touch of the Royalists on the borders of Leicester and Northampton. Flushed with their success at Leicester, and despising this New Model Army and its new recruits, Charles and Rupert stood their ground. On the morning of June 14 the Royalist army was drawn up about two miles south of Market Harborough. Scouts were sent out, but failed to find the Roundheads; and Rupert, with a party of horse and musketeers, went in search of them. He saw the enemy moving, just north of Naseby village. At that moment Fairfax was drawing his troops to a point of vantage, and they had their backs to Rupert. He imagined that the movement was a retreat, and determined to engage. He galloped back with his report, brought the whole of the King's army to the attack, and by ten o'clock the fight had begun.

During the battle of Naseby, Mountagu's regiment played a useful rather than brilliant part, and the engagement may therefore be briefly dismissed. The line was formed with cavalry upon the flanks, Cromwell on the right, Ireton on the left; the infantry occupied the centre. Major-General Skippon com-

manded the whole of the foot-soldiers. His own regiment was on the left; next to him came Waller's, then Pickering's, then Mountagu's, and upon the right was Fairfax's regiment.[1] Three other infantry regiments were kept in reserve. The battle was quickly joined, without any prelude by the artillery. When the lines advanced, the Roundhead infantry met with a stout resistance. After one volley from their carbines both armies charged, and were soon at it with sword, and pike, and the butt-end of their muskets. The Royalist onslaught was so fierce that the Roundhead regiments wavered. Skippon was wounded, and his men were disorganized and gave way. Right along the line the regiments were broken in their turn; the recruits of the New Model were unable to face their first enemy. Only Fairfax and his men stood fast. But the leaven of those who had fought at Marston Moor soon began to work. The colonels cried out to their men, cheered them, and exhorted them; the reserves were brought forward in order to stiffen the line. In a few moments the men recovered, and again fell upon the enemy.

Meanwhile the action of the cavalry decided the battle. Rupert charged through Ireton's wing, vanquished his horse, and galloped up to the Roundheads' baggage train. He met with a sturdy welcome, and at length turned aside. There was a greater foe to be reckoned with, for Cromwell on his side swept back the Royalist horse, detached three regiments to pursue them, and prepared with the remainder of his men to aid the infantry. By this time Fairfax and his colonels had rallied the foot, who were keeping the Royalist force in check. The help of Cromwell turned the day. The Royalist regiments were broken, and one after

[1] See the plan of the battle in Sprigge's *Anglia Rediviva*.

another yielded up their arms and begged for quarter. Only the Blue Regiment "stood to it very stoutly, and stirred not, like to a wall of brasse; though encompassed by our Forces; so that our men were forced to knock them down with the Butt-end of their muskets."[1] Every man in the Blues sold his life. At length Fairfax himself slew the Ensign and tore the colours from his grasp.

It had been in the King's mind to come to the help of these gallant soldiers, but so great was the danger that he allowed his horse to be turned from the battle. Rupert had done with pursuit, and was prepared to charge a second time. But his horsemen were hard to rally; the foot was destroyed, the artillery all captured. Only flight was left to the Royalists, and they made for Leicester, with the Roundhead horse in full pursuit. They left behind them 5,000 prisoners, the whole of their artillery and baggage, and among this was found the cabinet which contained the King's letters. These were opened and published. The revelations of his dealings with foreigners, his intrigues with the Scots, the Irish, and the Lorrainer, disgusted the soldiers and hardened their hearts. After Naseby it appeared as though no course was left but to fight it out to the end. *The King's Cabinet Opened*, a curious pamphlet, was a revelation of treachery to England, which the country found it hard to forgive. It was the vindication of the school of Cromwell against the school of Manchester, of firmness against leniency.

The victorious army moved immediately towards the west of England. Fairfax left the King to be dealt with by others while he marched to relieve Taunton and to oust Goring from Somerset. He

[1] *The Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, E. 288, No. 31.

took his soldiers rapidly towards the south, through Warwickshire, Gloucester, and Wiltshire, and thence into Dorset. His journey was not free from trouble: the horse was much weakened; some who had got rich booty had gone to stow it safely; many men were afoot whose horses had been killed, yet most were willing to serve the Parliament.[1] But discipline was still imperfect. One man was hanged for desertion, and another for robbing a countryman. A few soldiers who straggled into Marlborough to see the fair were cut off by Royalists from Devizes. At Blandford a barn was accidentally fired, and the soldiers got at loggerheads with the townsfolk.[2] But these were the lesser difficulties. One which looked more serious was the encounter with the Clubmen—bodies of men banded together in defence of their county. White ribbons were in their hats, with the motto "Peace and Truth" interwoven. They chanted their doggerel verse:

> "If you come to steale away our cattell,
> We will meet you, and give you battell."

It was the business of Fairfax to show the Clubmen that the Parliament's quarrel was with the King, and not with any county, and that their interest lay in a speedy settlement of the district. He feared lest they should hinder his designs upon Bristol, which was in Rupert's hands, and which was regarded as the key to the west. So he dispatched Cromwell, Mountagu, and the Independent chaplains—Ash, Moon, and Peters—to persuade the Clubmen to join with him and bring the siege to a close. After some days the Clubmen consented, and "agreed with great alacrity

[1] *Lords' Journals:* Fairfax to the Committee, vol. vii., p. 463.

[2] Sprigge, *Anglia Rediviva*, p. 55; *The Proceedings of the Army*, etc., E. 292, No. 16.

and readinesse, to give assistance for the regaining of Bristol."[1]

The successful wooing of the Clubmen was a victory over one of many obstacles. For days the sun was almost unbearable, and the march seemed long and tedious; the men were footsore and weary, until the good news reached them that the siege of Taunton had been raised, and that the Royalists had drawn away from the town. On July 5 Fairfax was within touch of the enemy. The Royalists numbered about 5,000. They were under the command of Goring—perhaps the least trustworthy of their generals—a man well versed in court intrigue, but a moderate and irresolute leader. He had fallen back, in some hopes of keeping open the road between Bristol and Oxford. But his dispositions were faulty. Step by step Fairfax gained ground, and secured one position after another. On July 8 the Roundhead scouts brought him intelligence that Goring had retired along the road to Bridgewater, and was then at Langport, while part of his army was at the same time moving towards Taunton to keep the road into Devon and Cornwall. Fairfax at once detached Major-General Massey with a goodly party of horse and dragoons to hold the Taunton force in check, while the main body of the Parliamentarians gave battle. Two days' sharp fighting brought success. On July 9 Massey's troops were engaged, somewhere out upon the Taunton road. The noise of the muskets and the report of a sharp skirmish determined Fairfax to reinforce Massey.

It is evident that Mountagu had by then acquired the grip necessary in a leader, and had won the confidence of his General and the affection of his

[1] *The True Informer*, E. 301, No. 7.

men; for Fairfax gave to him, a youth not yet twenty-one, a more considerable command than he had hitherto had—2,000 musketeers and a regiment of horse.[1] Henceforth the Parliamentary papers speak of Mountagu as a Major-General, and he certainly for a time supplied Skippon's place.[2] He started from his quarters at Marstock towards the evening of July 9. But before his men could cover the seven or eight miles, Massey had defeated the enemy and captured nine colours and 300 horse. Mountagu had the ill-luck to miss another brush with the enemy. As he and Massey returned to Langport, messengers met them, urging haste. Again they were within the sound of an engagement. But before they could reach Fairfax, the enemy was in full flight towards Bridgewater, and Goring was galloping to the west. Langport mercy was added to Naseby mercy. "And to see this," wrote Cromwell, "is it not to see the face of God?"[3]

After this success Fairfax pushed on towards Bridgewater. The little town was stoutly fortified and entrenched. A considerable number of the neighbouring gentry were within the walls, and commanded abundance of arms and treasure.[4] If Fairfax secured the place, he relieved the west of one more stronghold of royalism. On July 11 he approached the town and took counsel of his officers. The work before them was one to be done quickly, for the army

[1] Sprigge, *Anglia Rediviva*, p. 64; *A More Full Relation*, E. 293, No. 3; and *The Moderate Intelligencer*, E. 293, No. 6.

[2] *The Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer* for July 22 says: "Colonel Mountagu, who now supplies the place of Major Generall, in the room of Major Generall Skippon, is scarce 21 years of age, and yet hath still performed his services, with as much resolution as could be expected" (E. 294, No. 10).

[3] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, iii. 246.

[4] See Sprigge and *Mercurius Civicus*, E. 293, No. 24.

was needed elsewhere, and could not spend an indefinite time upon an investment, nor proceed by mining and siegecraft. The New-Modelled Army was gaining confidence and experience, and it was decided that the town should be stormed. Massey acted as general on the Devon side, but the main attack came from the east. There Fairfax stationed the Independent Colonels—Pickering, Mountagu, Waller, Pride, Rainsborough, and Hammond. "The despised army, once the scorn of many, was a praying and a religious army;" on the Lord's Day (July 20) the chaplains encouraged the soldiers "to look upon Christ in all their actions."[1] On the next day the work began.

It was two o'clock, on a damp July morning, when the signal was given to attack. Some portable bridges, which Hammond had constructed, were drawn by waggons into place, and thrown across the moat. The men dashed over these, mounted the works, beat the enemy back, and turned their own cannon upon them. In galloped the horse, and the eastern part of the town was cleared. The defenders, however, still held the main defences—the second moat, the town walls, and the drawbridge. Summoned to surrender, the garrison refused, and poured grenadoes and slugs of hot iron upon the houses already taken. They fouled their own nest, and this roused Fairfax to anger. He determined to alarm the town and summon it again. All the following day and night the alarms continued; on the next afternoon a trumpet was sent to say that the women and children might march out. No sooner had they quitted the place, than Fairfax turned his cannon on the town, and shells and hot slugs set it ablaze. More messages were sent backwards and forwards, but the Roundheads were irate at the wanton

[1] *A Fuller Relation*, E. 293, No. 34.

destruction of the eastern suburb, and refused to give any terms. For some time it looked as though the whole place must be destroyed, but the citizens so pressed the Governor that on the following day the town was yielded, and without conditions.

By the capture of Bridgewater, Fairfax obtained control of a line which isolated Devon and Cornwall. From Lyme Regis across to the Bristol Channel the towns were his. He set out to make his work secure. He left a garrison in Bridgewater, detached a brigade of horse and foot, under Pickering, to keep watch on Sherborne, and another brigade, under Colonel Rich, to secure Bath. The city was in the hands of the Royalists, and must be taken from them "in order to the straitening of Bristoll."[1] On July 29 the place was summoned; on the following day an alarm, which was a mere rattle of arms, caused the Deputy Governor to surrender, at the very moment Rupert was marching to his relief. Fairfax then turned upon Sherborne, and gained another success. In a fortnight's time the castle had fallen. "Here's fruit of a green army," said a Roundhead pamphlet; "every week a Town, or a Victory."[2]

The taking of Sherborne became all the more important, since it was found to be the centre of the disaffected Clubmen. The capture of the castle subdued the whole neighbourhood; "a man might ride very quietly between Sherborne and Salisbury."[3] More and more secure in his communications, Fairfax turned on Bristol, the most serious piece of work he had undertaken. Rupert held the place with over 2,000 men. As long as he was there, and could

[1] Sprigge, *Anglia Rediviva*, p. 76.
[2] *The Moderate Intelligencer*, E. 294, No. 16.
[3] Sprigge, *Anglia Rediviva*, p. 81.

draw the Royalist forces to him, so long were the Roundheads hindered in the final reduction of the west. Troops from Wales could be thrown across the Severn, and ammunition could be sent into the port. Fairfax and his council of war determined to make Bristol their next design, as the greatest service they could do for the public.[1] The preparations were quickly made. On August 20 the advance guard of the army was within nine miles of the town; Ireton, with 2,000 horse and dragoons, was detached to prevent Rupert burning the surrounding villages, and Mountagu and Pickering were set to watch "the Cavestam road."[2] On the following day the remaining regiments came up, and the city was gradually invested on every side. A message was sent to the Parliament's fleet, then riding off Milford Haven, to complete the investment by sea.

But Rupert was not the type of leader to sit down and watch these hostile operations. Day after day his men sallied out; they burned Bedminster and Clifton, damaged the crops, and cut off any straggling Roundheads. The Cavaliers were in a bitter mood, and gave the "rogues, dogs, and pedlars," as they called them, some sharp engagements. The weather was wet, misty, and wholly disagreeable. The plague raged in the town itself and the villages round. Every day had its crop of troubles for the besiegers. In the end an intercepted letter brought the news that Goring intended to join hands with the King, and that in three weeks' time their combined forces would be ready to relieve Bristol. Fairfax and his council resolved to wait no longer. They had taken the fort

[1] Sprigge, *Anglia Rediviva*, p. 88.

[2] *The Moderate Intelligencer*, E. 298, No. 17. Cavestam is probably Keynsham or Claverham.

at Avonmouth, and the Parliamentary fleet had arrived. On September 2 a long debate was held, and the council decided to quit the siege and take the city by storm.

Before the place was attacked, intelligence arrived which naturally quickened Mountagu's military ardour. The newspapers which were sent to the camp confirmed the news brought him by letter, the news that the Royalists had raided Huntingdon. The Parliamentary journals, which made the most of all such moves upon the King's part, raked up harrowing stories of the assaults and exactions from which the Parliamentarians suffered. "Every house was billetted though never so poor." Even a Royalist innkeeper was unable to satisfy the Cavaliers' demands, and walked in fear of his life. Shops were stripped of their wares, and houses of their furniture.[1] And Mountagu had a special grievance; for while his town was plundered, and the Mayor and Council put up to ransom, hospitality to the King was exacted from his home. "The King lay at Hinchingbrooke," says the *Moderate Intelligencer*, "the house of Colonel Mountagu, a gallant soldier."[2] The news of these Royalist raids roused the indignation of the men whose houses had been used by Charles. They complained that the Association and London "did suffer the king's forces to go progresse so much; to many of their prejudice, and terror of their Wives, and do nothing but bark and snap at them." It was but a poor reward, they said, for their service in the west.[3]

[1] *The Royall Entertainment*, E. 298, No. 26; and *The Parliament's Post*, E. 298, No. 29.

[2] This is from *The Moderate Intelligencer*, E. 298, No. 17. But another newspaper, *The City Scout* (E. 298, No. 16), says that the King stayed at the George. *The True Informer* (E. 298, No. 21) also says Hinchingbrooke. See Slingsby's *Diary* and *Harleian MSS.*, 944.

[3] *The Moderate Intelligencer*, E. 302, No. 2.

Such news, however, put more life into the East Anglians, and the attack on Bristol gave Mountagu and the younger colonels a further chance to show their mettle. The fortifications of Bristol enclosed the city in a rough triangle, with the apex at the north, and on this apex was built the stoutest of the Royalist forts. The western line ran thence to the River Avon, facing Clifton Down; and along it were five forts, carrying in all about fifty guns. The eastern lines guarded the old city of Bristol, and joined gate to gate. At the centre gate the main roads and waterways converged into the town, and narrowed down into Clifton Gorge. The roads up to the main gateway were covered by the castle, with its sixteen guns. But the length of the line, about four miles, made the defence a matter of difficulty; Rupert had a handful of men, and saw the Roundhead forces, fresh from Naseby and Bridgewater, disposed round the city, strong at every point. On the downs, at the western side, were two regiments of dragoons, two of horse, and one of foot-soldiers. The fort at the apex was faced by Rainsborough and his brigade of infantry, supported by two regiments of horse. In Redcliffe Meads, near the Church of St. Mary, was Welden's brigade; and on the eastern side was Mountagu's. He acted as Major-General, and had command of the regiments which had learned to face fire in the centre at Naseby fight—his own regiment, Waller's, Pickering's, and the General's. With him were two regiments of horse.

Thus arrayed, the besiegers watched the city until September came in. At first drizzling rain and mist darkened the low-lying lands, and depressed the men; at length better weather came, and the sun's beams, said a writer, warmed the soldiers' hearts. Now and then the great guns played on them from

Prior's Fort, and a battery was set up to return the fire. The days passed without further sallies, and the soldiers grew impatient. On September 4 Fairfax sent a dignified demand for surrender. Rupert sought to gain time, and begged leave to write to the King. Such a course would have been fatal to Fairfax, because of the delay. He offered to Rupert definite terms, but the Prince temporized, and staved off his creditors. Six days passed, "subtly spun out," every one of them a day gained by the Royalists.[1] At the end of the sixth day Fairfax delayed no longer, but prepared to storm the town.

At two o'clock on the morning of September 10 the signal was given. Four great guns were fired off, and at the same moment a heap of straw flared up into flame, and beckoned the soldiers on all sides of the city. The days of expectancy had only served to whet their eagerness. The regiments dashed towards the walls. Each regiment stormed in three places. Every ten men had their ladder, and with each ladder went a sergeant to direct its placing. The little groups of laddermen were supported by files of musketeers and pikemen, who followed the ladders to the walls, warded off the defenders, and helped in the first assault. The whole had been ordered beforehand, and the signal was obeyed with the greatest resolution. Mountagu and Pickering dashed their regiments against Lawford's Gate, where the double work "was well filled with men and cannon." For two hours they fought the enemy hand to hand, beat them back, seized twenty great guns, and took several prisoners. Immediately the men had gained a footing, Mountagu ordered pioneers to level the fortifications with pick and spade, and make a way for the horse.

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Portland MSS.*, i. 268.

Faggots were thrown into the trench, temporary bridges were dragged across, and the horse charged in, amid joyous cries of "The Lord of Hosts!" Supported by the cavalry, Mountagu and Pickering dashed along the market to the castle walls, and secured the castle gates. Horse and foot "seemed to emulate one another in courage and affection."[1] The storm was just as successful upon every side. In three hours' time the long line of forts had been passed; the colonels led their regiments across the fortifications, and were masters of the whole line. Only Prior's Fort held out. Rainsborough had there the hardest task of all. His ladders scarcely reached the top, and his men were actually at push of pike, standing upon the palisadoes, but could not enter. At length Mountagu and Hammond detached some men to storm the fort upon the inner side; the flag was torn down, and the defenders put to the sword.[2] Before the sun rose Bristol was gained.

Except upon one side of the town the onslaught was successful, and Rupert recognized defeat. About nine o'clock he sent a trumpeter to desire a parley, and by nightfall conditions were arranged. The three young colonels, who had shown conspicuous bravery—Mountagu, Pickering, and Rainsborough—were deputed by Fairfax to sign the terms. The Prince and his officers were allowed to march out with their colours, pikes and drums, bag and baggage; their horses and their swords were left to them, and a convoy was provided. The terms were generous,

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Portland MSS.*, i. 268; *A True Relation*, E. 301, No. 5; *Mercurius Veridicus*, E. 302, No. 10; *Anglia Rediviva*, p. 114.

[2] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Letter xxxi. He says Rainsborough and Hammond, but the Commissioners (in the letter quoted above) say that Mountagu's and Hammond's men were among the first to enter Prior's Fort. Certainly Mountagu was earliest in a position to give relief.

but irate Royalists had fired part of the city, and Fairfax feared lest the whole place should be destroyed. He received for the Parliament the castle and forts, ammunition and provisions of war. On September 11 the place was delivered up, and, within a few hours, Rupert left the city. He was mounted upon a gallant black Barbary horse. His dress was of scarlet, richly laid with silver lace. By his side were three of the Roundhead Colonels—Cromwell, Mountagu, and Rainsborough—who accompanied the Prince from the city gate and escorted him to Fairfax. The Prince, "with his lifeguard of firelocks all in red coats before him," was received by the General, and Fairfax rode by his side two miles of the way to Oxford. There they parted, and the Prince took one last look back at the city as though unwilling to leave it. Fairfax returned in triumph to Bristol, where Hammond's regiment was drawn up at the gate of the fort, ready to place the keys in the General's hands.[1]

The storm of Bristol was the last fight in which Mountagu led his regiment. As soon as the city was handed over to the Roundheads, he and Hammond were sent to London, the bearers of the good news to Parliament. The two young colonels arrived there on September 12, and received the thanks of the House.[2] But it was not intended that Mountagu should return to the army. A writ had been issued for Huntingdonshire, and he was chosen Knight of the Shire in the room of his father. On October 13 he took his seat in the House.[3] The following day news came from the west, which afforded Mountagu special pride. His regiment, fighting

[1] *An Exact Relation*, E. 302, No. 3.

[2] *Lords' Journals*, September 19.

[3] *Commons' Journals*, September 25; *The Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, October 13, E. 304, No. 24.

under Cromwell, had shown marked gallantry at the capture of Basing House.[1] It was the last time they fought under Mountagu's name. A few weeks later Mountagu's "Blues" were handed over to John Lambert.[2] Mountagu himself retained the rank of Colonel, but devoted himself for a time to the service of the House. It was immediately resolved that Colonel Mountagu be added to the Committee of the Army, and on October 16 he took the place of William Strode, deceased.[3] The current of his life ran, for the next five years, in less absorbing channels.

Mountagu's election to the House of Commons had definite political significance. The Independent party determined to increase their strength in Parliament, for the tenets of Presbyterianism were gaining ground, and toleration needed its champions. A batch of members, bound to Cromwell by various ties, entered Parliament at brief intervals. Such were Ireton, who was soon to marry Bridget Cromwell; Fleetwood, an Ironside Colonel; Sydenham, another young soldier; and Mountagu, whose devotion to Cromwell was beyond question.[4] But Mountagu seemed better suited to the camp than to the benches of the House. His championship of Cromwell was unobtrusive, and he had little or no influence upon the eventual triumph of Independency. Parliament toned down his enthusiasms; he soon became less of an extremist, and as Cromwell and his followers went forward Mountagu

[1] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Letters xxxii. and xxxiii. Pickering commanded his own regiment, Mountagu's and Waller's; Mountagu was a brigade officer, and would certainly have commanded had he been present. He could hardly have been at Basing a few hours after taking his seat.

[2] Sprigge, *Anglia Rediviva*, 328. The date is not given, but the regiment is spoken of as Lambert's in January, 1646 (E. 317, No. 10).

[3] *Commons' Journals*, October 14 and 16.

[4] Masson, *Life of Milton*, iii. 402.

shrank back. The ardour for the Parliamentary cause which he had displayed at eighteen slowly cooled down; like many another man who had taken up arms, he abhorred radical measures. To beat the King in fair fight was one matter; to connive at his death was quite another. And as a Member of Parliament Mountagu acquired a respect for constitutional forms, and these he saw overridden. Gradually the "Agitators" in the army got the upper hand; the King was denounced as a "man of blood"; the Constitution was attacked by the criticism of the Levellers. Cromwell had loosened forces which he was unable to control; Parliament sank more and more into a second place, and eventually the army held the casting vote in national affairs.

Under the circumstances it is no strange thing that less and less was heard of Edward Mountagu. For months the newsletters contain no glimpse of his doings, the journals of the House hardly mention his name. Only twice during the period of unrest did the tide of events surge up to his door. The quarrel between Presbyterian and Independent for the possession of the King's person led to the scene at Holmby House, when Cromwell outwitted the Scots, and sent Cornet Joyce to bring Charles a captive to Newmarket. On the King's journey he rested at Hinchingbrooke. Mountagu may have been there himself; he obtained leave of absence from Parliament a few weeks before.[1] But if he were not there, Mistress Mountagu entertained the King; while her father, John Crew, was one of the Commissioners who had the custody of Charles. "The King was nobly treated here," said Sir Thomas Herbert, "with much honour and affection, as were

[1] *Commons' Journals*, May 1, 1647.

also the Lords and other Commissioners."[1] So well was the King entertained that for long afterwards there was a tradition that his host and hostess had erred upon the side of loyalty, and in the time to come both their enemies and friends remembered this.[2]

During the events which followed the capture of the King, such as the three-cornered negotiations between the monarch, the Presbyterians, and the Independents, or the quarrel between the army and the Parliament, only conjecture can supply any clue to Mountagu's position. The first Civil War had come to an end. The army then protested against Parliament's attempt to send the men back to their homes, and took up a line of resistance. One of the regiments quartered at Huntingdon was ordered to disband a few days after the King was at Hinchingbrooke.[3] Mountagu was then in Huntingdon, and doubtless did his duty as a member in supporting the authority of the House against the clamour of the soldiers.

In the second Civil War, which broke out in 1648, "the old grudge was set on new wheels."[4] Once again Mountagu was caught for one brief moment in the swirl of affairs. This time it was through renewed disturbances upon the part of the Royalists. Tumultuous meetings were held in Huntingdonshire, which Mountagu did his best to suppress. His capture by a small band of Cavaliers was reported in London,

[1] *Brit. Mus.: Harleian MSS.*, 7396; *A True and Perfect Narrative*, etc., by Sir Thomas Herbert.

[2] The story is given in Noble's *Memoirs of the Cromwells*, i. 44 n.: "K. Cha. I., in 1646, on his way from Holmby was very magnificently and dutifully entertained there by lady Mountagu, which greatly displeased the brutal force, who attended the captive monarch, with the parlement commissioners."

[3] *Commons' Journals*, May 25. The date fixed for disbanding Hardress Waller's regiment, then at Huntingdon, was June 12.

[4] *Mercurius Censorius*, E. 446, No. 20.

and it was said that he was carried a prisoner to Washingley House, a few miles from his own home.[1] But this story rests upon a single fragment of evidence, and the newspapers give no trace of such an occurrence. Certainly he was not long a prisoner, for in July, when the Royalists, under Holland, were about St. Neots, Mountagu took part in their defeat, and was said to have been seen "spoiling the town for the Parliament and himself."[2]

These uncertain glimpses of Mountagu are all that can be obtained, since he gradually withdrew from public life, and retired without money or land gained from the plunder of the Civil War.[3] He ceased to follow Cromwell; he took no part in the events of the autumn of 1648—the denunciation of Charles, the establishment of a special tribunal, the condemnation of the King. He had come to regard the army's measures as a blunder, and the army in turn regarded him as an opponent to their designs. When Colonel Pride purged the House, so as to give some appearance of legality to the proceedings of the King's trial, Mountagu found himself "secluded" from further service.[4] He and Crew were both relieved from their Parliamentary duties, and at Hinchingbrooke those who had in the beginning "trod awry," received the news of the King's execution with sorrow, doubt, and misgiving for the future.

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, June 7, 1648.

[2] *Lady Fanshaw's Memoirs* (edition of 1907), p. 48.

[3] For a list of officers who were pilloried, see Clement Walker's *History of Independency*, i. 166.

[4] His name appears in John Wright's list of the Commons on July 11, 1648 (E. 454, No. 17). The list of secluded members is given in the *Somers Tracts*, vi. 37. The list of the Council of Officers, printed in the *Clarke Papers* (vol. ii.), show that Mountagu had no hand in the work of 1648.

CHAPTER III

THE PROTECTORAL HOUSE OF CROMWELL [1]

I. Constitutional Experiment

"Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire."

SHAKESPEARE: *King John.*

For many months after the King's death Edward Mountagu took no part in public affairs. Down at Hinchingbrooke he lived the ordinary life of a country gentleman, a life as quiet as might be in those dubious times, when men were engaged in saving their homes from the attacks of the new government. A suspicion of royalism was fatal; in several cases estates had been sequestrated, and the lives of their owners hung in the balance. "We must take heed what we write and what we say," wrote Mountagu's father-in-law; "you will therefore expect no great newes." So the letter gives us little:

"I pray you," says Crew, "attend my Lord Mountagu, and by way of discourse try if he would let Barnwell Castle, till some other house might be bought

[1] *Authorities:* S. R. Gardiner, *Commonwealth and Protectorate* (the small edition), and C. H. Firth's *Last Years of the Protectorate;* Thurloe's *State Papers* (edited by T. Birch, 1742); J. S. Corbett, *England in the Mediterranean.* The *Thomason Tracts* contain much that is of use in tracing Mountagu's career, and the *Carte MSS.* begin to be of the greatest service. For the later part of the chapter, Guizot's *Richard Cromwell* (Scoble's translation) has been used, especially the Bordeaux letters, printed as an appendix to the work. Mountagu's journal begins in 1654, and is referred to as *Sandwich MSS. Journal,* vol. i. Other authorities are given in the footnotes.

or provided. My Lady Pickering (whose judgment I much value) said 'tis not a great house, except the great chambers, and that it hath accommodation of pasture and common. It stands neare my daughter's nursery and Tom's estate, and not far from you, which are all advantages."[1]

This letter from John Crew is the only one which gives us a glimpse of the care exercised, and of Mountagu's family life during a period of the gravest anxiety. For not only was he in some danger, but he was without employment just at the time his family increased. He had already one son, Edward, and one daughter, Jemima, and now two more children were born to him.[2] Concerning Mountagu's public life hardly a word can be found, though his papers indicate that he was still acting as a Commissioner for his county.[3] He was evidently careful, as his father-in-law advised, of what he said or wrote; but it seemed to be common knowledge that "he did not greatly approve of beheading the King, or change of the government."[4] That he criticized the policy of the regicides, and the length to which they went, may be gleaned from Cromwell's letter to Wharton: "Let not your engaging too far upon your own judgments be your temptation or snare," wrote the General. And he added: "It is in my heart to write the same things to Norton, Mountagu, and others: I pray you read or communicate these foolish lines to them."[5] But Mountagu had at least one friend to speak for him; for his brother-in-law, Gilbert Pickering, was one of

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 166: Crew to Mountagu, April 17, 1651.

[2] Paulina, born February 19, 1649; Sydney, July 28, 1650. Edward was born January 3, 1648, and Jemima was born February 18, 1646.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 141.

[4] *Harleian Miscellany*, iii. 478: The characters of Cromwell's Upper House.

[5] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Letter cxlvi.

those who stood by Cromwell during the whole of this troublous period, and was one of the first to offer Cromwell an increase of power.

For a time Mountagu was faced by the dilemma of refusing public service, or of seeing the destinies of England moulded by other hands. During his period of retirement the affairs of the country moved apace. The House of Lords was swept away with the monarchy. Cromwell had conquered Ireland, turned upon Scotland, and driven the Scots before him at Dunbar. He had won the battle of Worcester, and by this crowning mercy, as he called it, he destroyed the Royalist army. When the country was safe from Stewart intrigue, there came the need for a time of restoration. The whole social order was overturned. Estates had changed hands, and numbers of men were ruined; "the relations of landlord and tenant, of debtor and creditor, were complicated by unforeseen calamities; the prisons of London were crammed with poor debtors, and the country swarmed with beggars."[1] The press was licentious; a more ribald paper than *Mercurius Democritus* it would be hard to find. There was no settled government to cope with the problems which confronted England. Men had discovered that a republic was not made by simply decapitating a monarchy, and no man knew what the government was to be—a monarchy with one of the young Stewarts; a republic, such as the extremists wanted; or Cromwell's "settlement" of "somewhat with monarchical power in it."

The country for its present needs could only look to two authorities—the army and the Parliament. The latter was but a remnant, small and ineffective, and firm in its greed for office. Such security as England

[1] Firth, *Cromwell*, p. 304.

had was the gift of the army, and Cromwell and his soldiers were in no mood for delays in reconstruction while Parliament wrangled for three months over a single word. This "was not the reign of the Saints, to whom the Earth has been given by God."[1] The Council of Officers clamoured for the instant expulsion of the members, but Cromwell bided his time. At length the Parliament began a Bill for a New Representative. The bill, such as it was, meant the perpetuation of the Rump. The army would have none of it. "A pitiful remedy," said Cromwell, and proceeded first to cajole, then to enforce a better way. Since the Rump rejected his overtures, his will must needs be enforced, and on an April morning Cromwell, Harrison, and a posse of musketeers, went down to the House, turned out the members, and locked the door upon the last remnant of the old Constitution.

Cromwell's drastic action was popular, and, feeling that he had the country at his back, he endeavoured to call into being such a Parliament as would be acceptable to it. With the help of his Council of Officers, and on advice from the Independent ministers, he nominated an assembly. "Divers persons fearing God, and of approved fidelity and honesty," ran the summons, "are by myself, with the advice of my Council of Officers, nominated." In all, 140 writs were issued, and scrutinized by the Puritan congregations. On July 4, 1653, the new Parliament assembled at the Council Chamber, and listened to Cromwell's exhortation.[2] Much was demanded of the members. The public press sent up its prayers: "O, that they may be Moses's for meekness; Joshua's for courage; Samuel's for uprightness;

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 114, f. 230.

[2] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Speech i.

David's for God's favourites; and for figuring out the coming of Christ. Solomon's for wisdom, and Workers for God's latter temple! Daniel's for discerning the days we live in; and Nehemiah's for activity, and builders of the walls of Jerusalem."[1]

In this Parliament—the Barebones, as it was afterwards called—Edward Mountagu was Member for Huntingdon.[2] At twenty-eight years of age he resumed his public life, and once more took a prominent part in affairs. Cromwell was not unmindful of their old associations, and plunged Mountagu straight into administrative work. He was given lodgings at Whitehall, and on July 14 his name was added to the Council of State.[3] A few days later he was placed on the Committee to consider Public Debts, Bribery, and Fraud, and on the Committee for the Advancement of Learning. He was made a Commissioner for Customs. Two divisions indicate that he was not one of the extremists. He was teller for the "Yeas" when it was voted that the Countess of Derby be admitted to a composition—that is, pay a fine as a Royalist delinquent—and he again told for the "Yeas" when an Act of Oblivion was voted for Viscount Mansfield.[4] When the Council was re-elected on November 1, Mountagu received fifty-nine votes.[5] He was then placed upon the Committee for Foreign Affairs. During the last days of this brief Parliament

[1] *The Armies' Scout*, E. 213, No. 25.

[2] His colleague was Stephen Phesaunt. Up to June 17 it looks as though Mountagu alone were chosen. See the *Faithful Post*, E. 213, No. 37.

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, July 7 and 14.

[4] *Commons' Journals*, October 12. See also *Carte MSS.*, 228, f. 4.

[5] *Carte MSS.*, 74, ff. 113-116. The names of the Council are printed elsewhere; this MS. list is curious in view of the various spellings of Mountagu's name. Here, for the only time, he has added an *e*. On f. 116 is a pencil note in his hand: "Richard Foote at the White Beare in Watlinge Street, informant. Joseph Sawier at the 3 crownes in the Powltry, Apprentice."

he was made Lord President of the Council of State, and remained in that office until the dissolution.[1]

The Barebones Parliament had a short life, for it was a house divided against itself. The religious zeal of some of the members was excessive, and provocative of conflict. Such men as Fleetwood, Sydenham, Anthony Ashley Cooper, Pickering, and Mountagu, desired a quiet restoration of the country.[2] Opposed to them was a faction led by Major-General Harrison, such men as John Ireton, and Praise-God Barbon, whose hope was to bring about, through Parliament, the Kingdom of God upon earth. In vain Cromwell attempted to conciliate the Fifth Monarchy men; outside the House they preached the establishment of a Mosaic code of law, and the abolition of all existing institutions. They looked for the instant government of the Saints in an England purged, if necessary, by fire and sword. Cromwell's attempts at propitiation were vain.[3] In Parliament they hampered all business, and brought government to a deadlock. If the work of reconstructing the social order was to go forward, the other members realized that the House must first be cleared of this faction. The moderates convened a secret meeting, decided on a plan of action, and on December 12 carried their plan into execution. They went down to the House, contrived to pass a resolution upon their own unfitness, and delivered into Cromwell's hands the power which they had received from him. The minority sat still, protesting that they were called of God to that place, and that their call was for promoting the interest of Jesus Christ. Since the entreaties of two officers would not move them, two

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, November 6, 8, and 30.

[2] *Brit. Mus.*, E. 669, f. 19, No. 3, has the list of members, with an asterisk affixed to those who were for a Godly Parliament.

[3] *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, ii. 321.

files of musketeers were brought in, and the remnant of yet another Parliament was expelled from the House.[1]

With this summary dissolution the work of "healing and settling," as Cromwell phrased it, fell more into the hands of Oliver and his Council, with the army at their backs. "He hath as much or more power as any King hath formerly had," said an observer; "the militia is solely in his hands."[2] On December 16, amid the ringing of bells, the rattle of muskets, and roar of cannon, he was installed as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, and conducted in state to Westminster. The streets were lined with troops, and guards of horse and foot were placed about Westminster Hall. The Judges and Barons wore their robes, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen their scarlet gowns. A long line of coaches preceded the Protector on his way from Whitehall.[3] Cromwell was dressed simply, in a black suit and cloak, but his six-horsed coach, his life-guards, and the officers in uniform who walked beside him, showed that the first Protectorate had "somewhat of monarchy in it." Parliament was quietly relegated to a second place in national affairs.

This was the parting of the ways, and many left the new track. The government of the country passed more than ever into the hands of Cromwell and his most faithful adherents. The new charter, England's sole attempt at a rigid constitution, was known as the *Instrument of Government*, and was fashioned by the army. The Protector was aided by a Council of State —a powerful executive wholly independent of Parlia-

[1] *A True Narrative*, E. 724, No. 11; Thurloe, *State Papers*, i. 637.
[2] *Carte MSS.*, 103, f. 198, December 19, 1653.
[3] *The Faithful Scout*, E. 222, No. 30.

ment. Many of the members were the old Independent Colonels, and Edward Mountagu was one of those nominated. The fifteen members were, most of them, well known to him; Henry Cromwell, Skippon, Sydenham, and Gilbert Pickering, were all bound to him by ties of fellowship or marriage. In this honourable position Edward Mountagu's importance and experience were gradually enlarged; he was put on the Commission for the Treasury, and he and Anthony Ashley Cooper reported on the state of the Public Debt.[1] With Lambert, Disbrowe, Sydenham, and Mackworth, he was set to consider the fittest way of bringing in money, and was told off to have special care of the management of the Treasury.[2] His work led to a definite appointment. He was made a Commissioner of the Treasury on August 3, and enrolled in November. For this charge he received a yearly stipend of £1,000.[3] In addition to the Treasury work, he was, as Councillor, inundated with petitions and minor business. One petitioner hoped for success, "not doubting," he says to Mountagu, "but that you are a partaker of the same spirit of pity which was in Jesus Christ."[4] Among other things he had to rescue Lady Anne Blount from an importunate suitor, who was a Papist.[5] He took his turn at entertaining the Dutch and the French Ambassadors, and he was on the Committee "about a model of the Protector's family."[6] His attendances at Council show him as an active member of the executive. So varied was his work that one of the few political squibs in which

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, February 3.

[2] *Ibid.*, February 10, 1654.

[3] His grant is in *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 423. He had already £1,000 a year as Member of the Council.

[4] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 121.

[5] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, April 18.

[6] *Ibid.*, March 2, 22, and 28.

Mountagu was named, depicted him as a continual learner of some new business. "They make me play at a game I never saw plaid at in my life," he is made to complain; "I must needs lose."[1]

In addition to his administrative work, Mountagu again represented his county in Parliament. The elections were fought with intense bitterness, the Royalist and Republican candidates making a great endeavour to carry certain strongholds. Under the *Instrument of Government*, the distribution of seats was such that the eastern counties obtained very liberal treatment; Huntingdon had a borough member, and three members for the shire; and, as may be imagined, the town was not free from disturbance. One of the candidates was Valentine Walton, a hot-head who had remained in the Rump Parliament and voted for the execution of the King. Like most of the ardent Republicans, he hated Cromwell with as much violence as he had hated Charles, and opposed Mountagu with great vigour. There were riots at the hustings. Two of the Mountagu supporters averred "that, in going up to give their voyce," Walton's men struck them, and, if certain persons had not defended them, would have done greater injury.[2] Violence did not prevail, and Edward Mountagu was returned.[3] But the elections all round East Anglia proved that unrest and discontent were rife. At Peterborough one of the candidates was denounced as a swearer, a drunkard, and one who favoured and kept company with Cavaliers. There were stories from Ely of corrupt clerks and noisy

[1] *A Game of Picquet* (*Thomason Tracts*, E. 983, No. 9). Printed in *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Marquess of Bath's MSS.*, ii. 115.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 89.

[3] The members returned for the shire were Edward Mountagu, Henry Cromwell of Ramsey, and Stephen Phesaunt of Upwood. For the town John Barnard was member (Willis, *Notitia Parliamentaria*). A perfect list of members, approved by the Council, is in *Brit. Mus.*, 669, f. 19, No. 8.

drunkards who surrounded the poll, to the exclusion of qualified voters. Counter petitions and allegations were heard on all sides, and a new spirit of opposition was manifested in the heart of the Cromwell country.[1]

The discontent with Cromwell's rule, which was patent at the elections, became still more obvious when Parliament met. The opening ceremony, with its "phylacteries and fringes of state," recalled the days of the Stewarts, and called forth a pamphlet, privately circulated, and entitled *A Declaration of the Freeborn People of England, now in Arms against the Tyrranie and Oppression of Oliver Cromwell, Esquire.*[2] Foreign Ambassadors watched the turn of events with a cynical eye, and awaited the inevitable cleavage. Parliament soon showed that among its members there were many stout critics of Cromwell's rule. The parties divided over a burning question; for while the Protectorate was making an endeavour to straighten matters at home, it had undertaken a forward foreign policy, and had to meet the bill. "There were some who would keep up a foreign quarrel in order to keep up the army," wrote Bordeaux to Brienne.[3] And when the cost of the army and the navy came up, the quarrel ripened. Mountagu represented the Protector, and John Birch, the Member for Leominster, led the Opposition. Birch proposed reductions in the pay of the army, and consequent economies in finance. Under his scheme the navy would have lacked proper provision, and the army would have been reduced in numbers and in pay. Mountagu, as a Treasury Commissioner, was set by Cromwell to answer Birch. His first considerable batch of papers deals fully with the whole

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, August 19 and 23.
[2] *Brit. Mus.*, 669, f. 19, No. 70. [3] *Carte MSS.*, 114, f. 222.

business. On December 4 he laid his statement before Parliament, and the Bodleian Library contains the notes for his speech. His collection of charges for the army and navy is endorsed, "This is as we would do for the future."[1] But his opponent's scheme, which took the form of a temporary grant, made a great impression upon the House, and was carried on December 16, with Mountagu as a teller for the "Noes," and Birch for the "Yeas."[2] That was not the final defeat of Cromwell's adherents. A month later an attempt was made to vest the militia in the Protector and Council, and again Mountagu was teller for the losing side.[3] Two such defeats upon what Cromwell regarded as "fundamentals," money and the militia, brought him down to the House. He chid those members who preferred "having of their will though it be their destruction, rather than comply with things of necessity."[4] And since it was not for the profit of these nations, he declared, nor fit for the common and public good, for such men to continue there, another Parliament was sent about its business.

The consequence of this abrupt dissolution was a further concentration of power in the hands of Cromwell. The country was condemned to a new scheme, parcelled out among his Major-Generals, and governed by ordinance. The newspapers were censored till they "had so little as they hardly weighed the postage." Alehouses and gaming-houses were suppressed; idlers and swearers had a short shrift; horse-

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, ff. 56-75, and f. 112, which is endorsed "A computation of my own upon the same grounds as Col. Birch's."

[2] *Commons' Journals*, December 16.

[3] *Ibid.*, January 16 (1655).

[4] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Speech, iv. Gardiner, *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 236, etc., deals fully with the financial question. The volume of *Carte MSS.* 74 contains many of Mountagu's financial papers. Volume 223, f. 168, has his memorandum on the Customs.

racing, cock-fighting, and bear-baiting, were forbidden; though Cromwell was in reality no spoil-sport, but such gatherings had proved an excuse for seditious meetings.[1] His informants were on the watch, and the country became an uneasy place for the Royalist. There were innumerable plots against the Protector's life, innumerable threats of uprisings. Opposition to Oliver's rule grew steadily, and Cavalier and Republican alike schemed against the common enemy. Even in Huntingdon, in the very heart of the Protector's country, there were dissensions and disturbances. The letters which Mountagu received, gave him an inkling of what was going on. A parson at Eynsbury, one Nightingale, was reported a great Royalist, and a wondrous busy man for promoting the Common Prayer Book.[2] There was trouble, also, over the newly-raised militia. The men were chosen from Cromwell's supporters, and Mountagu used his local influence to obtain recruits. But the anti-Cromwellian party endeavoured to sow the seeds of discontent. When Mountagu's officer had enlisted some sixty, "the envious partie," swelled with spite, spread disaffection among them, "asking them why they would be listed to march up and downe in England, have pay when they could get it, and at last be sent into the Barbadoes."[3] Another phase of disaffection was seen at St. Ives, where a Royalist, Captain Walden, was selling his estate, and declaring that he and his party were but slaves, but it would not always be so. Trunks, hampers, and casks, containing arms and ammunition, were smuggled into the country as

[1] Firth's *Cromwell*, p. 353, where it is emphasized that ordinary sports were allowed. See also the same writer's article on *Cromwell's Views on Sport* (*Macmillan's Magazine*, 1894).

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 31: John Turner to Mountagu.

[3] *Ibid.*, 74, f. 39: Robert Baker to Mountagu.

household goods.[1] The Cavaliers, so Mountagu was told, were often meeting to hatch their plots. The Quakers, too, said his informant, were spreading in the county. They had great meetings, called "disputes," generally on the Sabbath, as other people "are attending upon the Lord on that day." And the writer concluded, there is so much lukewarmness, or even sullenness, that these things pass almost unnoticed.[2]

This letter to Mountagu, written from St. Ives, gives a glimpse of the state of affairs in his own county. "We must submit to God in the severall places where he has sett us," the letter ends, with an added regret that, at this juncture, Mountagu was set in London. But he was engaged there upon the routine of administrative work. Petitions lay "without life or motion at the pool of Bethesda, till the waters be stirred."[3] A forgotten relation, James Mountagu, of Lackham in Wiltshire, begged his intercession against some justices who accounted themselves superlative to the Courts at Westminster, and thereby evinced "unjustfulness" towards James himself, and "stomachfulness" against my Lord Protector.[4] Then Frances, Countess of Rutland, addressed her honoured cousin, Colonel Mountagu. She had obtained leave from the Protector, through Elizabeth Pickering, to make some alterations at Belvoir. But when every addition to a Royalist's home was looked upon as a fortification, Cromwell's sheriff regarded her work as an attempt to turn Belvoir into a "terrible," rather than a useful habitation, and threatened to pull it down. Lady Rutland protested that the new building was "not

[1] *Rawlinson MSS.*, A. 36, f. 643.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 98: Griffith Lloyd to Mountagu.

[3] *Ibid.*, 74, f. 100: Sir Dudley North to Mountagu.

[4] *Ibid.*, 74, f. 47; also ff. 25, 27. James Mountagu was the third son of the first Earl of Manchester.

castle-wise"; the walls are what the workmen call "paper." Mountagu's influence at Council prevailed, and she quietly carried through her alterations.[1] In addition to his routine work, Mountagu, with Whitelocke and Strickland, took part in the reception of the Swedish Ambassador, when all London turned out to gaze at the soldiers, the outriders, and the gilt coaches, lit up by a blaze of torches.[2] This was in July, and thenceforward Mountagu's loyalty to Cromwell was rewarded by a constant advance in position and confidence. In September he was appointed Forester of Leyton Walk in Waltham Forest;[3] a month later he was added to the Admiralty Committee.[4] The appointment was a prelude to his first work at sea, when he set out to take part in the war with Spain.

His experience at the Council-table had given Mountagu an insight into the working of the Protector's foreign policy. The unrest which was caused by Cromwell's rule, and the insecurity of his power at home, could not dim the brilliance of his fame abroad. He had raised England to an ascendant position among the European nations, and was looked upon as the champion of the Protestants—much, indeed, as Henry IV. of France had once been regarded. The persecuted Vaudois found in Cromwell a ready helper. One nation after another recognized his rule and sent Ambassadors to court him. The Dutch War was

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 330. The Countess's letter of thanks for friendship and counsel is 223, f. 147. In *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Report XII., appendix, part v., p. 4, there is a memorandum of heraldic designs for certain windows at Belvoir.

[2] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, ii. 457.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 62: Grant to Edward Mountagu, Esquire, . . . of the offices of Keeper or Forester of Laighton Walk in Waltham Forest; and Woodward and Keeper of Walwood and Hamforth in Essex. Fees paid on induction, £12 17s. 4d.

[4] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, October 24, 1655.

brought to a successful issue; Sweden, Denmark, and Portugal, signed commercial treaties; and eventually an alliance with France put the crown upon a series of diplomatic successes. But with Spain, though the merchants desired it, Cromwell would have no peace. The Spaniard, said he, was our natural enemy. "He is naturally so throughout, by reason of that enmity that is in him against whatsoever is of God."[1] And so the Spaniard must be harassed, and from the Mediterranean to the West Indies, Cromwell's soldiers and sailors were sent to win territory and to capture the Spanish silver fleets.

It was in the war against Spain that Mountagu began that connexion with naval affairs which lasted until his death. The first entries in his journal show that he at once sought acquaintance with naval administration, and determined to master sailing and fighting instructions.[2] He was at the Council-table when the expedition against Jamaica was discussed, and has left an interesting account of the debate. Dotted with the penmarks of a listener, the paper gives an outline of the duel fought upon the expediency of the attack between the Protector and Lambert.[3] The autumn of 1655 saw Mountagu a Commissioner of the Admiralty, and on January 2, 1656, he was appointed joint commander of the fleet with Robert Blake.[4] The loyalty

[1] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Speech v.

[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., pp. 1-45. These are extracts, the first dated August 16, 1652, copied by a secretary from the records of the Council of State, etc.; they deal with stores and pay. Mountagu has made a few entries on sailing directions.

[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., pp. 49-57. Printed in *Clarke Papers*, vol. iii., Appendix B.

[4] The appointment was, of course, largely political. Blake had expressed a desire for a colleague, owing to his own ill-health. There was considerable discontent and disloyalty to the Protector in the fleet. It was essential that Cromwell should have someone in command whose fidelity was proved, and who was in his confidence. Mountagu had proved his attachment, and could

EDWARD MOUNTAGU

GENERAL-AT-SEA

From a portrait by Huysmans

To face p. 90 of Vol. I

of Blake to the Commonwealth was above suspicion; for political intrigue he had no stomach; he was set there to harass the Spaniard, and had thoughts only for his work. But there were those under him not as loyal. Spanish gold had alienated some of the men, and royalist intrigue was busy with any possible convert. The Vice-Admiral, John Lawson, refused to go to sea without some knowledge of the design, and many of the captains were his creatures. They and the seamen were discontented because Lawson was not made a General-at-Sea, and there was among them some danger of a revolt.[1] It was for Blake and Mountagu to purge the fleet before a start could be made.

The Generals-at-Sea joined the ships in February,

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be trusted with Cromwell's secrets. On grounds other than political the appointment bears examination. Among the seamen none was suitable. Monck was wanted elsewhere; Disbrowe had no more experience than Mountagu; Lawson was unfaithful to the Protector; Penn was the only man who was a seaman by service, and he was of no political weight at this juncture. None of the army men had any more experience of the sea than Mountagu; his career in the army was creditable for so young a man, and one soldier at sea was as good as another. A civilian would have been still more unsuitable. Mountagu's brief tenure of a commissionership must have given him some insight into administration, and familiarized him with Blake's needs (see Carlyle, Letter ccii.).

The suggestion that Blake opposed the appointment rests on very slender evidence. The two Admirals differed upon the question of Meadows and his work, and these differences may have been the quarrels to which the Venetian Ambassador refers (see *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iv. 229, 239). Mountagu's letters do not show traces of any serious disagreement, and there is no evidence that he made any complaint to Cromwell, though the circumstances of his appointment would have justified it. On the other hand, Blake's letters to Mountagu are decidedly such as would be written to a man who had proved himself a friend, and on whom it was possible to rely. (*Sandwich MSS.*, *Letters*, vol. i., ff. 1, 3; see also Blake to Cromwell, Thurloe, v. 452).

Blake, Popham, Deane, Monck, Disbrowe, Penn, and Mountagu were the only men who bore the rank of Generals-at-Sea. Of these, Penn was the only one who was a seaman born and bred (see Granville Penn, *Memorials of Sir William Penn*, i. 520). The salary was £1,095 a year.

[1] *Cal. S. P.*, *Dom.*, February 21, March 4; Carte, *Original Letters*, ii. 103.

and hoisted their flag in the *Naseby*.[1] The task of clearing out the grumblers was simplified by Lawson's resignation.[2] But the captains and seamen had definite grievances, and complained that they were ill-paid, and their wives and children were neglected. One fellow, more bold than the rest, followed Lawson's example, and refused to sail until it was made clear what design the English were upon. Mountagu soon took the man to task. "The sole enemy in view was the Spaniard," said he; "to infest him was our work; but in what place concerned not him, who was to obey commands, and not to weigh designes."[3] One of the dissentient captains gave up his commission, and two others were put ashore.[4] Gradually the tone of the men improved, and the fleet was ready to sail. A move was made from the Downs into St. Helen's Road. Provisions for several months were put on board, and on March 15 the vessels began their voyage down the Channel.[5]

After a month's sailing the fleet passed through the Bay of Biscay, and arrived off Cadiz, too late to intercept the Spanish galleons. But the Generals-at-Sea had important work to engage their attention. Cromwell was considering a permanent station in the Mediterranean where our fleets could water and take in provisions, and which, if made tenable, would be an advantage to us.[6] He suggested Gibraltar, and it was upon this expedition, under Blake and Mountagu, that the true significance of the Gibraltar defile was first clearly recognized.[7] It was on May 13 that

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, iv. 545. Blake joined on February 19, and Mountagu on February 20.

[2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, February 21; Carte, *Original Letters*, ii. 88.

[3] Thurloe, iv. 571. [4] *Ibid.*, iv. 589, 594. [5] *Ibid.*, iv. 614.

[6] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Letter ccx.

[7] Corbett, *England in the Mediterranean*, chap. xviii.

Mountagu took a frigate and viewed the place. He made a drawing of the bay and of the town, and took the soundings of the harbour. Then he noted the strength of the fortifications, and decided on a point where soldiers might creep.[1] But, with memories of Lincoln in his mind, he hesitated. Here was a place an hundredfold more difficult, and the men were neither "well formed" nor officered. "Seamen," he said, "were not for land-service, unless it be a sudden plunder." But on second thoughts he added: "I perceive much desire that Gibraltar should be taken: my thoughts as to that are in short these: that the likeliest way to get it is by landing on the sand and quickly cutting it off between sea and sea; or soe to secure our men there, so that they may hinder the entercourse of the town with the main; frigotts lying near, too, to assist them. And it is well known that Spayne never victualleth any place for [more than] one month. This will want four or five thousand men, well formed and officered."[2] On receiving Mountagu's report Cromwell agreed that "nothing was feasible without a good body of landmen."[3] But in less than half a century tactics similar to those which Mountagu outlined made the Rock into a British possession.

While the attack upon Gibraltar was under discussion a letter arrived from the Protector, which hastened the fleet back to Lisbon. Under the Protector's treaty with Portugal, English seamen were allowed freedom of worship both in harbour and on shore, while £50,000 was promised for compensation long due to

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 369-371. These pages contain his drawings of the place.

[2] Thurloe, v. 67-70.

[3] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, ii. 504. Their opinion was of course affected by the difficulty of discipline, a contrast to the new-modelled army.

English merchants in Lisbon. But Portugal was slow in fulfilling her obligations, and Cromwell was intolerant of sloth. He sent out Philip Meadows to obtain the money, and bade the fleet demonstrate outside Lisbon in order to enforce his demands.[1] Meadows was not only inclined to give Portugal time, but, when an attempt was made to wound or to assassinate him, he was not sufficiently insistent upon the honour of England. Neither was Blake, when the story was put before him, in any hurry to press for reparation; but Mountagu, with all the ardour of a new-made Admiral, would have had Meadows disowned, and Portugal brought to her senses by an attack on the Brazil fleet. "I wish you would weigh your posture with that crowne," he wrote to Thurloe, "and let us understand your resolutions; for if . . . the treaty is not agreed, and wee meete with his Brazil fleete before directions come from you to us, some of us would think an opportunity lost, or in danger to be so."[2]

Mountagu's ardour was agreeable to the Protector, and in his next letter of instructions Cromwell sanctioned the use of force and an attempt on the Brazil fleet. He agreed with Mountagu that action should be taken before the bird had flown.[3] Thus supported by Cromwell, Mountagu urged Meadows to obtain a satisfactory agreement, and the fleet, to enforce it, rode outside the bar of Lisbon Harbour. But the money came in slowly, and, Meadows argued, none the quicker for the threat of the vessels. He complained that his haste gave offence to the Portuguese. "You may think I am too remiss, but all here think I am too

[1] Carte, *Original Letters*, ii. 102, 115; Carlyle, *Cromwell*, ii. 490; Thurloe, iv. 769; *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 78, and iv. 237.

[2] Thurloe, *State Papers*, iv. 699.

[3] Cromwell to Blake and Mountagu. Thurloe, iv. 768; Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Letter ccx.

forward, and say I deale with them like negroes, as if they had neither faith nor honour." Eventually the silver was shipped on board, and the envoy came, expecting thanks. Blake was satisfied, but Mountagu was not, and turned and rated Meadows. The Protector was slighted, he said, both by the delay and by the attempt which had been made on Meadows's life. He wrote a letter to Thurloe, which burned with indignation for the dishonour done to Cromwell. But eventually, under the influence of his colleague, Mountagu's anger died down. On June 23 the Generals sailed for the Straits.[1]

The return of part of the fleet to the Mediterranean under Mountagu and Blake was for the purpose of finding a port which would serve us instead of Gibraltar, a place "for watering and careening, in case we need it on a future occasion." The Admirals inspected Buzema and Tetuan, and Mountagu made various drawings of the coast-line, and seems to have been responsible for the reports.[2] "Let me add, by the way," he wrote to Thurloe, "that if we could find such a place . . . it were of unspeakable advantage to England to have a fort and possession thereof."[3] He insisted on a policy which made him eager for Tangier when the opportunity of acquisition came to us—a policy which was destined to replace the desire for Gibraltar. He saw that the moral effect of a Mediterranean squadron was considerable. "A dozen or fifteen sail of nimble frigates, kept in these seas constantly," he said, "will secure your Straits trade,

[1] Thurloe, v. 97, 106, 123, 124, 171.

[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 372-374. As a general rule the reports were Mountagu's work.

[3] Thurloe, *State Papers*, v. 195. Failing Gibraltar, Mountagu suggested Tetuan, but his report was unfavourably received by the Levant Company (*Cal. S. P., Dom.*, February 10, 1657).

mischief the Spaniard most of all, and more probably light on his plate fleet than a greater number; and they will probably be always catching something or other to advantage, and the charge not so great to the nation at home; and they have the benefit of Lisbon to careen and keep themselves always clean."[1]

The survey of the Mediterranean coast was made only by one division of the fleet, for the Vice-Admiral, Badiley, had been sent home in order to report and to obtain further provisions, and Rear-Admiral Stayner was sent to watch Cadiz. The weeks which the *Naseby* spent in cruising gave Mountagu most valuable experience in seamanship. He had to endure terribly tempestuous weather, and constant indisposition was aggravated by the extreme roughness, but by the time the voyage was over he was in a fair way to become a practised seaman. His knowledge of mathematics helped him to understand navigation, and he had several perfectly rigged models, on which he would show his friends the working of a ship. During this cruise he absorbed many of the characteristics and expressions of the tarpaulin. In true sailor fashion he sent home varied presents—"orange-flower water, oranges, lemons, parmazine, and tabee." This last, a kind of waved silk, came in for his nieces. "I was just going to buy my girls gownes," wrote Lady Pickering, in her letter of acknowledgment. "You have made them much finer than I should have done; they present to you their humble dutie and thankes."[2]

When the few weeks' cruise was at an end, and Stayner was set to keep watch upon Cadiz, Blake and Mountagu sailed to Oeiras Bay in order to revictual

[1] Thurloe, v. 171; and see Corbett, *England in the Mediterranean*, i. 331.

[2] *Sandwich MSS.*, *Appendix*, f. 125.

their squadron.[1] The King of Portugal had forgiven the occasion of their former visit, and sent them "a person of quality with compliments and sweetmeats, and other fresh provisions."[2] The English Admirals were taking these on board, and cleaning and refitting their ships, when they obtained a vicarious success, for Stayner intercepted some Spanish galleons and made a fine capture. A galleon which contained two million pieces of eight, and a merchantman, richly laden, were prizes worth the having. "Blessed be his name," wrote Mountagu, "who hath looked upon the low condition of the nation, and hath turned the reproaches of wicked men with shame upon their owne faces. Indeed, my heart is very much warmed with the apprehension of the singular providence of God in bringing this about."[3]

Up to the time of Stayner's success the war had been unprofitable, and it was now hoped that some recompense would be made. In any case the silver was a welcome addition to the Protectorate Treasury. Parliament received the news with joy, and ordered a day of thanksgiving. Cromwell had already sent orders for Blake to remain off the coast of Portugal while the great ships were sent in to winter. Mountagu, with his flag in the *Naseby*, brought them back, and in them the treasure. He arrived in England on October 28; a week later he took his seat in the new Parliament, and received the thanks of the House for his services.[4] The silver was put into ammunition waggons, and brought by road to the Tower. But the amount did not come up to expectations. Long before

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Leyborne-Popham MSS.*, p. 111.

[2] Thurloe, v. 421.

[3] *Ibid.*, v. 433. See a similar letter in the *Leyborne-Popham MSS.*

[4] *Commons' Journals*, November 4. A poem by Waller attributed all the glory to him instead of to Stayner.

the silver came from Cadiz to Lisbon, thousands of pounds had gone into the pockets of Stayner's captains and seamen, and thousands more were taken in the heat of the fight. Neither Blake nor Mountagu could prevent this, and had to send home the residue. Mountagu felt this sorely, and complained about it, but was forced to make the best of what remained.[1] His cargo was not inconsiderable. The cochineal was worth some £20,000, and the silver was valued at £200,000. There were chests of wrought plate, cups and flagons, boxes of chocolate and drugs, bags of wool, an inlaid bedstead, and some fine tortoiseshell.[2]

The prizes were not Mountagu's only charge; he had with him the young Marquess of Baides, son of the Viceroy of Peru. The boy's father, mother, and sister, were killed during the fight, and he was left without parents or means. His fate enlisted Mountagu's sympathy, for the boy was "a most pregnant, ingenious, learned youth," and his story, says the Admiral, "the saddest that I have heard or read of to my remembrance."[3] Mountagu was able to converse with the boy in Latin, and plied him with questions. When he came to London he saw to the entertainment of the lad. Great preparations were made; a bed of fine drapery which cost £50, "and more with a new coverlet," was bought. He was allowed the silver bedstead, and fine hangings were arranged for his reception-room. "That of Hero and Leander," wrote Lady Pickering, "has much sky and much sun, which are fading colours; the Huntings are stronger colours, and are such as my Lady Claypole has in her drawing-

[1] Thurloe, v. 509.

[2] *Clarke Papers*, iii. 81, 82; *Carte MSS.*, 73, ff. 28-35, and 74, f. 452. List of the prize goods in Creed's hand.

[3] Thurloe, v. 433. See also *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 174. Out of a "family" of thirty, only seven survived.

room."[1] The hangings were to cost £100. The Council allowed £300 towards the little Marquess, and they authorized Mountagu to defray what was necessary from his own purse. The boy and his brother, who also survived, became favourites in the family. Even Cromwell unbent, and "expressed a tenderness of the young children." But they did not remain here long, and Mountagu was not put to great expense; for the boys were exchanged for an English prisoner, a nephew of Robert Blake.[2]

Much of the business which concerned the young Marquess was done by a man whose association with Mountagu was momentous. It was in 1656 that his cousin, Samuel Pepys, first became an inmate of Mountagu's household. He was then a man of twenty-three, without means. Mountagu had generously helped him through his career at Cambridge, and eventually appointed him his secretary. There is no "Pepys room" at Hinchingbrooke, but in after years he and his wife recalled the days they spent there: "How she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in my little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do, and persuade myself she would do the same thing again; if God should reduce us to it."[3]

But God did not reduce them, and it is to Mountagu's lasting credit that he recognized the ability and faithfulness of his cousin; and as the Mountagu fortunes improved, so did those of Samuel Pepys. The Admiral was a true and generous patron, and was rewarded by a memorial such as few can

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 56, and 74, f. 355.

[2] *Bodleian Library: Rawlinson MSS.*, A. 62, f. 1, contains the discharge of the £300 for disbursements paid to S. Pepys.

[3] Pepys's *Diary*, February 25, 1667.

boast. In the pages of the diary, "my Lord" is as prominent as the writer. From the first the relations of the two men were most intimate; Pepys was in Mountagu's confidence over money matters, obtained the payment of his salary, and endeavoured to keep his patron's affairs out of a tangle during a most troublesome time. While Mountagu was in the country, Pepys looked after his home in London, and got into trouble for allowing one of the maid-servants to contract a secret marriage. He had another little brush with his patron over the prize-chests which came from Spain; for a chest of valuable glass got into the wrong hands, and Mountagu was evidently indignant. Though he hoped to lessen his honour's displeasure, wrote Pepys, he was fain to protest that he could not remember every chest's lading.[1] From London, too, Pepys executed various commissions for Hinchingbrooke. He sent down all manner of things —hats and caps, swords and belts, oranges, spurs, and razors, the black silk which was presented to mourners at a funeral, some Rhenish wine, two riding coats, "as handsome as the Monsieur can make them," and battledores and shuttlecocks for the children. From that time onwards nothing at Hinchingbrooke could be done without Sam Pepys.

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 59. This volume and another contain about twenty letters from Pepys, which were originally at Hinchingbrooke. The letters form the substance of an article on *The Early Life of Pepys* by C. H. Firth, *Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1893.

II. The Hereditary Protectorate.

"Yet looks he like a King; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!"
SHAKESPEARE: *Richard II.*

It was Pepys who, upon Mountagu's return, gave him scraps of political news. "The common vogue," he wrote, "is the old story of the Protector's kingship."[1] The question had been quietly discussed while Mountagu was at sea, and, indeed, long before his going.[2] It was felt that Cromwell's position was but temporary, and there could be no consistent national policy while the constitution hung upon the thread of a single life. And when that life was threatened by assassination some settlement seemed more urgent. But though pamphleteers and speakers had declared for an hereditary Protectorate, they had shirked the question of the actual title. At length the new Constitution was designed, "a shoe fit for the foot of a monarch." Cromwell's Protectorate was made hereditary. But some advocated a further step. Early in 1657 many of the Council—Disbrowe, Broghill, Mountagu, and others—came forward to offer the crown to Cromwell, and to earn for themselves the nickname of the "kinglings."[3] Since every alteration was an opportunity for a burst of royalism or republicanism, they determined to make the Constitution final, to prevent future change, and only to touch "one point in the government"; but that was a vital point. When all was said, monarchy had been a success under the Tudors, and it was in monarchy

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 49, November 27, 1656.
[2] C. H. Firth, *Cromwell and the Crown: Eng. Hist. Review*, July, 1902.
[3] *Harleian Miscellany*, iii. 463: *A Narrative of the Late Parliament*, etc.

that the ardent Cromwellian saw the salve for England's sores. In the spring of 1657 the adherents drew up a document, the *Humble Petition and Advice.* Back came the old order at a bound: the Monarchy, a Second Chamber, a Privy Council. The first step was made towards the Restoration. For if kingship were restored, legitimacy was bound to follow. On April 4 it was voted that "this House doth adhere to the Petition." Mountagu was a teller for the "Yeas," and on the day following he was put upon the committee which discussed the matter with Cromwell.[1] After hearing the Protector's "doubts and scruples" there came a compromise; and though the title was refused, Oliver accepted an hereditary Protectorate. On June 26 the new Constitution was given formal acclamation, and Cromwell was installed with royal pomp.

The ceremony took place in Westminster Hall. Under the great window stood a "chair of state," a throne, and carpeted steps. The Speaker of the House and all the members attended, sitting upon raised seats. Along the river from Whitehall came the Protector in his barge. His Highness was attended by his Council and the Commissioners of the Great Seal: the Judges, the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, Garter King-at-Arms, the Earl of Warwick with drawn sword, had every one his place in the royal pageant. While Ambassadors from the crowned heads of Europe looked on, Cromwell was presented with a robe of purple velvet, ermine-lined, a sceptre, and a sword, which the Speaker girt about him. On the steps below him stood Lisle, Mountagu, and Whitelocke, each with a drawn sword. Then came a proclamation by the heralds, and the man who had been a simple Huntingdonshire squire left the Hall, his long cloak

[1] *Commons' Journals*, April 4–9.

OLIVER CROMWELL

From a portrait by Robert Walker

To face p. 102 of Vol. I

borne by train-bearers. The state coach which took him back to Whitehall was drawn by "horses of honour," heavily caparisoned. By its side were Cromwell's guards, and in the coach sat his son Richard, together with the Earl of Warwick, Whitelocke, Lisle, and Mountagu, with their drawn swords.[1] And, though they failed to see it thus, this was symbolical, for it was the sword which had brought Cromwell to his present estate, and it was the sword by which these men had compassed his crowning. All signs of republicanism were swept away, and a new monarchy, under another name, arose to rule England. From that time Edward Mountagu was unconsciously a Royalist.

He was soon called upon to serve the new dynasty. The debates upon kingship, and the splendour of the Protector's inauguration, had not diverted Cromwell's mind from foreign politics. For some months he had negotiated with Cardinal Mazarin, and had agreed to join in the war between France and Spain, and to aid in the attack upon the Spanish Netherlands. France was to take possession of Gravelines. The price which Cromwell asked for his assistance was the cession of Dunkirk and Mardyk.[2] After lengthy negotiations, it was decided that Mardyk should be first attacked, and Cromwell contributed 6,000 of his soldiers and a fleet sufficient to render assistance.

The command of the fleet was given to Mountagu, who joined it some weeks before the ships were required off Mardyk. On July 17 he hoisted his flag in the *Naseby*, a vessel of eighty guns. The prow bore a figure of Cromwell "on horseback, trampling six

[1] *Mercurius Politicus*, June 26; *Cromwelliana*, p. 165; *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, June 29.

[2] For the campaign see Firth, *Last Years of the Protectorate*, chap. ix.

nations under foot—a Scot, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English."[1] It was suitable that, from a ship so decorated, Mountagu should be in an aggressive temper. He was on the watch for contraband, and complained bitterly of the Dutch, who in supplying Spanish needs defied the laws of neutrality. He kept the traders along the coast in a constant state of panic, and paralyzed the trade of Dunkirk and Antwerp.[2] The Protector supported Mountagu's insistence upon the right of search, and his keenness in detecting contraband.[3] It was even suggested that Mountagu should later on attack the enemy in the Straits. But during his cruise in the Downs he heard of the death of Robert Blake, and the sad news no doubt unnerved him. Mountagu had had enough of the Straits—at any rate for a year or so. "I think," he wrote, "that if I should goe soe longe or hott a voyage, I should not live to returne."[4]

On the day Mountagu wrote thus, he received word that the lengthy preparations for the attack on Mardyk were nearing completion. Marshal Turenne was approaching the place with a force of 20,000, and on September 11 Mountagu left the Downs in order to do his share of the business. He had first to shift his flag from the *Naseby* to the *London*, for the latter vessel did not draw much more water than a third-rate, and a heavier ship could not ride safely in the shallow seas.[5] He then came within two leagues of Mardyk, and there awaited the French. Meanwhile he busied himself with the transport of the various stores. At length Turenne approached the coast, and communicated with the Admiral. It was planned that,

[1] Evelyn's *Diary*, April 9, 1655.
[2] *The Publick Intelligencer*, August 24, E. 505, No. 17.
[3] Thurloe, vi. 489. [4] *Ibid.*, vi. 502. [5] *Ibid.*, vi. 508.

while the French attacked the town, Mountagu should advance with the fleet, in order to create a diversion. Close to Mardyk there was a wooden fort, which jutted out seawards, and this was to be a target for the ships' cannon. In addition, Mountagu was requested to put off longboats with musketeers, "to play upon the sands, or any who quit the forts." Not until a given signal was Mountagu to open fire; the signal consisted of "three hats upon the points of three naked swords, the hats shall be two blacke, and a grey hat in the midst."[1] On September 19 the attack began. For three days Turenne dashed at the forts, and Mountagu battered them from the sea. The burden of attack lay upon the soldiers; Mountagu's vessels merely played a modest, yet useful part. But he earned the Protector's thanks for his ready and vigorous assistance; "as nothing has been wanting on the Admiral's part," wrote Thurloe, "so nothing shall be wanting in his Highness."[2] On September 22 Mardyk was taken, and the place was handed over to the English. For some time longer Mountagu remained off the coast, and superintended the repairing of the fort.[3] He also visited the famous Marshal Turenne.[4] But beyond helping in the necessary arrangements for the reception of a garrison, Mountagu had no important work to do. He left the greater part of his fleet in the Downs, appointed a squadron of ships to lie

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 178: Morgan to Mountagu; f. 180: Turenne to the same.

[2] *Ibid.*, 73, f. 111: Thurloe to Mountagu. Other letters relating to Mardyk are 73, ff. 98, 102, 118, 122, 124, 126; and a list of stores is in 74, f. 223.

[3] *Sandwich MSS.: Letters*, vol. i., f. 9. Printed in Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Letter ccxxiv. Carlyle's comments on the attempt to retake Mardyk are inaccurate, "Mountagu pouring death-fire on them from his ships," for by then Mountagu had returned to England.

[4] Thurloe, vi. 537. Two notes from Turenne are in *Sandwich MSS.: Letters from Foreign Ministers*, ff. 122, 123.

before Mardyk, and returned home. On October 15 he was back at Whitehall.[1] Nine days later he took the oath as Privy Councillor, and attended a few meetings.[2] He then went down to join his family at Hinchingbrooke.

This visit of Mountagu's to his country home had in it something of the nature of a retirement. He was distrustful of the tide of affairs. The stability of the new Constitution was in question. Cromwell was faced by the hard task of choosing the new Upper House; "not only a very great work," wrote his son to Mountagu, "but of that nature as will admitt of no repentance for the errors that may happen in it."[3] The Protector's field of choice was limited; seventeen years of civil war and revolution had decimated England.[4] And now he was to choose men "such as have never been against the Parliament, but are to bee men feareing God and of good conversation, and such as his Highnes shall be fully satisfyed in, both as to their interest, affection and integrity to the good cause. And wee judge here that this House so constituted will bee a great security and bullwarke to the honest interest, and to the good people that have been engaged therein, and will not bee soe uncertaine as the House of Commons which depends upon the election of the people."[5]

The idea of another House read well enough in the Constitution, but since the death of the old order it was a scheme beset with practical difficulties. The Protector had many anxious moments when he scanned the list

[1] *Mercurius Politicus*, October 15–22, E. 505, No. 33.

[2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, October 24.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 150: Henry Cromwell to Edward Mountagu, November 18.

[4] *Last Years of the Protectorate*, ii. 16.

[5] *Clarke Papers*, iii. 93: Thurloe to Monck.

of names, weighed and rejected. Since in the new Parliament freedom of election was restored, it was a difficult matter to select names without depleting the Lower House of Cromwellian supporters. There were those who were fit but unwilling, and those who were willing and expectant but not fit.[1]

So doubtful was Mountagu of the possibility of a satisfactory settlement that he made some suggestion of retiring to his "private concernments," and wrote to say so to his friend, Lord Broghill. "I conclude," wrote Broghill in reply, "the game our masters is to manage is either very desperate, that you give it over, or very certain, since you think it needs not your help." Mountagu was evidently fearful and irresolute. "That touch you give of the condition things are still in at London," continued Broghill, "makes Ireland seem a very happy place."[2] And as the weeks passed by Mountagu's anxiety increased. The old Council had been small, and loyal to Cromwell; a greater number thrown into a position of importance boded danger; it was hard to find seventy godly men left. Again Mountagu expressed his misgivings to an intimate friend.

"Scince my cominge from sea," he wrote, "I have obtained leave to see my sickly familye in the countrye where I yett remaine, and therefore cann give your Lordship little account of matters above, only I heare the list of the other house is every day expected, but heare nothing of the persons designed for it, but I make no doubt that your Lordshipp will have a list of them as soon as this letter. Truly the consequence of that affaire is very greate, and what the constitution will proove I cannot imagine, unlesse my melancholy feares should make mee suspect the worst, because I doubt divers whom I could (and I believe your Lordshipp also) wish were of it, will not meddle, and noe

[1] Thurloe, vi. 648. [2] *Ibid.*, vi. 622.

doubt divers others will readily supply theire places; I heartily wish it otherwise. My opportunityes with his Highnesse are not manye, nor is my judgment fitt to advise him, but I have not spared to speake as occasion hath been offered unto mee, and herein only I can boast that I have a heart true to the interest of the publique, and his Highnesse' person and familye, nor shall cease to promote the same to my power."[1]

This letter indicates that Mountagu had a certain hand in the work. "It will concern yourself and others who are well-wishers to the peace and prosperitie of their country to keep close to his Honour at this juncture," wrote Henry Cromwell.[2] And Mountagu could help on this business while in the country. There was one man whom Cromwell desired for his Upper House, and that was Manchester, who was in retirement at Kimbolton. But Manchester, mindful of past disagreements, had little cause to love the Protectorate; he had been in danger of his life for having, by accident, killed one of his servants, and he complained bitterly that the Government would not let him live in peace.[3] It was impossible to persuade him, and Mountagu was disappointed that Manchester refused to take his seat. There was among his relations yet another man who was called, but would not be chosen, and that was John Crew. During November, Mountagu was staying at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and it may have been Crew who instilled some doubt into his mind. For John Crew was cautious, and at a critical time, when even the most highly placed were using cipher, he committed nothing to

[1] *Brit. Mus.: Lansdowne MSS.*, 822, f. 292: Mountagu to Henry Cromwell, December 5, 1657—From Hinchingbrooke. A rough draft of the letter is in *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 145.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 150.

[3] *Camden Society: Nicholas Papers*, vol. iii., pp. 120, 216.

paper.[1] Crew showed a disposition to "oppose tyranny," for which he had not earlier obtained full credit.[2] He, like Manchester, was summoned by Cromwell, and refused to take his seat. So that two men, such as Mountagu wished to see in the new House, would not meddle, and he distrusted those who were ready to take their places. He had grasped the fact that the Second Chamber needed the weight of tradition, and that a body of new-made men in such high places would prove little more than a laughing-stock. He had heard from Thurloe at the time His Highness was considering the other House: "He hath of his great list extracted eighty, and these must goe through the furnace againe, and which will prove gold, and which drosse, a little time will show."[3] And Mountagu, by his manner, evidently feared the dross.

When the writs for the Upper House were issued, Mountagu was at once informed that he had been made a Baron.[4] He took his seat, but his doubts concerning the new House were fully justified. When Parliament met, on January 20, it was soon seen that Cromwell's experiment was doomed to failure. The Commons debated and declaimed on powers and titles, and would have no commerce with the "Lords." They refused to be "the repairers of breaches, and the restorers of

[1] Thurloe, vi. 773. H. Cromwell to Broghill writes: "I cannot but think that 37 [Mountagu (?)] his presence in time had prevented much of what happened amiss, and hope that God will make him instrumental to mend what is passed. . . . I am sorry that 38 [Manchester (?)] is retired, as well for the public as himself; for it must be some great stroke that could make such an impression."

[2] *Nicholas Papers*, iii. 260.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 166.

[4] *Carte MSS.*, 73, ff. 174, 186. The last letter informs him that he and Richard Cromwell are appointed Colonels of Horse. The commission was sealed the week "you went hence, but is detained till you come to town." (Lord Jones to Lord Mountagu, December 22.) But the colonelcy does not appear to have been announced until September 16, 1658. See *Cal. S. P., Dom.*

paths to dwell in." It was in vain that Oliver insisted to them that the new House was composed of men who valued neither titles nor party, "but a Christian and an English interest. Men of your own rank and quality," said he, "who will not only be a balance unto you, but a new force added to you, while you love England and religion."[1] The Commons were obdurate, and Cromwell solved their differences by dissolution. "Let God judge between mee and you, he said, to which end many of the Commons cryed, Amen." The House of Lords went with them, and had little of significance to show, except the unfilled places of its members. For when the House was called, Mountagu's father-in-law, brother-in-law, and cousin, were all missing.[2] Only one of them, Lord Pickering, eventually took his seat.

Parliament or no Parliament, the business of the country went on. Cromwell was assured of the loyalty of the army and navy, and prepared to keep his weapons keen. So when the spring came, Mountagu, now the recognized chief of the Generals-at-Sea, found himself engaged in just such another business as in the past autumn. He had first to settle the stations of the ships for the summer's guard, and allot the stores.[3] On May 28 he went down to Chatham in order to view the fleet; on June 1 he was again on board the *Naseby*, and sailed for the Downs.[4] The French were preparing for the landward attack upon Dunkirk, and Mountagu was instructed "to block up the said town of Dunkirk, and to hinder any relief to be carried thereinto."[5] Turenne was already near the town, and,

[1] Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Speech xviii.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: House of Lords MSS.*, vol. iv. (New Series), pp. 516-522.

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, March 23.

[4] *Mercurius Politicus*, E. 753; *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, June 3.

[5] Thurloe, vii. 133. See Mazarin's *Letters*, viii. 405.

with Cromwell's regiments side by side with the French, there were continual days of fighting among the dunes.[1] Mountagu meanwhile prepared a battery ashore, near the pierhead, and manned it with seamen. He bought some brigantines of a similar draught to the Dunkirkers, but, much to his chagrin, could not prevent one little vessel slipping into the harbour.[2] He visited Turenne, rode with the Marshal round his camp, and was in constant communication with him. When an urgent message came that another attempt was to be made to get into Dunkirk, he spent the whole night on board a small boat "to see things the better carried."[3] But before Mountagu could close his letter he received word that the Spaniards had surrendered the town. Cromwell had not only obtained another foothold upon the Continent, but he had obtained from his greatest enemy another vantage ground. Dunkirk was at once an outwork for defence and a sally-port for attack, and gave us possession of a harbour which had been a nest of pirates.

There were great rejoicings over the taking of Dunkirk, whatever our allies may have felt in ceding it to us. Mountagu went ashore and viewed the works; he thought it a gallant town and well fortified, but said there and then that it would prove costly to keep.[4] The Admiral was presented to the young King, Louis XIV., who came to take part in the rejoicings. A few days later Mountagu entertained Cardinal Mazarin, Marshal Villeroi, and "divers great persons," on board his flagship. He met his visitors with an escort of small boats, and when Mazarin came on board the *Naseby* Mountagu "treated his Eminency and the

[1] For the campaign see *Last Days of the Protectorate*, chap. xv.
[2] Thurloe, vii. 171. [3] *Ibid.*, vii. 172. [4] *Ibid.*, vii. 180.

rest very honourably, who were much pleased with the sight of that gallant frigate."[1]

A contemporary account thus describes the visit:

"The *Naisby* Frigat riding Admiral of the English Fleet in Dunkirk road at that time when the Town was delivered up, Cardinal Mazarin's curiosity was whetted with reports of this stately Ship, insomuch that he desired to give her a visit: which General Mountagu understanding, he invited the Cardinal and other French Lords aboard: they all most readily accepted of it, and returned many complements (which the French are never unprovided of) for the singular favour offered them. The time appointed being come, the Cardinal in his Pontificalibus, with a great train of Noble-men, went in Boats to see the Ship: at his launching forth, the English Frigats, in the bravest equipage they possibly could be put, saluted him with the roaring noise of great Guns, so continuing firing as he past by them. Approaching near the *Naisby* the English General, with many Officers and Gentlemen, met him in their Boats, and conducted him aboard. His Eminency and the rest being landed in this floating Island, the General treated them with a noble Banquet, at which the Cardinal shewed so much abstemiousness, that of all the varieties provided for his entertainment, he tasted little, and onely drank of Rhenish Wine: afterwards General Mountagu shewed him all the parts and places of this excellent ship; which so highly pleased the Cardinal, that he protested, *of all the sights he ever saw, none in his life pleased him like this.* With this great satisfaction he returned again to the Shore; and as at his comming, (for a welcome) so again at his departure, all the Men of War gave him their broad sides for a farewel."[2]

The Cardinal wrote of his visit: "Il ne se peut rien adjouster à l'accueil et à la magnificence avec laquelle M. l'admiral me receut." He spoke warmly of his host: "C'est, à mon advis, un des gentilshommes du

[1] *Mercurius Politicus*, June 22, 1658, E. 753, No. 8; Thurloe, vii. 188.

[2] *The Perfect Politician . . . a Life . . . of Oliver Cromwell* (*Brit. Mus. Thomason Tracts*, E. 1869).

monde le plus franc et mieux intentionné et le plus attaché à la personne de M. le Protecteur."[1] A few days later Mazarin invited Mountagu on shore; he dined with the Governor of Calais, and was then presented to the Queen and the Duke of Anjou, "who used me with great respect and civilitye," he writes, "and great expressions of affection for his Highness." The Cardinal talked to Mountagu for long in private—"continued, or rather encreased, his respect towards mee," said the Admiral. The two men discussed a joint attack upon the Spanish fleets. It was such a scheme as Mountagu liked—"very sorely prejudicial to the Spaniard."[2] But the turn of events within the next few months rendered any such expedition impossible.

At the end of June, Admiral Lord Mountagu was again in the Downs, keeping a watchful eye upon the Dutch and their breaches of neutrality. His experiences at Dunkirk quickened his zeal, and he carried the rights of search and detention to their extremes. Little wonder that "there passed uncivill carriages" between his captains and the Dutch; for Mountagu stopped vessels with great vigour, some of which had shortly to be released.[3] But this did not damp his ardour, and it was afterwards reported that he was in the right, and that the vessels, thus released, contained contraband.[4] Mountagu was indignant. "Unlesse by treatye or forces you prevaile for better deportment and friendship from the Dutch," he wrote to Thurloe, "a warr (if you could tell how to support it) were better than a peace with them. If all Flanders were ours, what signifies it, when their whole country serves for a nest to shelter rogues that interrupt our tradinge?

[1] *Lettres du Cardinal Mazarin*, viii. 475.
[2] Thurloe, vii. 152, 209.
[3] *Ibid.*, vii. 234; *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, July 6.
[4] *Ibid.*, vii. 281.

They receive the enemies men of warr in, with their prizes, and suffer them to sell them, and refitt and mann themselves, and to sea againe, and convoy all the Spaniards' money and goods for Flanders."[1]

But though, through these disagreements, the cloud of a Dutch war seemed gathering over England, another matter, more vital, occupied the mind of Cromwell's friends. At the beginning of August, when Mountagu returned home, he was met by the news of Cromwell's illness, and realized that his oldest friend lay dying. During August the Councils were mostly held in the country, at Hampton Court, and there Mountagu attended Cromwell on his return from sea. But at the last the Protector came back to Whitehall, where he passed away on September 3. The grief occasioned by the death of a favourite daughter, and the strain he had undergone for several years, were more than he could bear. He was only fifty-nine, and his friends hoped that he would yet be granted a long lease of life. Their hopes were vain: "God knows what is in the womb of this severe stroke," wrote his son.[2] To Mountagu it was the breaking of more than a friendship. Over the King's execution the two had been at variance, but after Mountagu took service under the one man whom he thought could save England, he followed him with loyalty and enthusiasm. Now his hero was dead, and with grief and misgiving Mountagu signed the proclamation of September 4, which declared Richard Cromwell Protector of England.

When the strong hand of Oliver was withdrawn, the differences, which he alone could keep under, slowly welled up. Had his son Henry succeeded, the Protectoral House of Cromwell might have lasted

[1] Thurloe, vii. 284. [2] *Ibid.*, vii. 384.

many years; but when the sceptre passed into Richard's hands the house was doomed. "The Vulture died," said an old chronicler, "and out of his ashes rouse a Titmouse."[1] Richard at his succession was thirty-two years of age. His life had run the uneventful course of a country gentleman's. Hunting and hawking were his chief delights, and a county town was his metropolis. The Chancellorship of Oxford University, his position on committees of trade, and upon his father's Council, he would have gladly resigned. When Huntingdon addressed the new Protector as "that Solomon who was also born in our Bethlehem," and another county prayed that the mantle and spirit of the departed Elijah should rest upon Richard's head and heart, this quiet man accepted their devout desires with a sigh. He was reluctant to exchange the repose of Hursley for the intrigues of Hampton Court.

From over the water the Royalists watched Richard's accession with joy. "The storm after so great a calm is now begun," wrote one; "there is a stout contest betwixt the Protector and the Army."[2] For the Council was divided: on one side were Richard's adherents, "the palace section"; on the other were the officers of the old school, who hoped to abolish protectoral royalty, and to establish a republican and democratic government. Richard's avowed supporters in the Council were Lawrence (the President), Fiennes, Secretary Thurloe, Lord Lisle, Philip Jones, Wolseley, and Mountagu. Against them were ranged Fleetwood, Disbrowe, Gilbert Pickering, Sydenham, Strickland, and Skippon.[3] The line of division cut once again

[1] Heath, *Chronicle*, p. 409 (ed. 1676).
[2] *Clarendon MSS.*, 59, f. 141, October 21, 1658.
[3] Baker, *Chronicle*, p. 657 (ed. 1670).

through the ties of blood; Disbrowe was the Protector's uncle, and Fleetwood was his brother-in-law. Mountagu and Pickering were on opposite sides; once more the families, united in themselves, were divided upon a political creed.

The point of difference lay in the balance of civil and military power. If any man doubted that Oliver's authority had been based upon force, the scales now fell from his eyes. The officers, as Hyde suggests, may have been jealous that a man like Richard should be put over the heads of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day.[1] The hereditary Protectorate had been opposed by many, and there were certain soldiers who would gladly have grasped Cromwell's sceptre. They had ample scope for intrigue. The army began by presenting a loyal address to His Highness, and the same day a report was spread that Fleetwood might in all probability become Generalissimo of the Forces. A petition to that effect was presented to Richard by about 300 officers. It was answered by Fleetwood, and he and Disbrowe and other leaders "told them the dangerous consequence of such petitions at this juncture of tyme, and advised them to unity of spirit in carrying on the good old Cause, wherein his Highness resolved to live and dye with them."[2]

The "good old Cause" turned out to be republicanism, and its supporters held frequent meetings at Disbrowe's house. Fleetwood wrote to Henry Cromwell that, though they were made out to be mutinous spirits, they would, "through grace, be found soberly honest and faithful to his Highness."[3] Such language was

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 412.
[2] *Clarke Papers*, iii. 164, 165.
[3] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vii. 450, 500.

a bad sign; the "eminent spirit of prayer" was always dangerous. At Oliver Cromwell's funeral, which took place on November 23, there was a fear of disturbance. The people contrasted the lavish expenditure upon the obsequies, with the penury around them; the ranks of the soldiers were filled with Levellers and Fifth Monarchists. Their officers had been "praying, expounding, and speaking." A timely present of "new red coats trimmed with black" made the men joyful in Richard's favour, and the captains and inferior officers were also appeased.[1] "Much endeavour there hath been to blowe the coal amongst the soldiers, to have begotten some disturbance this day," wrote Thurloe, "but all is ended with peace." As Mountagu said, there was no fear of any trouble unless it came at Disbrowe's instigation.[2]

The Protector's funeral had brought Mountagu back from Hinchingbrooke, where he had been for several weeks. The "good old Cause" made no appeal to him, and he prepared a counterblast. The address presented by the fleet professed strenuous opposition both to royalist and republican designs; the French Ambassador, who was always well informed, stated that Mountagu was considered the author of the special declaration against a republic.[3] Mountagu presented the address and made the necessary speech. The sea-commanders swore to obey the "undoubted rightful Protector," to maintain the *Petition and Advice* against Charles Stewart and his adherents, and "all who shall endeavour to restore the late Commonwealth or to place the legislative authority otherwise than by a

[1] *Clarke Papers*, iii. 166-168.

[2] Thurloe, vii. 528. But see "Brassy" to "Dodd" (*Clarendon MSS.*, November 26, where disorderly scenes are mentioned; Mountagu is also quoted).

[3] Guizot, *Richard Cromwell*, i. 245: Bordeaux to Mazarin.

single person, and two Houses of Parliament, and against all other opposers whatever."[1]

When Mountagu had thus declared the navy's loyalty to the Protectorate, he set out to measure the designs of Fleetwood and Disbrowe. He had ample opportunity; not only could he join issue with them at the Council, but he was again enabled to attend the meetings of the army. Richard desired to strengthen the Cromwell interest, and one of his first acts was to appoint Mountagu Colonel of a regiment of horse.[2] With young Lord Fauconberg, Oliver's son-in-law, and one or two other colonels on his side, Mountagu kept an eye upon the intrigues of the army faction.[3] He and his friends were decidedly unwelcome guests, and it was not long before a scene was made at the Council-table. The differences between the army and the Court party became acute, and strange rumours got abroad. Fleetwood and Disbrowe, it was said, trumped up a tale that Mountagu, Fauconberg, and Ingoldsby, were conspiring against their lives, or had planned to confine them at Windsor. Their charge was based upon an anonymous letter, which Fleetwood produced. Mountagu was "very fierce," and told them he believed the letter was a forgery, and demanded justice, while Fauconberg imputed the accusation to Disbrowe's malice.[4] The Protector appeared to take Mountagu's side, and Disbrowe, in an arrogant manner, rose and said that he would never come to Council again if Fauconberg were there. At length Richard restored

[1] *A True Catalogue*, etc. (*printed in the first year of the English Armies small or scarce beginning to return from their almost six years great Apostacy*, September 28, 1659), E. 999, No. 12. Mountagu sent the address for Stokes and the Straits fleet to subscribe, and presented it on December 6. See *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, September 15, November 16, 25, 29.

[2] *Clarke Papers*, iii. 164; *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, September 18.

[3] Guizot, i. 251: Bordeaux to Mazarin.

[4] *Clarendon MSS.*, 59, f. 273, December 10, 1658.

order, "like a good prince," but the difference was beyond healing.[1]

There was, however, no open quarrel, and Mountagu again retired to the country, where he took an active part in obtaining Thurloe's election for Huntingdon.[2] The Royalists were also working to return certain well-disposed candidates, but the scantiness of the records and the rigour of the press licence make the events of the winter somewhat obscure. The contest between Court and army was renewed on January 27, when Parliament assembled. The general hum of approval which greeted the new Protector's speech was a poor index to the temper of the House. While the Lords amended acts against swearing, drunkenness, and profanation of the Sabbath, and protested against "Stage playes, Interludes, and things of the like nature called Opera, acted to the scandal of Religion," the Commons were busy upon stronger meat. They debated an Act of Recognition of His Highness's Right to the Title, and then engaged upon the question of transacting business with the persons now sitting in the other House.[3] Had Oliver been alive, their discussions would have come to an untimely end; instead of this, the dead man's work was pulled down bit by bit, amid faction and by the factious.

Before the work of destruction was complete Mountagu was miles away. Hardly had he taken his place in the Upper House, and administered the oath to his fellows, than the service called him to his post as

[1] Guizot, i. 270-274: Two letters from Bordeaux to Mazarin and Brienne. See also *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, January 13, 1658 (the quarrel is there misdated).

[2] Thurloe, vii. 586: Mountagu to Thurloe, January 1, 1659. Thurloe elected to sit for Cambridge University (*Commons' Journals*, February 23).

[3] *Commons' Journals*, February 14, March 28.

General-at-Sea.[1] Owing to the uneasy situation of affairs in the Baltic, the Commons resolved to send northwards a very considerable navy.[2] On March 11 the Lords were informed that Edward Mountagu, General-at-Sea, was commanded by His Highness to go with the fleet, and he obtained the leave of the House to attend his service aforesaid.[3] The next day the newspapers announced: "The most noble Lord, Edward, Lord Mountagu, went hence by water to the Hope, where the *Naisby* frigat waited to receive him; and from thence his Lordship intends to set sail with the first wind to the place appointed for the rendezvous of the Fleet, with which he will shortly put forth to sea."[4]

The mission which took Mountagu out of England at this critical time was one of mediation. The two northern powers, Sweden and Denmark, were at one another's throats. The aim of Sweden was to dominate the North, and she was encouraged in this by the great part she had already played in European affairs. Her territorial gains threatened Denmark's flank, and she practically controlled the Baltic. She was ruled by a King, young and full of vigour, whose ambition was boundless. Charles X. was a great soldier, and had demonstrated his power in Poland. As soon as his back was turned, Denmark seized her opportunity. She prepared to invade Sweden, and allied herself with Sweden's foes. Had other causes of quarrel been wanting, there was the question of the control of the Sound. The dues payable by ships at the entrance to the Baltic, in return for lights, buoys, bells, and protection from pirates, were as profitable as

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: House of Lords MSS.*, New Series, iv. 524.
[2] *Commons' Journals*, February 23.
[3] *House of Lords MSS.*, iv. 547.
[4] *Mercurius Politicus*, March 10-17, E. 761.

the Suez Canal shares of to-day. The Powers which fringed the channel found in these dues a perennial source of disagreement, and the Baltic trade "remained the ground of their jealousy, and the design of their arms."[1] Foreign policy and economic questions brought about a succession of sanguinary wars, and in the summer of 1657 Charles X. was engaged in punishing Denmark for her pretensions and interference.

The war created interest in other countries. France and England wanted peace, for they hoped to use the Swedish sword in their war against Spain, and the policy of Mazarin and Cromwell was directed to that end. They constituted themselves the mediators between Sweden and Denmark, and early in 1658 a peace was patched up at Roskilde. But both parties were discontented. Denmark regarded the treaty as too harsh, for the terms had been made rather in Sweden's favour, and Sweden declared that the conditions of peace had never been kept. Oliver Cromwell lived to see the breakdown of his policy, and about the time of his death Charles X. again assumed the aggressive. The upshot would have been serious for Denmark had not the Dutch intervened. Between the English and Dutch, relations were already strained over the right of search, and the Dutch took the side of Denmark. They attempted the relief of Copenhagen, and their fleet drove the Swedes from the Sound. But neither England nor Holland wished to see any single power predominant in the Baltic, and both engaged upon the work of mediation, but with conflicting sympathies : the English favoured Sweden, and the Dutch inclined to Denmark.

For a few months the death of Oliver Cromwell left

[1] Sir Roger Manley, *History of the Late Warres in Denmark* (London 1670).

England inactive, and the Dutch became the chief mediators. At length Mountagu was sent into the northern seas to join the seconds at the ring-side. He found on his arrival that the Dutch were prepared to increase their fleet from thirty-five to eighty vessels, a pretty number to keep the peace. The jealousies of the mediators were of old standing, and England had no intention of letting an enemy direct the settlement of northern affairs.

"It is a shame that wee should sitt at home with our hands in our pocketts," said a newsletter, "and let the Dutch goe with soe great a fleete into the Sound, and so probably have it delivered up by the Dane unto them, and wee sit still at home, and not to come and interpose by way of mediation to keepe the ballance equall between these two Princes, the Dane and the Swede, that the Dutch may not take it from them both, and give a law to us as to our navigation, the woodden walls of the nation."[1]

For it was against Cromwellian policy that the Dutch, above all, should control the Baltic trade, and become the sole purveyors of masts, tar, and other naval stores. So Mountagu's mission of mediation was weighted with distrust of his fellow-mediator. The combatants regarded neither as neutral—"the Danes expected more solid succours from the Dutch; and the Swedes bragged of their more forward friends the English."[2] And since Holland inclined to favour Denmark, England took upon herself to see that Sweden was not wholly conquered. Our treaty with France made this of great importance, for Holland and Denmark, if victorious, were free to act against England or in favour of Spain. Bearing these possibilities in mind, Mazarin sent assurances of his friendship to Mountagu, and his Ambassador

[1] *Clarke Papers*, iii. 183. [2] Manley, *The Late Warres*, p. 58.

endeavoured to instil into the Admiral such opinions as the French wished him to entertain.[1]

During the winter England had maintained a small fleet to watch the northern seas, and this was now increased to sixty vessels.[2] Mountagu's full instructions are preserved among his papers, and he was also bidden to uphold the honour of the Protectorate by demanding the flag from such foreign ships of war as he encountered in British seas.[3] The *Naseby* left the Hope as soon as the Admiral was on board. He was accompanied by John Creed, a secretary in the Navy Office, and Will Howe, who acted as his clerk. These two men took turns to write up Mountagu's journal, and a record of the expedition was preserved—a very bare record, for much that was secret was done upon the voyage.[4] From the Thames the vessels sailed for Southwold Bay, and were reinforced by Vice-Admiral Goodson, with twenty-eight sail. In five days the whole fleet had crossed the North Sea.

On April 6 the vessels anchored in the roadstead of Elsinore, and Mountagu at once began work. He already had some knowledge of the position of affairs in the Baltic.[5] Since he was treating with powers prepared and eager for war, the negotiations were of a complicated nature, and his difficulties were enhanced by the uncertainty of affairs in England. Mountagu, however, attacked his work with abundant vigour. It was his first essay in diplomacy, and his methods were none too subtle; but they had at least the energy

[1] Guizot, i. 233, 249.

[2] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vii. 636—the list of ships.

[3] *Sandwich MSS. Letters*, i. 16 (there is an imperfect copy in *Carte MSS.*, 274, f. 1); Thurloe, vii. 633.

[4] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 62-128.

[5] Carte, *Original Letters*, ii. 105-113.

proper to a man of thirty-three, and were according to the tenor of his instructions. At once Admiral and Envoy, his position was curious. He was able to call upon a fleet to second his importunities; and since the consciousness of force was behind him in all his goings, it is little wonder that he adopted a somewhat masterly tone.

His first steps were towards obtaining the neutrality of the combatants. He dispatched a letter to the Vice-Admiral of the Dutch fleet, asking for his co-operation; and begged him to remain outside the Sound, and to give no occasion for any hostility upon the part of Sweden.[1] He repeated his request to Admiral Opdam, who was some distance away, and had not yet come into Danish waters.[2] If needs be, Mountagu was determined to back his requests by force. Should Opdam again attempt to relieve Copenhagen, and assist Denmark, Mountagu ordered his Vice-Admiral, Goodson, to engage the Dutch,

"and fight with, sink, take or destroy such of them as shall proceed to pass through as aforesaid; the which myself and the rest of the ships of the fleet shall (by God's permission and assistance) second and stand by you in."[3]

Mountagu first approached the Dutch, because they had already resolved to assist Denmark if Sweden should prove aggressive;[4] and the attitude of Sweden was decidedly difficult and warlike. The King, Charles X., by a brilliant dash across the ice, had planted his forces at the very gates of Copenhagen. Finding himself in the position of a victor, he was naturally careless of England's good offices, and it was Mountagu's business to bring him to terms. But days elapsed

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 63.
[2] The letter is printed in Thurloe, vii. 644.
[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 67.
[4] Thurloe, vii. 644.

before he could obtain any answer to his appeals. He had acquainted Charles with England's offer to guarantee the broken treaty of Roskilde, and sent the conditions on which England would assist Sweden, should she be attacked by the Dutch as well as the Danes. But the English had framed Mountagu's instructions without considering the temper of the Swedish King. At first Charles objected to any treaty, and particularly to the one which was offered. So Mountagu was left "divers days in ambiguity" as he says, concerning a condition which he considered the most essential in his instructions. He tried to woo Charles from his aggressive mood by pointing out that Poland, Holland, and Brandenburg, were arrayed against him, and were preparing for the relief of Copenhagen. Mountagu further said that England, though ready to be a guarantor, was in no state for conflict with the Northern Powers. "Besides that," he wrote to Charles, "the assembly of all the Estates in Parliament, sitting when we came from thence, are in no way satisfied to such an engagement of the nation."[1] Again he urged the acceptance of a treaty which had already proved favourable to Sweden, and he guaranteed its enforcement. But in case of war the price of England's assistance was equality with Sweden in matters of trade, freedom from the Sound tolls, and the exclusion of our enemies from the Baltic. Such terms were too high for Charles X.; he feared lest exclusion should engage him in a perpetual war with Holland, and Mountagu doubted if the King would ever agree to such a drastic measure.[2]

For a time, indeed, it looked as though Charles X.

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 70.

[2] Thurloe, vii. 651: Mountagu to Thurloe. The treaty of assistance is printed in Manley (p. 73).

was prepared to let matters slide, and thus endanger the peace between the mediators. At length Mountagu instructed Philip Meadows, who had preceded him as envoy, to demand a "speedy and positive answer." On April 16 Monsieur Coyet, a Swedish envoy, came on board the *Naseby*, but without any satisfactory pledge from Sweden, and two days later it was reported that Charles was leaving Copenhagen for a more distant station. Mountagu was dismayed, and pressed for an answer before the King's departure. But Charles X., flattered by success, was in no mood for a settlement of his affairs by foreign interference. He was courteous enough to the English Ambassador, and even delayed his journey for a further conference with Meadows; he also sent Count Brahe to pay his adieux to Mountagu. But the Admiral wanted more than compliments; he sent a messenger to the King, and informed him quietly and firmly that, since no answer could be obtained, the English were about to move to some place where the fleet could prevent further hostilities. The veiled threat was effective. On April 21 Meadows informed Mountagu that Charles had consented to negotiate on the basis of the old treaty. The Danes and Dutch were at once advised of this favourable turn of affairs.[1] Having obtained the King's word, Mountagu pressed for a speedy settlement.

"I pray you," he wrote to Meadows, "to putt on with a vigour and expedition more than the usual dull, formal gravities, practised upon these occasions have permitted. The dull way may gratify those that design delay and prejudice to us, but nothing so much as life and quickness can accomplish our end, and prevent our difficulties."[2]

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 73, 77-80: Mountagu to the King of Denmark and to Opdam.

[2] *Ibid.*, i. 74-76: Mountagu to Meadows.

But upon a bare word no treaty could be framed, and Mountagu was determined to obtain a definite settlement. He went ashore to Kronberg Castle, and consulted Meadows. He then called a council of war, read out his instructions to the officers, and formulated a plan. It was resolved that the whole fleet should sail to Copenhagen in order to demonstrate their determination for peace, and to keep the harbour of Copenhagen clear of combatants, by force if needs be, should the Danes or their allies try to intrude.[1] Matters were still in an unsatisfactory state. If Denmark refused to make peace, Sweden demanded England's active assistance; but as the treaty dragged on she lowered her terms of payment, and refused to exclude England's enemies from the Baltic. Delay in the negotiations was favourable both to the Dutch and Danes; and Mountagu thought that Charles X. did not much care if Holland and England came to blows, "and he loose."[2] So the Admiral-Ambassador determined to obtain a categorical "aye or noe," and to visit the King himself. On Sunday, May 8, he went ashore, accompanied by several commanders of the fleet. They landed at Kronberg Castle, where they were met by the royal coaches, and conducted in great state to their audience. Mountagu made a good impression on Charles X., and the two men were speedily in agreement. During the next few days the terms of England's assistance to Sweden were discussed, and the good feeling between the two nations gradually increased. When the news came that De Ruyter was about to join the rest of the Dutch, and bring their fleet up to one hundred sail, the English council of war decided to berth their own vessels "in

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 82.
[2] *Ibid.*, i. 84.

the most advantageous manner to hinder the conjunction." Before Mountagu sailed upon this design, he visited the King at Kronberg Castle, and supped with him. While he was ashore there came news from England which suspended the whole negotiation.[1]

This news, which cut the negotiations as with a knife, was the announcement of Richard Cromwell's downfall. As soon as Mountagu left England, Disbrowe and Fleetwood worked out their designs unchecked and uncriticized. They became the unofficial guardians of the Protector, and took the nation's affairs into their own hands. Once more the army showed a disposition to settle the government of England, and spent preparatory days, praying and preaching, at Fleetwood's house.[2] "A vile paper" was spread abroad to defame the Lords. The Commons voted the secrecy of their own proceedings, and then set to work to secure the support of the militia. Step by step Richard became a pawn in the hands of two experts at the political chessboard. On April 22 he was forced down to the House to dissolve Parliament as it then existed. The next day regiments marched into London at Fleetwood's behest: "without seizing any man's person, shedding a drop of bloud, or making the least confusion in the city and suburbes," a revolution was accomplished, and the army was supreme.[3] The Protectoral House of Cromwell came to an end.

The news was brought to Mountagu by the *Basing* frigate. The story spread like fire through the fleet, and there was no need to communicate it formally to the officers. But, since at the same time orders

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 87-90.
[2] *Clarke Papers*, iii. 189.
[3] *Ibid.*, iii. 193.

were sent which involved a practical cessation of the work, Mountagu summoned a council and made tentative provisions to meet the new situation.[1] He told the officers that he had received letters from the Protector and from Fleetwood, together with the resolutions of the army; but since these were already known, there was no need to read them. The resolution to oppose the Dutch, made at a former council, was cancelled; and the fleet was ordered to set sail for the Skaw, the northernmost point of Denmark—"in the consideration of the present condition of affairs, the best place for answering all ends."[2] The council broke up without any demonstration, for to the majority the tidings were unwelcome. Some servant of the new Government wrote from aboard the *Naseby* that the news "was entertained by the Fleet with a very calm and good temper, being in their hearts for the good old principles, and generally a Commonwealth is to them a most desirable change."[3]

But though the fleet as a whole may have been indifferent to the change, it was otherwise with Mountagu, and he was much troubled by the affair. The whole course of his life was changed. He was not one of those who had at any time cried up the good old cause—"a Commonwealth, and noe single person." On the contrary, he had always held fast the principle of single rule. And now, not only had the House of Cromwell fallen, but also one to whom he was genuinely attached. He wrote candidly, and to a public man, that the change filled him with "feares and sorrow."[4] There was no concealment of his feelings.

[1] Thurloe, vii. 666: Richard Cromwell to Mountagu.

[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 91.

[3] *Public Intelligencer*, June 6, E. 766, No. 2. See also *Clarendon MSS.*, 61, f. 170; *Clarke Papers*, iii. 215.

[4] *Clarke Papers*, iv. 279: Mountagu to Lenthall.

Even four months later Richard was still "your Highness" as far as Mountagu was concerned.[1] But since no action on his part could save Richard, and there was no chance of placing Henry Cromwell in the protectoral chair, Mountagu went his own way. As soon as he heard the news, he communicated it to the King of Sweden, "who was much troubled likewise at his relation."[2] The story reached those who watched him by way of Samuel Pepys; and from the moment of Cromwell's downfall Mountagu was drawn into a net of intrigue from which he emerged triumphantly. As for the House of Cromwell, he was absolved from his allegiance, since that house could no longer sustain itself.

"I have spoken with one that was at London in the most intimate Councells about the putting downe Richard," wrote Mountagu in his journal, "and am assured that Generall Moncke was applied to in Scotland to sticke unto Richard, and was offered to have £20,000 per annum settled upon him, and he would not be engaged but sent word that the said revenew would doe Richard more good than his stickinge unto him. Further I am assured that notwithstandinge the abovesaid, yet Richard's party wanted not power to have suppressed Fleetwood and Desborough and overruled the Army, but then it must have beene done by the Lord Falconberge, the Earle of Carlisle, my selfe, Colonel Ingoldsby and others, whom they thought would certainly bring in the Kinge, which at that tyme they chose to shift off unto the very last extremity. Then they lett in Vane, and Hesilrigg, Nevill etc., Commonwealth men, upon faire promises from them not to overthrow the Government; but they proved perfidious and brought in the Rump. Which inconvenience might have been prevented if Richard had not dissolved but prorogued his Parliament for a few months; for that Parliament had much of the Interest of the Nation in it, and though the Rump should have

[1] *Clarke Papers*, iv. 296. [2] *Clarendon MSS.*, 61, f. 170.

gott into the Saddle, yet that Parliament's Interest would have procured it to meete againe in despight of all opposition; and the Dissolvinge that Parliament is held the Greate and fundamentall error of that Alteration of Government."[1]

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 129. The paragraph was added by Mountagu after September, 1659, and probably after, or about the time of the Restoration, since he speaks of "the Kinge."

CHAPTER IV

THE STEWART RESTORATION[1]

I. The Early Intrigues.

"The reproach of inconstancy was on this occasion shared with such numbers, that it produced neither hatred nor disgrace! If he changed, he changed with the nation!"—Johnson: *Life of John Dryden.*

From the day on which the House of Cromwell fell the interest of Mountagu's foreign embassy became absorbed in the cross-currents of royalism. For years the King over the water—Charles Stewart—and his band of adherents, had awaited some turn of affairs such as the downfall of Richard Cromwell, and the dissensions in England. Time after time their plans for a restoration had been foiled, and their hopes ebbed away. But among them were men of courage, who had kept their particular "good old cause" alive. None had shown more loyalty than James Butler, Earl of Ormond, and Edward Hyde. These two were aided by a band of men, such as Christopher Hatton and Samuel Morland, some of whom Mountagu afterwards knew well, and who were reckoned among his

[1] *Authorities:* Guizot, *Richard Cromwell* (especially the letters from Bordeaux, printed as an appendix to the work); *Clarendon State Papers*, and the *Clarendon MSS.* in the Bodleian Library; Thurloe, *State Papers;* Carlson, *Geschichte Schwedens;* Sir Roger Manley, *The Late Warres in Denmark* (London, 1670); *Clarke Papers*, vol. iv.; Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicle* (London, 1670); Pepys's *Diary.* Other authorities are mentioned in the footnotes. The account of the quarrel between Mountagu and Sydney is in the *Sandwich MSS.*, i. 109-128.

kinsfolk and acquaintance. They shared, during their exile, many an exciting adventure, in which Charles played his part. In their various hiding-places, now in Cologne, now in Bruges, now in Brussels, now at the Hague, the fugitives regaled each other with stories of their travels and escapes. Now it was the King's turn, with his tales of Boscobel Oak and of the loyal innkeepers; now it was Ormond's, who had mingled with the London crowd at the Protector's funeral; now James Stewart's, who fought among the Spaniards at Mardyk, and saw his friends defeated by the dash of Cromwell's soldiers. Every man in this faithful band had an assumed name, and every one the tools of the conspirator—his cipher, his pot of invisible ink. For two years the Royalists had lived a life in which hope and fear took turn and turn about; at length it seemed as though the day which they awaited had actually dawned.

At Oliver Cromwell's death they had some cause to be despondent. For a single moment England seemed calm and indifferent; the nation appeared united, and it looked as though Charles had but few friends.[1] But during Richard Cromwell's brief spell of power faith in a Stewart revival quickened into life, and when the Protector was put aside, the chance of a restoration seemed immediate. The old remnant of the Parliament of 1648, the "Rump" as it was nicknamed, was restored, and once more a faction took the rule of England into its hands, and republicanism again became an active creed.

But there were men in England whose whole political career was opposed to it, and such a man was Edward Mountagu. He had no hand in the execution of Charles I., and on his return to public life he had

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 422.

acquiesced in every step which had been taken to make Cromwell king. Now that, in his absence, a faction such as he detested had torn the sceptre from Richard's hand, Mountagu became a conscious convert to royalism. There was some doubt of his conversion because of his attachment to the Protector's interest, and his known loyalty to the House of Cromwell.[1] But Richard, a "politician of wax," could not attract the hero-worship which was Oliver's due. The Royalists realized this, and as soon as Mountagu left England hopes were raised that he would "prove a worthy man."[2] It was common knowledge that Fleetwood and his confederates were doubtful of Mountagu and Monck, but it was the Admiral who awakened the greater suspicion.[3] Suggestion was made to Hyde that Mountagu should be approached under cover of the King of Denmark; "there might be application made to him of no small hopes," said one; "his picque to Disbrowe is sufficiently known."[4]

Once the Royalists got wind of Mountagu's disaffection, they determined to sound their man. As soon as the news of Richard Cromwell's downfall reached Brussels, no time was wasted. A carefully-worded letter was drafted for Charles, and, when the opportunity came, the letter was sent to "M.," on board the fleet.

"I am assured by so many who believe they know much of your mind and purposes," it ran, "that you have much affection for me, and a resolution to do me all the service you can, that I think it necessarye you should know from myself, that I am very willinge to be served and obliged by you, and that it will be so much satisfaction to me to be assured from yourself, that you take my interest to heart, and then you may

[1] Guizot, i. 374; *Clarendon MSS.*, 60, f. 484.
[2] *Clarendon MSS.:* Hyde to Sambourne, March 26.
[3] Guizot, i. 375. [4] *Clarendon MSS.*, 60, f. 465.

be confident I shall never expose you upon any rash undertaking for the vindication of it, but concur with you in such councells as are most proper, and shall give you all evidence of my beinge heartily your most affectionate friend."[1]

At first Mountagu's loyalty to the Protectoral house prevented his reception of royalist overtures. He had in some sort foreseen the fall of Cromwell; his last words to Richard had been words of warning: "he would rejoice more to see him in his grave at his return home than that he should give way to such things as were then in hatching."[2] He advised the Protector to be guided by Broghill or Thurloe, but the advice was unheeded, and Disbrowe and Fleetwood gained the upper hand. The fatal mistake, Mountagu held, was Richard's dissolution of his Parliament, and the substitution of the Rump.[3] Months later he affirmed that if Richard had not so foolishly broken his Parliament he would have stood by him.[4] For some weeks his preference was for a restoration of the Cromwells; the Royalists feared that he would not quit the Protector, but would rather take the fleet over to Scotland or Ireland, and re-establish the Cromwellian order: for Mountagu was looked upon as a man of honour, and he was known to have obligations to the Cromwell family.[5] By such a move Mountagu had everything to regain—position, power, and estate; upon the restoration of Charles he knew not what might come to him. So with a secrecy only matched by Monck's he awaited overtures. The Royalists, because of his principles, regarded him as

[1] *Clarendon MSS.*, 60, f. 436, May 9, 1659—draft in Hyde's hand. The date at which Mountagu received this is uncertain. (Macray, vi. 188, puts one letter July 4.)

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, June 21, 1660.

[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 129.

[4] *Clarendon MSS.*, 70, f. 132.

[5] *Ibid.*, 61, f. 19.

a possible helper; they had a scheme for uniting to the King's party all the monarchical party that before looked upon Cromwell as the fittest person through whom to attain their ends. Thus wrote Culpeper to Hyde, "and," he added, "their golden calf is now fallen, they can no more hope in him, neither will they depart from their monarchical principles; they will not (I cannot fear it) submit to this rascally crew."[1]

Any confidence that Mountagu may have had in Richard Cromwell's power was destroyed by the Protector's humble resignation and formal deposition. The Cromwell family was stripped and turned out of doors; the trappings of Protectoral royalty were alienated to pay the army. Somerset House and Hampton Court were reported for sale, and Whitehall was denuded of its hangings. Richard Cromwell went tamely back to Hursley. Only one of the family seemed, for a brief moment, to possess a spark of Oliver's spirit. "Harry hath declared in Ireland very vigorously against these proceedings," wrote Hyde; "the like is expected from Mountagu, of whom nothing is yet known."[2] If only Henry Cromwell, Monck, and Mountagu would look after their own interests, "then, assuredly, by our Idoll," wrote a Royalist, "the good old cause falls eternally."[3] At first, indeed, the Royalists had some hope that the Stewart monarchy might be restored through Richard Cromwell and these three men. They considered that place and pension would buy Richard, and that the others would assist him. They believed that the supporters of the monarchical principle, as these three had shown themselves, would prefer a Stewart to a Commonwealth. Some of the

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 493.
[2] *Clarendon MSS.*, 61, f. 64. [3] *Ibid.*, f. 228.

Royalists saw that it was a scheme too sanguine, and that the sailors could not put out in such an unseaworthy boat.[1] Of the three men, two made an outward submission; Henry Cromwell quickly came into line, and Monck, who kept his own counsel, sent a letter which caused Fleetwood and his friends great satisfaction, and which could be publicly distributed and read. Mountagu alone was silent.[2]

And as Mountagu gave no sign of submission to the new Government, the schemes of the Royalists began to ravel round him. Charles was at some pains to find out the Admiral's real feelings, and at length he obtained a long report, which ran as follows:

"Having understood by Mr. James Herbert, your Majesty's great desire that General Mountagu should quit that Jewish party to which he hath so long adhered, and become a faithful and loyal subject, I thought it my duty to give you the trouble of these lines in order to that affaire, as having been acquainted most intimately with the man for at least these seven or eight years. He is a person of most ingenious parts, and of a very sweete and candid disposition, but with all extreme cautelous, and intimate but with very few. As for his affection he was wholly devoted to old Noll, his country man, and for his sake a great lover of all his family, but a perfect hater of the men that now rule, as he has often told me privately: and I have it from very good hands, that he is at this time very deeply discontented at the present change; insomuch that I verily believe if he ever be gained it is in this conjuncture; the trueth is he hath left behind him a very good stake, two thousand pounds per annum, with a wife, and ten small children, and it's no small matter will reward him for such a loose; adding only this, that if the thing be attempted without success, I shall, God willing, at his first returne, in case your Majesty please to give me a Commission

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 469; *Clarendon MSS.*, 60, f. 520. "A scheme too sanguine" is the endorsement of the letter.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Marquess of Bath's MSS.*, ii. 133, 134.

to that purpose, to breake the ice a second time, and make him the Proposition."[1]

While the Royalists prepared to court Mountagu, the Republicans did their best to alienate him. They deprived him of his lodgings at Whitehall, and gave his regiment of horse, and the pay, to Colonel Alured, a proved anti-monarch. They had the excuse of some fancied slight, and felt that he could never be persuaded to accept the new Government. He took no trouble to conciliate them, but sent word that he had received his commission from the Protector, and would obey none else. He

"wrote neither to the House nor Councell, but to Thurloe as principal secretary of State; which (*i.e.* the letter) shewne and beginning, 'Our feares mixt with our dangers,' put some of them into a passion not to be allayed by the gentleness of the close, wherein he submitted to Providence."

It was then, said the writer with glee, that they took away his regiment, "as if resolved to declyne all the precepts and examples of Policy in the Christian world, by aggravating a malcontent in supreme command so far out of reach."[2]

Yet further, they appointed Lawson, whose opinions had before proved distasteful to Mountagu, Vice-Admiral of the fleet; and sent him to the Sound, not only to watch the Cavaliers, but "to balance the power of Mountagu's party, who we knew was no friend to the Commonwealth."[3] The Committee despaired of Mountagu himself; "but," said a Royalist, "out of some considerable persons, aboard that fleet, and to

[1] *Clarendon MSS.*, 61, f. 195: Samuel Morland to the King, June 15. See *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 488.

[2] *Ibid.*, 61, f. 172: "Hancock" to Hyde, June 10.

[3] Ludlow, *Memoirs*, ii. 92; *Commons' Journals*, June 1; *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, July 10.

play their pranks the better, they have sent Lawson with letters and instructions (and perhaps a commission also) to see how he can work upon the seamen."[1] And, as a final precaution, the Government determined to place a watch upon Mountagu's actions. Under cover of the new turn which the negotiations had taken, three Commissioners were appointed by Parliament, and associated with the Admiral as Plenipotentiaries for concluding the peace.[2]

Before the new Commissioners could join Mountagu in Denmark, Charles and Hyde were in communication with him. Two men in particular kept the ball rolling between the Admiral and the Stewart Court: one was young Edward Mountagu, who had accompanied the Admiral to the Sound, and had carried most of the communications to Charles X.; the other, Thomas Whetstone. Of these, young Mountagu had the most chance of success, for he was the Admiral's cousin, and had his interests, and those of the family, at heart. Whetstone was not so popular with the Admiral as the Royalists imagined, nor did he show great tact or discretion. Through the younger Mountagu, Hyde proposed the return of the fleet to England. Since the revolt of the navy was the first violent beginning of the late troubles, it was Charles's idea that the return of the navy to its loyalty should be the preamble to the peace and happiness of his kingdom.[3] A plot was outlined for the fleet to appear suddenly upon the coasts in support of a royalist rising; and it was arranged, should the fleet join in this adventure, that Charles was to embark in Mountagu's flagship. But when the correspondence with the Admiral first began,

[1] Thurloe, vii. 666.

[2] *Commons' Journals*, June 9. The commissions were issued on June 28.

[3] *Clarendon MSS.*, 61, f. 303: The King to Admiral Mountagu. For Whetstone's instructions see *Clarendon MSS.*, 61, f. 291.

the plot was too immature to gain the pledge of a man as cautious as Mountagu, though Hyde had bidden his emissaries impress upon the Admiral how he could at this juncture contribute to the King's restoration, "and the peace and happiness of his country, in which he hath so considerable a fortune, which can never be securely established without the other."[1]

The strongest hint as to Mountagu's future allegiance came from the Republicans themselves; and they were judged out of their own mouths. "If the Government must return in its old form," cried they in bitter debate, "they know no reason why the King should be excluded."[2] And Charles saw that Mountagu's disgust with the Government, and with the treatment meted out to him, would turn the Admiral towards royalism. "If he once go on shore," said he, "I cannot imagine he will ever be restored to the same power again."[3] Charles had judged rightly; he knew that Mountagu realized this, and would offer a stubborn resistance to the new government. For though in England an attempt was made to persuade the people that Mountagu was subservient, his submission was never sent; the Council had no assurance of him, only compliments, says a writer.[4] There was no opportunity for a shout of joy over the Admiral's repentance: he sent a bare acknowledgment of the situation, which was read in the House; and the newspapers took upon themselves to report the full concurrence of his fleet in the new experiment.[5]

The Royalists were well aware of Mountagu's discontent, and Charles instructed Whetstone to play his

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 497. [2] *Ibid.*, iii. 425.

[3] *Clarendon MSS.*, 61, f. 335: Charles to Morland, July 7. See also 61, f. 219.

[4] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, July 9, 10.

[5] *Mercurius Politicus*, June 8, E. 766.

fish with care. He was bidden to obtain audience of the General, through young Edward Mountagu, sound him as to his inclination to serve Charles, and, upon any sign of loyalty, to give him further letters. Temporal advantages were thrown into the balance; an earldom was offered, together with the Garter, and any command or office Mountagu might desire.[1] It was further arranged that Hyde should himself see the Admiral:

"If upon hearing from the fleete in the Sounde," wrote Charles to his Chancellor, "you finde that Mountagu, or any other of the chiefe officers, will be willing to conferre and treate with you, I would have you goe to them, and do all you can to satisfie them, and dispose them to my service."[2]

So far Mountagu had given little sign to the Royalists. He was in constant communication with Thurloe, in a vain endeavour to infuse some life into his mission. But under the new order the negotiations were so recast that nothing could be done until the Commissioners arrived. Holland recognized Fleetwood and the newly-formed Committee of Safety, and the two Powers framed a special treaty. The Dutch joined England and France in an agreement to impose terms upon the combatants, and to force either Sweden or Denmark to accept the peace.[3] Mountagu was instructed not to join with either Swede or Dane, and to do all in his power to promote a settlement.[4] He informed Charles X. that, seeing the posture of affairs in England, he could afford Sweden no active assistance, but he took up a station which

[1] *Clarendon MSS.*, 61, ff. 291, 303, 335: Charles to Whetstone, to Mountagu, and to Morland.

[2] *Ibid.*, 62, f. 30.

[3] Thurloe, vii. 675, 676. The agreement was signed on May 11.

[4] *Ibid.*, vii. 680.

hindered the conjunction of the Dutch fleet with its reinforcements.[1] Meanwhile the combatants were restless; Charles X. was fighting the Brandenburgers, who favoured Denmark, and Frederick III. was opposed to a treaty which did not include his allies. He was for "a general peace or a confederate war." Meadows, our representative at Copenhagen, was convinced that the Danes and Dutch were engaged upon some secret ends, and stated that Mountagu had much ado to bring Opdam to prolong neutrality.

"As for a peace," he wrote, "I look upon it as a case almost desperate: the most advantageous opportunities for obtaining it being now past; and our fleet must shortly look homewards, unless timely supplies come out of England."[2]

Though peace was slow in coming, the danger of a sudden conflagration gradually died down. The English and Dutch fleets, the latter increased by De Ruyter's arrival, lay idly about the Sound. Mountagu was in communication with England, sending Pepys backwards and forwards with his letters. He had little to do, but he kept watch upon the Dutch, and, by skilful manœuvring, prevented any sudden attack upon the Swedish fleet.[3] The Swedish King was grateful to the Admiral for his firm attitude, and sent him a welcome present of fresh provisions—200 oxen—for the sailors, and for Mountagu himself "three horses, pistols, and caparisons very rich."[4] These substantial compliments, together with the King's objections to treat with a commonwealth and his frequent meetings with Mountagu, gave the

[1] Carlson, *Geschichte Schwedens*, iv. 335.
[2] Thurloe, vii. 693.
[3] Manley, *The Late Warres in Denmark*, p. 79.
[4] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 96.

Admiral's opponents cause to doubt him, and to say that he was no enemy to monarchy.

"It is to be feared," said one, "that if he is continued in this charge, he will accommodate himself to the times if he is master of the fleet. Couriers have been sent to him from both parts, and it will soon be seen which has the upper hand."[1]

But though Mountagu was watched, it was some time before he was suspected of any definite intrigue with the Royalists. Of the secret negotiations which were then afoot these men knew nothing, and Mountagu had no confidant; even Pepys was ignorant of the messages which passed. More than a year later he writes in his diary:

"My Lord did also bless himself with his good fortune, in comparison to what it was when I was with him in the Sound, when he durst not own his correspondence with the King, which is a thing that I never did hear of to this day before; and I do from this raise an opinion of him, to be one of the most secret men in the world, which I was not so convinced of before."[2]

But if Pepys, in his simplicity, did not suspect Mountagu, there soon came to Denmark one who did. Of the three Commissioners sent by the Commonwealth to join Mountagu, two, Robert Honeywood and Thomas Boone, were men of no particular note; the third, Algernon Sydney, was a man of mark. It was he who watched Mountagu with suspicion. Someone on board the *Naseby* had already corresponded with *Mercurius Politicus*, and the little paper had published an account of Mountagu's movements.[3]

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, May 5.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, November 7, 1660.

[3] *Mercurius Politicus*, April 21-28, E. 762, and the *Publick Intelligencer* for June 6, show that someone on board the *Naseby* was watching Mountagu.

But such writings were innocuous compared with Sydney's jealous eye. He was a heart-whole Republican, a Commonwealth man. His great talents and undoubted sincerity made no appeal to Mountagu, whose ideals were in every way opposed to Sydney's, and in consequence the Admiral regarded Sydney as a spy, and soon came to look upon him as a "mortal enimye."

The antagonism between the two men was not immediately made manifest. At first matters worked smoothly; the three Commissioners arrived at Elsinore on July 20, and two days later they dined on board the *Naseby*. As Mountagu was their equal upon the commission, the companionship of the four men was pretty constant, and led to a precarious adventure.

It chanced that the Commissioners, some time after their arrival, went on shore at Copenhagen to see the sights of the town. The Royalist Envoy, Whetstone, got wind of their movements, and came to Copenhagen in the train of a certain noble. He began well: he got into communication with young Edward Mountagu, talked with him privately from midnight till dawn, and gave him a letter from Charles to the Admiral. It was then arranged that Whetstone should not be seen in the town, nor let his presence be known; he was a nephew of Oliver Cromwell's, and his face was familiar to Sydney, while his appearance there was enough to excite suspicion. But the next morning, as Sydney and Mountagu were walking together, they met the man. Mountagu grasped the situation, recognized Whetstone, and "put off his hat three times to him, but the fellow would not be known." He bade Sydney "take notice of him too," and then called him up, conversed with him over affairs in

England, and did what he could to allay suspicion. "At the very time," says Pepys, "he had letters in his pocket from the King, as it proved afterwards." And he concludes: "I cannot but remember my Lord's equanimity in all these affairs with admiration." And though Whetstone returned without any definite assurance from Mountagu, who distrusted him and deplored his lack of tact, the Royalists gathered that, upon any appearance of disorders in England, they might expect a good account from the Sound. But Whetstone's foolish attitude had roused Sydney's curiosity. He made inquiries, and found out from the Dutch Commissioners that Mountagu had hired a vessel to convey Whetstone back to Flanders.[1]

The jealousies excited by this encounter soon became apparent. The three new Commissioners represented a reversal of policy. The House of Cromwell had courted Sweden, and had not been averse to alliance with a monarchy; but now that stanch Republicans were in the saddle, they inclined to an understanding with the Dutch, whose government was of the pattern they revered. The principles of republicanism were manifest in their new attitude, and were applied to foreign affairs. Sydney and his colleagues had come to the Sound with instructions, which favoured Denmark rather than Sweden. By an agreement signed on July 14, to which France, England, and Holland, put their seals, the terms of the Roskilde Treaty were modified; and by a further agreement between England and Holland the combined fleets of the two Commonwealths were authorized to force the compromise upon the combatants.[2]

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, March 8, 1663; *Clarendon MSS.*, 64, f. 240; Carte, *Original Letters*, ii. 210, printed from *Carte MSS.*, 30, f. 464.

[2] Carlson, *Geschichte Schwedens*, iv. 339-341; Manley, *The Late Warres*, p. 82. The dates of the agreements were July $\frac{1}{11}$ and July 25 (August 4).

Naturally, Charles X. protested; the terms were less favourable to him than those at first offered, and he was in no mood to see a republic give laws to a monarchy. In his heart there was the feeling that the English and Dutch were acting as judges rather than mediators, and he was quick to say so.[1]

In this Charles felt that he had a sympathizer. Mountagu's attitude throughout the negotiations disturbed Sydney, and Sydney looked upon him as inclined to the Swedish point of view. That Mountagu should lean in that direction was not unreasonable. To begin with, he had promised Sweden terms, such as the newly-formed Government chose to override, and he had won Charles X. to his views. Not only were his relations with the King of the most cordial nature, but the two men were in political agreement upon their detestation of republicanism. Neither had any great faith in the present Government of England, so Sydney stepped in to correct them. The King of Sweden, he said, misunderstood our affairs, owing to the false information he received from those he employed abroad, meaning by this the Swedish Ambassador in London.[2] So hot did Sydney wax upon this point that Charles demurred, and took the strongest exception to the imputations made against his representative.[3]

Dissatisfaction was thus engendered, and for the next few weeks the main purpose of England's mission was buried and forgotten. The distrust, which began over a discussion of principles, took the form of an open quarrel upon an immediate question. Now that the English and Dutch Commonwealths had agreed to

[1] Thurloe, *State Papers*, vii. 736.

[2] Blencowe, *Sydney Papers*, 172. See also Von Ranke, *History of England*, iii. 250.

[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 105.

enforce peace, they decided to do so by means of a joint fleet. Up to the time of their agreement the two fleets had acted as sentinels one upon the other, and as the guardians of two discrete interests. But now it was decided that several vessels should be withdrawn from each fleet, and the remainder, "as superfluous and extream expensive, should be sent to their respective homes." Suspicion was supposed to give place to common action. But the Dutch were in reality playing for their own hand, and their emissaries had secret orders not to dismiss above twenty of their own ships, and to send away a less number than the English.[1] Yet the English had every trust in their allies. Besides the possibility, which crossed their minds, of bringing Mountagu home with a weakened force, they expressed a wish for the return of the fleet, "to attend the security of the nation at home, and protection of trade."[2] The English vessels had been in the Sound for more than four months, and the supply of provisions was fast decreasing. It was proposed that both fleets should be reduced within a given number of days, and round the debates over their return there arose a very pretty quarrel.

If Mountagu were a convert to royalism, the return of the ships afforded him his chance to help in a restoration. He had sufficient knowledge of the royalist movements to be aware that August was the month chosen for a general rising. Even though his natural caution kept him from a promise of participation, there could be no harm in going home to watch the turn of events. How deeply he had committed himself to the Stewart cause can scarcely be gauged:

[1] Manley, *The Late Warres*, p. 87.

[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 109-128. Mountagu's narration as to the return of the fleet has been largely used in the following pages.

it is conceivable that he may have had some opportunist idea of a Cromwellian restoration; at any rate, he was ready to act against the Republicans. In the desire, therefore, that his hands might be free, he urged that the arrangements with the Dutch should be speedily concluded. And if he was loyal to the Government, he certainly mistrusted the Dutch, and regarded the negotiations as a "good touchstone" of their sincerity. Mountagu was unable to shake off the influence of Cromwell; he had been trained to regard Sweden as a friend, and Holland as an enemy. He had helped the one and hampered the other.

On the contrary, his colleague, Sydney, was wholly in favour of the new policy of combined action. For many days the Commissioners argued about the right proportion of ships which each ally should send home. It looked as though dreary disputes would keep the fleet for weeks in the Sound, and Mountagu deemed it unsafe to return with less than a month's provisions on board the vessels. He begged the Commissioners to come to an immediate arrangement, for the Council of State had written again, urging a speedy return. They had doubts of Mountagu, and he was already informed by the Royalists that the Government intended to deprive him of the command, and to give it to their beloved Lawson.[1] They wished to get the vessels to England and to supersede the Admiral before the royalist rising, which they knew was imminent.

Their policy suited Mountagu. He was more interested in the state of affairs at home than in the quarrels of Sweden and Denmark. But he was faced by long delays and interminable arguments. Sydney, who had abundant faith in the Dutch, argued for the

[1] *Clarendon MSS.*, 61, f. 280.

retention of fifteen ships, Mountagu was for leaving all or none. His purpose as a Royalist was to take over the whole fleet; and he used cogent arguments against leaving a small number of vessels. How could such a number resist the Dutch, he asked, should they attempt an unfair carriage of the treaty? He said, too, that he feared that they might be used for coercing Charles X., and handing the control of the Sound to Denmark and her allies, and for such an action he would take no responsibility.

In his lengthy narrative of the negotiations, Mountagu mentions numerous other weapons which he drew from his armoury of arguments, but it is evident, at last, that the Commissioners were fined down to a dispute as to whether the whole fleet should sail or no. Honeywood and Boone went over to Mountagu's side, but Sydney was "high against him," and said that

"if he should give his opinion for sendinge away the whole fleete he thought he should deserve to lose his head; and againe that he was soe much against it, that if his owne father commanded the Fleete, yet if he could any wayes in the world hinder the saylinge of it, though by makinge the saylors mutinye against him, he would doe it."

But Mountagu was not to be put off by Sydney's railing, and, as time went on, he determined to act according to his own judgment, and to take home the fleet. He knew that the time was ripe. On August 17 he arranged to consult his Vice and Rear Admirals. But before Mountagu left his chamber for this purpose he received a visit from Sydney. The two men met with suave courtesies; Mountagu began by an expression of regret that their opinions differed so widely, more especially "because of the extraordinary kindness and civility" which Sydney had shown him. And

Sydney was equally polite and equally regretful, but held to his opinion that the fleet should stay. Then says Mountagu:

"I did still expresse my sorrow that matters should grow yet wider among us, but could not denye him his libertye. He told mee he must not protest against it here onely, but he must do the like in England and remonstrate it. Still I could not abridge him that. He repeated to mee that he thought he should deserve to lose his head if he should doe such a thinge. I replied little."

The conversation grew more heated: Mountagu protested against Sydney's attitude, declared that there were two more Commissioners, and that he would obey the majority.

"I had the liberty of my judgement and opinion," he said, "which I should, and had delivered and did not feare to account for it, to any power upon the face of this earth; it should not want faithfulnesse and integrity whatever it did of wisdome."

Then Sydney gave voice to his suspicions, and accused his colleague of intriguing with the King of Sweden. "I told him," says Mountagu, "it was true I did think the interest of England was not to have a war with Sweden (as the case stood)." But Sydney had an answer ready. "No," cried he, "but it is because the King of Sweden is against a Commonwealth that you are so earnest in this," and added that the King of Sweden was otherwise looked upon now in England than in the late Protector's days. Mountagu replied hotly that the interests of England were pledged to Sweden, "whatever forme exercised the chief magistracy." And then, although Mountagu naturally suppressed the fact in his narrative, Sydney accused him of treating with Charles Stewart.[1] For

[1] *Clarendon MSS.*, 70, f. 132.

Sydney was a shrewd man, and thought that the King of Sweden's hatred of a Commonwealth might have led him to discuss with Mountagu the possibility of Sweden's help towards a Stewart restoration.

When the heat of controversy had died down, Mountagu prevailed upon Sydney to see for himself the state of affairs. Together they visited the flag-officers, who deplored the sickness in the fleet. The provisions, they said, would last one more month, but were insufficient for the journey; and Goodson, the Vice-Admiral, declared that no merchantman would sail for England with less than five weeks' victuals and beverage on board. Then Mountagu made a show of yielding, and discussed the stay of fifteen vessels; and "to gratify Colonel Sydney," a list of names was prepared. Yet after discussion nothing was done; on the Saturday and Sunday evenings (August 20 and 21) "att it againe" writes Mountagu, "and before wee came to a resolution wee agreed to goe to the Dutch Commissioners to see if they would agree to a joynt Fleete." But again nothing definite could be got from the Dutch: they would not name the ships they would retain, but promised to leave an equal force; neither would they send their whole fleet home, but only into the Baltic or the Belt.

Their promise would not satisfy Mountagu, who displayed a perpetual distrust of their proposals. But his narrative shows that not everyone was of his way of thinking:

"Colonel Sydney, while wee discoursed," says the journal, "leaned in the window by himselfe apart, in a discontented manner, afterwards expressed himself against what we had asked, and that he was fully satisfied upon theire obligation offered, and walked about the room with Mon. Slingerland [the Dutch Commissioner] alone discoursinge. And then wee

returned to our lodginge, and debated the matter againe amonge ourselves, when Colonel Sydney was high again in expressions, whereupon I earnestly desired the Commissioners wee might come to a vote, and putt an end to our contestations, but it was desired wee should sleepe upon it that night and meete earely in the morninge to decide it, the which wee did."

Before the next phase of the discussion, the Vice-Admiral and two other officers sent a letter to Mountagu, calling attention to the need of provisions. Armed with this report, he began the next day's debate, and obtained a decision, even from Sydney, that victuals should not be taken from the greater ships and transferred to those less well stocked, though Sydney still urged the possibility of a supply being sent from shore. But Mountagu obstinately ignored this suggestion, called in a secretary, and arranged that a resolution should be drafted for the return of all the vessels except three. Sydney was disconcerted: he clamoured for at least fifteen sail to be left, but his colleagues outvoted him; and it was decided that practically the whole fleet should sail for England. In order to cover their act, the Commissioners prepared a draft of the resolution, which Mountagu and Honeywood signed; no sooner had they done so than Boone discovered that the recent instructions did not give the Commissioners power over the fleet, and therefore withheld his signature. So Mountagu took the paper, tore out his own name and Honeywood's, and placed the order in his pocket.

From that time forward he acted as Admiral, and on the lines of the original instructions which had been issued by Richard Cromwell. He informed his colleagues that it was his intention to sail; when their debate was ended, in came the French and Dutch Ambassadors, and Sydney, who had worked upon

them secretly, desired Mountagu to inform them of his determination to take the fleet to England, "whereat they seemed troubled." But Mountagu insisted upon his point, and blamed the Commissioners for not agreeing to a joint and properly proportioned fleet, while he had provisions and to spare. They then begged him to stay, lest his going should put an end to the work, and assured him again and again that the necessary provisions could be bought on shore. But the royalist leaven was at work in Mountagu, and he swore that he had tried that expedient, and that provisions were not to be obtained. The Ambassadors were incredulous, and Sydney added fuel to the fire by crying out to them, "Gentlemen, he is laughing at you!"

"It is not I, gentlemen, who laugh at you," Mountagu retorted, "but if your excellencies will not leave a part of your fleet to conclude the treaty, and send back the rest to Holland, as I am taking the rest of ours to England, I will never consent to leave any part of our fleet in the Sound."

This ended the discussion, and Mountagu turned his back upon his colleagues.

He had by that time prepared to sail at once for England. But before he actually left the Sound, Mountagu was careful to attend to certain forms. He consulted his flag-officers, and held a council of war; it was then officially decided that, owing to the shortness of provisions, the fleet should set sail for England.[1] The council took place on August 23, and on the same day Mountagu made matters safer all round by a letter to the Council of State. "If God send us a prosperous passage," he wrote, "I might receive your further commands touching the disposition of the fleete." He

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 107.

emphasized the instant need of provisions, and begged that supplies should be ready for him upon the east coast. Then he touched upon the treaty, which he said was not begun, for the King of Denmark was quibbling as to forms, whereas the King of Sweden was ready "to facilitate the treaty by wavinge such ceremonious thinges." Since there was no hope of a settlement, he claimed that his return was justified.

"I shall only add," he concluded, "that I pray God your commissioners there may have a happy guidance in the future stepps they are to take, and that for my selfe I have discharged my judgement and conscience freely and fully unto them."[1]

On the following day Mountagu said farewell to the King of Sweden. The departure of the English fleet fitted Swedish policy, for fifteen vessels could have been used by Sydney and the Dutch to coerce the King into accepting a disadvantageous treaty. Charles X. held a strong position on land, and was left with but one fleet to face. He was most grateful. "Mountagu has played his part well," he wrote, "and rendered us a great service."[2] He showed his gratitude by presenting the Admiral with a magnificent jewel, and to each of the commanders of the English fleet he sent a medal and a chain of gold.[3] Thus honoured, and amid the booming of cannon from the Swedish forts, the ships weighed anchor and sailed for the English coast.[4] Only three small vessels were left behind for the use of the Commissioners.

[1] *Clarke Papers*, iv. 291.

[2] Carlson, *Geschichte Schwedens*, iv. 342; *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 313.

[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 107; Guizot, *Richard Cromwell*, i. 480. The jewel which Charles X. presented to Mountagu "contained the King's own picture, most excellently done" (Pepys's *Diary*, September 3, 1660; March 4, 1661).

[4] See also *Carte MSS.*, 223, ff. 188, 190.

No sooner was Mountagu in sight of home than he was met by a vessel which brought him bad news. While the Commissioners had been arguing over the return of the fleet, the royalist rising in England had taken place. For some time men had gathered in secret, horses had been bought, lead melted for bullets, breast-plates and headpieces furbished up, and the weapons which had hung upon the walls since the civil wars were once again taken down. When August came in, the risings began. But they were sporadic; a handful of men in Herefordshire, about forty gentlemen near Tonbridge, a small band in Sussex, and a few London apprentices, took up arms.[1] The extent of the plot was known to Thurloe, a census of the horses round London was taken, and all suspects were arrested. The only dangerous rising was that headed by Sir George Booth, a member who had been "secluded" from the House. In company with one or two of the territorial nobility, Booth seized Chester and declared for a full and free Parliament. Though the name of Charles was unmentioned, the rising was known to be part of a project for letting in the Stewarts. Charles was actually at Calais; his brother was at Boulogne with 2,000 French soldiers, and ships for transport. Together with Mountagu and his fleet, a formidable attack might have been made. But the continued failures denied the rising all chance of success. Booth's troops were defeated by Lambert, and some days later Booth himself was taken, disguised as a woman. He was examined, but nothing treasonable could be brought against him, and he was released on bail. A few members of Parliament who were implicated in

[1] For Booth's insurrection, see *Clarke Papers*, iv. 30-50. In *Clarendon MSS.*, 63, f. 87, there is a list of the apprentices "who engaged to rise for the King."

the rising were fined, but the Government was too weak to take any violent action against the conspirators, and Booth's rebellion was forgotten amid later events.

Before Mountagu actually left the Sound, his "mortal enimye," Sydney, wrote to the Council, and disclaimed all responsibility for the fleet's return. He protested that Mountagu had rendered it impossible for the peace to be enforced on either combatant, and that by his action we had broken faith with the Hague; as for the difficulty over provisions, that he ridiculed.[1] He was convinced, he said later, that a few shot of our cannon would have made the peace.[2] Parliament took their cue from this report, and from a similar protest sent in by the Dutch Ambassador. While they debated their action, there came Mountagu's letter of August 27, which announced his return with the whole fleet.[3] A resolution was hurriedly passed that fifteen ships should return to the Sound,[4] and three commissioners, one of whom was Mountagu's old Huntingdonshire enemy, Valentine Walton, were sent down to Southwold Bay to meet Mountagu and hear his explanation.[5] The commissioners also examined Goodson, but the Vice-Admiral was loyal to his chief; not only did he affirm that his vessels were in dire need of stores and provisions, but he sent his report to Mountagu that the Admiral might correct it, and "mind anything of concernment."[6] Mountagu also drew up a lengthy narrative, which he read to the Council, and which later was read in the House.[7] He was under a cloud of

[1] Thurloe, vii. 731. [2] Blencowe, *Sydney Papers*, 172.

[3] *Clarke Papers*, iv. 296.

[4] *Commons' Journals; Cal. S. P., Dom.*, September 2 and 3.

[5] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 300: Vane to Mountagu. See f. 304.

[6] *Ibid.*, 73, f. 306: Goodson to Mountagu, September 13.

[7] *Commons' Journals*, September 16. The narrative was not copied into the journals of the House.

suspicion; an informant had loosened tongue under the mixture of a flagon of wine and a flagon of beer. "Charles Stewart was ready by the waterside with ten thousand men," was his story, "and Mountagu was engaged to bring him over."[1]

Though the Council was convinced of the motive for Mountagu's return, the members had no real evidence against him. They were content to mark their disapproval of his action by two harmless resolutions submitted to Parliament—one, to send back a part of the fleet; the other, to affirm their sincerity towards the Dutch.[2] They then prepared an elaborate order that the whole question should be considered.[3] Further than that nothing was done. An attack on Mountagu would have exposed the weakness of their rule, and called attention to the increase of royalism; he was asked to remain in London for some days, and attend the Council if called upon to do so. It was then that he wrote to Richard Cromwell, still styling him "your Highness," and assuring him of his obedience. The answer ran:

"I can assure your Lordship that I rejoyce at your safe and healthfull arrival, and shall be moste glad to hear that you are gott over the threshold of your present troublesome stay in London, the country being the moste proper place for persons that are out of imployment. We that are sick desire to change our trades. Oh, that it would please God that poor tossed Ingland might at laste finde a quiet harbour."[4]

If Mountagu wrote to Richard Cromwell in order to conceal his motives, he had still done sufficient to convince many of the Royalists that he was a friend

[1] *Clarendon MSS.*, 64, f. 329: Bear's information against Clarke and Mason.

[2] *Commons' Journals*, September 2.

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, September 16; *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 310.

[4] *Clarke Papers*, iv. 296-298.

to a Stewart restoration. For weeks he had been a much-discussed man, their hopes of him blew to and fro with the wind, their faith quickened and died.[1] "What you expect from Mountâgu and Monck will never come to pass," wrote one.[2] At the beginning of August nothing definite had been heard from him.[3] But Charles was hopeful. "A very moderate assistance in this conjuncture," wrote he, "would very neere with the blessing of God restore mee."[4] And when the fleet moved, though too late for Booth's insurrection, Mountagu's intentions were regarded as wholly loyal to the Stewart cause. It was known that letters had reached his cousin, "and that the men at Westminster had never had any advertisement of it, besides many letters by the last post mention at least great jealousies of Mountagu."[5] The account of his return given to Charles was couched in no uncertain language.

"Without all doubt," wrote Barwick, "Lord Mountagu intended really your service when he set sail from the Sound, having heard of the party up in Cheshire. His return was opposed and protested against by the Plenipotentiaries; and the contest grew so hot, as Sydney told him, he knew his errand, and your Majesty was in his heart. Yet having but five weeks provision left, and having got a council of war on his side, he came away with intention to block up the Thames with a squadron, and to employ the rest for the transportation of men, as occasion should require. In his return he met the news of Sir G. Booth's miscarriage and imprisonment: whereupon not knowing what to do, nor where to dispose the fleet, he put in at Solebay."

Hyde also wrote to Ormond of an assurance given by young Mountagu that the fleet came home "with honest purposes to the King," but that the news of

[1] *Clarendon MSS.*, 62, f. 5; 63, ff. 3, 5, 201.
[2] *Ibid.*, 63, f. 4.
[3] *Ibid.*, 63, f. 9: Charles to Herbert.
[4] *Ibid.*, 62, f. 203.
[5] *Ibid.*, 64, f. 84: Hyde to Ormond.

Booth's failure only reached the vessels when they were upon the coast, too late "to unite them in any brave and desperate undertaking."[1]

Both Royalist and Republican were convinced of Mountagu's real intentions, yet as he lacked the power to serve the one, so it was determined that he should not serve the other. He was elbowed out of his work, and for the rest of the year he retired to Hinchingbrooke, while the affairs of the kingdom went rapidly into a more crazy condition. Lambert, who was said to aim at filling Cromwell's shoes, and Fleetwood, who was partly led by him, pulled one way; the Parliamentary Republicans pulled another. Their leader, Sir Harry Vane, who treated politics as a Christian science, was unable to reconcile the conflicting interests. The reign of Christ and His saints, which he hoped for, seemed farther and farther away. The people cried for bread. The *Unhappy Marksman* propounded its query to the nation, "Whether the name of a Free State be able in a dear year to feed poor people with bread and porridge?"[2] The nation was tired of faction, with its talk about Senates and Sanhedrins; and sick of men,

"such as are resolved to raise themselves by the ruin of others, making religion a stalking horse to policy, and the people a stirrup to mount themselves into the saddle of their so much desired greatness, in these tottering, deplorable, groaning and rolling times."[3]

A daring little pamphlet wanted to know whether Charles Stewart were not better qualified for the

[1] Carte, *Original Letters*, ii. 212, 236: Barwick to the King, September 12; Hyde to Ormond, October 11.

[2] *The Unhappy Marksman* (*Thomason Tracts*, E. 986, No. 5) contains twenty-three queries. These squibs, in the form of queries, were in great favour.

[3] *The New Lord's Winding Sheet*, E. 986, No. 7.

supreme magistracy than the son of the late Usurper.[1] Without a settled government England was in a sorry state; the Royalists, indeed, were confident that the general discontent was so great "that they would now boggle at nothing the King should do."[2] It only needed a downright disagreement among the rulers to provoke further discontent, to upset the government, and to make a Stewart restoration the best promise of a remedy for the nation's sores. "If these divisions continue and grow wider," said a Commonwealth man, "such an advantageous gappe would be open to our olde enemy that an easy entry he would find, especially assisted by foreign forces."[3]

Disagreement soon arose over the old quarrel between army and Parliament. On Richard Cromwell's deposition, back came the old "Rump," which Oliver had turned out six years before; men like Harry Vane, Arthur Haselrig, and Edward Ludlow, Commonwealth men, were once more in the saddle. They prepared to settle the country without King, peers, or the government of any single person, and rejected any members whose opinions were likely to clash with their own. For the settlement it was necessary that the civil power should control the army. But the control was not easy to obtain; for years the soldiers had been a healing factor, and the men had their own theories of government. To irritate them was madness, especially since they were unpaid, discontented, and self-assertive. They were troubled at the frequent cashiering of officers, and petitioned Parliament, setting forth their grievances and demands. Lambert, who had ambitions of his own, led them and

[1] *Loyal Queries*, etc., E. 986, No. 15.
[2] *Clarendon MSS.*, 64, f. 74: Sambourne to Hyde, August 26.
[3] *Ibid.*, 66, f. 78.

encouraged them, in defiance of the prohibition and warnings of the House, with the result that he and eight of his officers were deprived of their commissions. Fleetwood was deprived of the commandership-in-chief, though he was added to the commission of seven which was empowered to control military affairs. The answer to these changes was simple. On October 13 a great force of soldiers, with Lambert at their head, surrounded Westminster Hall, and excluded the Speaker and most of the members. Once more England passed into a state of anarchy. The year had begun with a Protectorate, then came an interregnum when the army ruled, that was followed by the rump of a Parliament, and lastly the revolutionary expedient of a Committee of Safety was tried, and met with little respect.[1] No man could say where the sovereign power resided, except the soldiers, who pointedly tapped their swords. A firm hand was needed to unravel the constitutional tangle.

II. Monck and Mountagu.

"There be three Parts of Businesse: The Preparation; The Debate, or Examination; And the Perfection. Whereof, if you looke for Dispatch, let the Middle onely be the Worke of Many, and the Firste and Laste the Worke of Few."—Bacon: *Of Dispatch.*

The man who first took advantage of these quarrels, and set himself to pick up the constitutional threads, was George Monck. The portrait which hangs at Hinchingbrooke depicts him with the features of a country squire; there is a heaviness about the face, which is brought out by its setting of dark hair, and the meditative look is one not often seen on the face

[1] *Brit. Mus. Thomason Tract* E. 1917, No. 2, has a list of the changes of Government in England between May, 1659, and May, 1660.

of "honest George." In the main he was a man of action. For five years he kept order in Scotland, and had enhanced his military reputation, already great, by the strict discipline which he maintained among his men. He served Oliver Cromwell faithfully, and was prepared to be loyal to Richard; but Monck, like Mountagu, was disgusted by Richard's dissolution of his Parliament. "Richard Cromwell forsook himself," was his comment, "else I had never failed my promise to his father or regard to his memory."[1] Though he submitted to the new Commonwealth which succeeded the Protectorate, he had no faith in its ability to control national affairs. The Royalists knew this, and when they approached Mountagu they sounded Monck. Had Booth's rising succeeded, Monck's army would have been cast into the scale on the side of a "full and free Parliament"; but upon the failure at Chester he remained inactive. When Parliament interfered with his regiments, and attempted to cashier certain of his officers, he, like Mountagu, sought retirement, "as one weary with the world's transactions, and desirous to live retired with a peaceable enjoyment of what he hath got."[2] Only when he heard of the breach between the Parliament and army did he resolve to take a hand in the game.

But in order to gain time he negotiated with Lambert and Fleetwood and the ministers of the congregated churches. During October and November, commissioners passed backwards and forwards between England and Scotland. Monck's attitude was clear, though he kept it secret and progressively increased his demands. He set against the remedies

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 628.

[2] *Clarendon MSS.*, 64, f. 320. The passage begins: "Mountagu is returned home, but finds not an entertainment suitable to his expectation."

GEORGE MONCK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE

From a portrait by Robert Walker

To face p. 162 of Vol. I

of his opponents the remedy, for England, of a full and free Parliament. This violent interruption of their sitting, he said, was a courtesy to the Stewarts.[1] At the same time he made it plain that Parliament was to be neither the creation of an army nor of a Church, but a Parliament which should admit men of all opinions. It was his counterblast to the "intolerable slavery of a sword Government." If it should include Royalists and Republicans, Brownists and Anglicans, men of irreconcilable tenets, still Monck persisted that his conscience and commission called for such a settlement. He approached a distracted nation with some thought of government by consent, whereas his opponents offered government by discretion. While Lambert's troops were discontented and unpaid, Monck had behind him a small but loyal army, a well-filled purse, and a stoutly-garrisoned country. He rallied to his standard all the opponents of military rule, and the remnant of the old Council of State gratefully put into his hands the command of all the forces both in England and Scotland. Monck used his influence with the navy. We take our commissions and pay from the Parliament, he wrote, and are now asked to violate their authority.[2] His words carried weight. Before the year was out the fleet had also declared for a restoration of the Parliament, the forces in Ireland followed their example, and on December 26 the members whom Lambert had ejected were once again enabled to take their seats. Though it was not such an assembly as Monck desired, the sitting of Parliament served his purpose; it was at least a step towards the abolition of military rule.[3]

[1] *Thomason Tracts*, 669, f. 22, No. 20; *Clarke Papers*, iv. 70.

[2] *Thomason Tracts*, 669, f. 22, No. 20.

[3] Baker, *Chronicle*, p. 699, hints that the return of the Parliament was actually embarrassing to Monck.

In all the news of these disturbances and negotiations Edward Mountagu was well posted. His old "particular confidant," Griffith Lloyd, sent him the first letter, which concludes: "The old courtiers begin to peep abroad, who hope to find more favour at the hands of the army than the Parliament. We live in a very unsettled, distracted air."[1] Another correspondent was Samuel Pepys, who kept watch upon his patron's affairs in London. He sent down some pamphlets for Mountagu's diversion, and gave him the first hint which persuaded him to return to public life. "I finde many of your officers," he writes, "desirous to have your Lordship to theire Colonell againe, and intende to move for it."[2] He wrote lengthy letters describing the riots between the soldiers and the city apprentices; the stones, tiles, and turnips, which the civilians threw, when one man "was very near having his brains knocked out with a brickbat flung from the top of an house," and how the soldiers let fly their muskets and killed and wounded several people.[3] And John Creed, who had been with Mountagu in the Sound, wrote also, hoping that Mountagu would not suffer too captious a spirit to grow on him. It had given Creed, so he said, much content to see some of those men dismounted, who gave the Admiral no better reception at his return; and now he begged Mountagu to put his hand to the work, and to help save this "poor broken nation."[4]

It was hardly in Mountagu's power to do much; his retirement did not arise from pique, but came of necessity. Since September the fleet had been transferred from his command, and put under that of his old enemy Lawson, the Anabaptist and Republican;

[1] *Clarke Papers*, iv. 298.
[2] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 320, October 20.
[3] *Ibid.*, 73, f. 322 *et passim*.
[4] *Ibid.*, 73, f. 323.

without fleet or regiment, Mountagu had no more power than a private citizen. He had to wait until events turned in his favour. That he did not readily declare himself was natural; he was not in Monck's confidence, nor did he know more than another what were Monck's intentions. His own inclinations were towards royalism, and it is certain that he was for a restoration, either of the Cromwell House or of Charles Stewart. But he was sick of sudden changes; so far they had brought him nothing but disappointment. This time he determined to be certain of his ground, and took no definite step. He waited until Pepys, who was still in London, could see how matters lay, before pen was put to paper.[1] But though the officers of the fleet begged that he would return to the service, Mountagu's answer in no way pledged him.

"I have received a letter from you," he wrote to a commander, "dated the 5th instant, whereby I understand the expression of the love and respect of the officers of the Fleete unto me, whereoff I am Duely sensible, and entreate you to returne them my heartye thanks. I have bene of late confined to my chamber by a distemper, and although (through God's Goodnesse) I am gott abroad againe, yet very unfitt to travaile, and I perceive by the printed proclamation for a parliament that the matter is determined concerning which advise was to be taken, soe that now I shall not need to add more, save that I am your truely affectionate freind, and humble servant."[2]

This letter of Mountagu's shows the caution which characterized all his actions. He waited a fortnight

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 339. Pepys, in writing to Mountagu, left a blank for a name, probably Lawson's. Mountagu's letter was on the lines laid down by Pepys.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 211, December 18. On December 5 the Council of Officers of the Fleet had transmitted for Mountagu's approval the names of four Admirals and five Captains, in addition to his own name, proposed with the agreement of the armies of England, Ireland, and Scotland, as a Committee on Naval Affairs (*ibid.*, 73, f. 327).

before he answered the address of the officers, and that fortnight gave him time to see what the fleet would do. The delay was justified. The printed proclamation to which he refers was a very different paper from any to which he would have put his signature. It was drafted after the officers' letter to him, and before Mountagu sent his answer. As soon as he read it, he determined to keep aloof from any such business. The declaration of the fleet was in reality a republican manifesto, and an interesting document at that. Lawson, who drew it up, declared that the fleet intended to beget a right understanding between Parliament and the army, and restore the former by force if needs be.[1] Their aim was the particular interest of Christ, the weal of the people of God, and their civil and religious rights. They disclaimed the interest of Charles Stewart and all his adherents, or any single person whatsoever. And in conclusion the officers outlined a programme of social reform, which included the repeal of all laws which were contrary to the Word of God.[2]

The declaration, which upheld Parliamentary authority, "derived from a civil rather than a military fountain," was most unwelcome to Lambert and the leaders of the army.[3] But it did not declare for a settlement such as Mountagu desired, and it was impossible for him to sign it. Not only did Mountagu distrust Lawson, the author of the document, but he

[1] Baker, *Chronicle*, p. 698, says that a certain Colonel Streater, a Royalist, urged the fleet to declare for Parliament. It was part of the Royalist policy that Parliament should assemble.

[2] *Mercurius Politicus*, December 22-29, E. 773, No. 35. Other points of interest are the abolition of the Excise, no impressment in the army or navy, the right to work, and the maintenance of the lame and the impotent. Signed by Lawson and others, December 13.

[3] Granville Penn (*Memorials of Penn*, ii. 183-194) gives a picture of the consequent intrigues.

objected to avowed republicanism, and to a declaration which was specific against Charles Stewart or any single person. On one point Mountagu had been firm—he believed in a supreme Head of the State, whether the Protectoral House of Cromwell or the Stewart line. To sign such a paper, in consideration of his life in the past and his ideas for the future, would have been to sign the death-warrant of his career and his hopes. So he wrote that the matter was determined "concerning which advice was to be taken," and remained at Hinchingbrooke. He was doubtful as to which way affairs would go, and unaware whether Monck was for another experiment or for a monarchy. Of experiments in government Mountagu had had enough. He had made all preparations for retiring. In December he began to dismantle his lodgings in Whitehall; his steward, Edward Shepley, was busy in London, sending "boxes of writings," furniture, cedar chests, and pictures, down to Hinchingbrooke, and was ready to sell Mountagu's wine.[1] The lodgings were actually allotted to Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper.[2] But as the new year came in, events were too uncertain for absolute withdrawal. There were temptations to an opportunist, and Mountagu began once more to look round him. He was sufficiently friendly with Cooper, and the two were sufficiently in sympathy to ask and grant requests, and the lodgings did not change hands; Shepley was sent back into the country, and the keys were given to Mr. Pepys.[3]

But Mountagu still remained at Hinchingbrooke, and depended upon Samuel Pepys and his ciphered letters for the London news. There was abundant

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, ff. 336, 337.
[2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, January 9, 1660.
[3] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 212; Pepys's *Diary*, January 19 and 21, 1660.

food for correspondence, especially about Monck's doings. The General had secured his communications, and on January 2 he crossed the Tweed with an army of about 7,000. The only force arrayed against him, in some sort of an endeavour to keep the good old cause alive, was a force under Lambert. But as Monck advanced, Lambert's regiments gradually deserted him, and Monck reached London without any serious resistance. All along the route he was given petitions in favour of the return of the members purged by Pride in 1648. The nation as a whole began to recognize him as a temporary dictator; it was to him that they looked for the security of Parliament. Monck's letter to the Speaker was assuring; he congratulated the Rump on its restoration to just and lawful authority, and "these Nations to their rights and freedomes," and promised that, in pursuance of his duty and trust, he would attack all those who opposed their "sitting in freedom and honour."[1] The Parliament, despite an emptiness of purse, showered upon Monck lands and honours.[2] His entry into London was made with all manner of triumph: the troops marched down Chancery Lane and along the Strand; the General gallantly mounted, his officers with red and white favours in their hats, his trumpeters and footmen richly habited in red livery laced with silver; and with him were the best foot-soldiers in the world.[3] But the silence of the citizens who lined the streets, or their calls for a free Parliament, helped Monck to realize the unpopularity of the Rump.[4] He saw that the members looked upon

[1] *Clarke Papers*, iv. 239, January 6.

[2] *Commons' Journals*, January 26.

[3] *The Publick Intelligencer*, February 6, E. 773; *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Leyborne-Popham MSS.*, 144.

[4] Pepys's *Diary*, February 3.

him as their instrument. Opposite Somerset House the Speaker met him, and greeted him in the name of the Parliament. Then the whole cavalcade passed on to Whitehall, and for some days St. James's Park, where the soldiers encamped, was the meeting-place of every idle sight-seer in London.

But though Parliament extended such a warm welcome to Monck and his soldiers, in a few weeks their joy was turned to sorrow. The General spurned the hand which was stretched out for him to kiss. At first he behaved as a loyal servant. When the City of London refused to pay any taxes, except to a full and free Parliament, the Rump bade Monck coerce them. With an unwilling hand he carried out his orders; the posts and chains which marked the City boundaries were destroyed, and the gates rendered useless, while some of the Common Council were put under arrest. The extreme Commonwealth men were overjoyed at what they considered a sign of Monck's subservience. "All is our own," cried Haselrig; "he will be honest."[1] But, as one of them said, their wine was soon turned to water. Within a few days Monck had made his peace with the City Fathers, and went to reside among them. Step by step he showed the Republicans that their days were numbered. At his demand, Lambert and Vane, the extremists, were dismissed from any further service; and Vane went, warning his fellows that "Monck had yet several masques to pull off."[2] As the General adroitly sent the soldiers who favoured the Rump to garrison some far-off town, and replaced them with his own men, so the actual government of the nation rested more and more in his hands. He hoodwinked many of the members of the House, and resolution after resolution was passed, which paved

[1] Ludlow, *Memoirs*, ii. 219. [2] *Ibid.*, ii. 221.

the way towards a restoration. The order of 1648, by which Parliament had been purged, was vacated; the secluded members were once again admitted to their seats; Booth and other Royalists were released from the Tower; Monck was made Commander-in-Chief of all the forces; and an attempt to insert in Monck's commission a clause against government by a "single person" was negatived.[1] All oaths and engagements were opposed by the General; he relied neither on "Cavalier nor Phanatick, but on the sober Gentry."[2] The secluded members agreed to provide for the army, to appoint a Council of State, and to arrange a legal dissolution. A new Parliament was summoned for April 25, and amid jeers from the little street boys, the clang of the church bells, and bonfires and rejoicings, the Rump voted its own dissolution, which was to take place at the middle of March.[3]

From the day people were assured that the Rump was doomed, a new spirit spread over England. The downfall of the old Parliament was celebrated in countless ballads, and pamphlets and broadsides openly advocated a Stewart restoration.[4] The more dignified of the pamphlets appealed for a limited monarchy, basing the freedom of the subject upon *Magna Carta* and the *Petition of Right*.[5] A later pamphlet declared that the first thing to be done by a free Parliament was to recall the lawful heir;[6] and yet another came out

[1] *Commons' Journals*, February 21-25.

[2] Baker, *Chronicle*, pp. 700, 705.

[3] Most of the letters to Mountagu in which Pepys described all these doings have unfortunately disappeared. There are one or two of them among the *Carte MSS.*, but none at Hinchingbrooke, unless a further search reveals them.

[4] Several of the ballads are printed. See *Thomason Tracts*, E. 1833, and T. Wright, *Political Ballads of the Commonwealth*.

[5] *A Plea for Limited Monarchy*, E. 765, No. 3. See Pepys's *Diary*, February 20.

[6] *A Pertinent Speech* . . . , E. 1017, No. 18.

with the attractive title *No King but the Old King's Son.*[1] Wonderful stories were told about children, newly born or of tender years, who had cried, "A King, a King!" and predicted the restoration.[2] Not only did the papers show Royalist aspirations, but the literature of those particular weeks contains every sign of a real disgust with the Commonwealth and army, and there is every indication that trade was rarely at a lower ebb.

It was a great relief to the nation as a whole when some freedom of political thought was assured. At length Mountagu, with all his caution, was sufficiently certain of the trend of affairs to leave Hinchingbrooke and take up the old work. He did not do so without being called. On the day Monck entered the City, lodgings at Whitehall were allotted to Mountagu; on February 21 he was put upon the Committee to consider a new Council of State, and two days later, side by side with John Crew, he was elected to the Council. The threads were picked up twelve years back; and Mountagu appeared again neither as Lord nor General, but as the Colonel of 1648. On Monck's suggestion he was given back his regiment of horse, and restored to his place in the navy.[3] Power was placed in his hands; he was made General-at-Sea "for next summer's expedition," with Monck as colleague, the two men to act jointly and severally. They had liberty to nominate and approve of all the captains and lieutenants to be employed in the navy, to grant commissions under the seal of the anchor; and Mountagu was again made a Commissioner of the Admiralty.[4] When his appointment was secure he obtained an official list of

[1] *Brit. Mus.*, 669, f. 24, No. 30.
[2] *The Age of Wonders: Thomason Tracts*, E. 1017, No. 37.
[3] Baker, *Chronicle*, pp. 719-721; *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 422.
[4] *Commons' Journals*, February 21 to March 3.

the fleet, and added his own notes of the persons fit to be captains and lieutenants of certain ships of war.[1] His recommendations were adopted by the Council, and the necessary changes made.[2] Out went Republicans. On the vital point of a single person his mind was already made up, and the right opinion of the fleet ensured. Mountagu was as firm over this, as he was that the restoration should come about by our own navy and army, without help from abroad.

His appointment to the actual command of the fleet was of the utmost importance to the Royalists. At first they feared that Lawson's influence was predominant, but now the same correspondent considered that Mountagu was the one man to gain over the commanders, and had great faith that he would be honest.[3] But Mountagu was as cautious and as secret as Monck, and for a time there was some doubt as to his future action. Whatever was in the mind of either man, he kept his own counsel, and kept it well; a false move would have wrecked the settlement, and Monck and Mountagu were both content that the royalist hopes should be nourished upon reports rather than assurances. Mountagu returned to London early in March, and his doings were eagerly watched from across the water. To begin with, there was a certainty that some form of government in a "single person" was bound to come, and it was only a question whether it should be Charles Stewart, George Monck, or Richard Cromwell.[4] It was bruited about that Mountagu favoured Cromwell; and with his name

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 222. The list is dated February 22.

[2] *Ibid.*, 73, f. 231.

[3] Sambourne to Hyde: Letters of February 24 (Lister's *Clarendon*, iii. 85-92), and March 9 (in *Clarendon MSS.*).

[4] Pepys's *Diary*, March 2. See also Baker, *Chronicle*, pp. 715, 716, for the offer made to Monck.

were coupled those of Oliver St. John and Thurloe, both well-known "Protectorians."[1] But it was a weak design, and the idea that it should command Mountagu's support seemed to Hyde so ridiculous that he could not believe it.[2] It is doubtful whether the Admiral gave to such a plan more than a passing thought. At times of intense excitement every rumour gains temporary credence and consideration, and Mountagu had the King in his mind. But he was still cautious. He told Pepys "that he did believe it would not last long if he [Richard Cromwell] were brought in; no, nor the King neither (though he seems to think that he will come in) unless he carry himself very soberly and well."[3] And this chance remark of Mountagu's gives the key to his opinion. He was then staying with his father-in-law, and Crew had his own scheme for a restoration. This was one which would restore Charles "upon conditions"; laying down certain constitutional safeguards, such as Parliamentary control of the militia.

"I can assure your Majesty," wrote a Royalist to Charles, "that Mountagu has absolutely forsaken Thurloe, St. John and all that Caball, and doth now wholly cleave to his father-in-law, and his Party. . . . And he said within these three days to a great intimate of his and mine, thus: 'Sir, the true reason why I left the one, and cleave to the other, is, because I playnely see, there is an utter impossibility of settlement without bringing in the King; and I professe, I had rather the Nation were setled, though I and my whole Family suffer by it, as I know I shall.'"[4]

Though the Royalists were assured of Mountagu, no one was really sure of Monck. He was still

[1] *Clarendon MSS.*, 70, ff. 85, 132. The name "Protectorians" occurs in contemporary pamphlets—*e.g.*, E. 1019, No. 10: *The Private Debates of the Late Rump.*

[2] See also *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 701. [3] Pepys's *Diary*, March 6.

[4] *Clarendon MSS.*, 70, f. 203. Mostly printed in *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 703.

protesting to the Republicans that he wished "his right hand may rott off if he have the least design for the King, or if he doe not oppose it to the last drop of his blood."[1] But Monck was like Thurloe: "he would go the Nation's pace and no faster."[2] He had prepared the ways, and made the paths straight. Before Parliament finally dissolved, March 16, it was agreed that there should be neither oaths of abjuration nor pledges against the Stewarts. Some of the soldiers whose creed was "no single person," and no House of Lords, protested against Monck's doings; but his magnificent discipline and his adroit management controlled even the malcontents of the army. All pointed to Monck's acquiescence in Charles Stewart's return, and he was again cautiously approached by the Royalists, who were in their turn cautiously received. By the end of March, Monck's mind was fully made up; he had sent a verbal message of loyalty to Charles, and pledged himself that the soldiers should not hinder a restoration.

The most difficult task which Monck had was that of composing the disorders in the army, and Mountagu had a matter which required tact and firmness when he undertook to control the fleet. He determined to go to sea as soon as possible, and after making certain of some money, and dealing with "infinity of applications" through Mr. Secretary Pepys, he was able to set out. On March 23 he went on board the *Swiftsure*, lying between Erith and Gravesend. His Vice-Admiral was Lawson, the same man who had thwarted him often before, but who now sent his congratulations on an appointment of which he foresaw the outcome.[3] For a royalist agent had been at work

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 703.
[2] *Clarendon MSS.*, 70, f. 132.
[3] *Carte MSS.*, 73, ff. 355, 449.

upon Lawson, and, like many others, he became an opportunist, and at least preferred to do what Mountagu should direct him.[1] He welcomed the Admiral on board, and amid apparent peace the ships sailed to the Downs. But a few days later there were reports of unrest—

"a great whispering of some of the Vice-Admiral's captains that they were dissatisfied, and did intend to fight themselves to oppose the General. It was soon hushed, however, and the Vice-Admiral did wholly deny any such thing, and protested to stand by the General."[2]

But Mountagu was not satisfied with protestations, for he knew, as he said, that some of the captains had "double-shotted" their guns, to lay him aboard in the Hope before his ship was filled.[3] He prepared lists of commanders, and of those in the Navy Office, taking care to weed out all the Anabaptists. The lists were drawn up by Pepys and Creed, and Mountagu has added such comments as "distracted," "quere his affections," "a Quaker," "a fit and honest man."[4] He put aside the captain of the *Worcester*, "one that had witnessed a great deal of discontent with the present proceedings."[5] On the whole matter he wrote to Monck at some length. "Although I have heard of unhandsome passages of some commanders in the fleete," he said, "yett I thought it most for your service to take noe notice thereoff hitherto." He then went on to speak of the captain of the *Worcester*, an Anabaptist, who was "busye in stirringe up others

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 706. [2] Pepys's *Diary*, March 29.

[3] *Bodleian Library: Rawlinson MSS.*, A. 468.

[4] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 402; 74, f. 490. The first is dated April 12, and, according to Pepys, must have been drawn up in consultation with Lawson. In that case the Vice-Admiral was wholly converted, for some of the sailors are labelled "Anabaptists," the very sect which Lawson favoured.

[5] Pepys's *Diary*, April 1. This was Captain Dekins.

and designed in the river very weake and undutifull thinges." Mountagu thought the man would be safer out of reach, and shipped him off to the Straits with a convoy, but advised the Council not to trust too many vessels in his hands. Another malcontent was Captain Newbury, "his government in his shipp very discontentinge and wearisome to his men that are not of his way." These two commanders had been approved by the Council, and Mountagu said "if any thinge be done towards them, a motion by any member of the Councell may doe it, and take off any unkindnesse from mee towards them."[1] In these changes he was supported by Monck, and acted in consultation with the Council of State.[2] He ordered Pepys to take the utmost care in framing the commissions necessary for his Vice and Rear Admirals.[3] He then sent word to Charles "what officers he was confident of, and of whom he was not assured."[4] By degrees the fleet was converted to the Stewart cause, and "very joyfull in the business, in so much that our sea-commanders now begin to say so too, which a week ago they would not do."

Mountagu was by then directing the preparations from aboard his old flagship the *Naseby*, a vessel for which "he discovered a great deal of love," says Pepys. The seamen once more resumed their sports —games of ninepins and the like. Mountagu also played, and that done, he went to his music, and struck up a set of Locke's, two trebles and a bass, with Pepys and Will Howe. Then "he fell to singing of a song, made upon the Rump":

> "Heaven bless the King, with his two brave Brothers,
> From Rumps and Lords of the House called Others,
> And hang these Rumping Sons of their Mothers,
> Which no body can deny."

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 399.
[2] *Sandwich MSS. Letters*, vol. i., f. 23.
[3] Pepys's *Diary*, April 17.
[4] Clarendon, *Rebellion*, book xvi., § 227.

Amid this revival of revelry the old order was forgotten. News of the changed face of England came continually to the fleet; one day the story of Monck dining at the Skinners' Hall, where the King's arms were set above his chair; another day the good people of Deal "setting up the King's flag upon one of their maypoles, and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the Castle threatened, but durst not oppose."[1] The elections for the new Parliament went merrily on, and Mountagu was chosen Member for Weymouth.[2] He was made a freeman of Dover, and the town would gladly have elected him.[3] He was also asked to succeed Monck as Member for Cambridge.[4] With the invitation came a letter to Mountagu from Anthony Ashley Cooper, telling the story of Lambert's last fight for the good old cause.

"There appeared with him six troops of horse in Daventree Fields in Northampton-shyre," runs the letter, "but when Coll: Ingoldsby came up, the kind men, without shewing much couradge, rendered themselves. Thus God has blasted the wicked in their reputations and bloodye designes, and I hope will bless us with a happy settlement."[5]

While England was gradually reconciled to the change, the fleet was the scene of open negotiations. There were frequent messengers to Mountagu from Charles, who was now at Breda. Charles had been informed that Mountagu had gone on board with a fixed desire to serve him.

"All that now remains undone to engage the Admiral towards the King's service is that the King

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, April 23 and May 2.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 73, ff. 378, 382, 384; 74, f. 445—letters relating to the election.

[3] *Ibid.*, 73, ff. 357, 382, 386, and 223, f. 200.

[4] *Ibid.*, 73, f. 400.

[5] *Sandwich MSS. Letters*, i. 23.

should write a letter to him noticing his intentions last summer, and expecting his performance now of what he then intended; it will be well taken, and is indeed expected."[1]

It is said that a letter was sent to Mountagu in January, in which the King announced his intention of making another attempt, and hoped the Admiral would do his part.[2] Any correspondence which passed between them in the early months of the year would naturally be destroyed, and a letter dated in April is the earliest available. The King began by an expression of pleasure that Mountagu had received his letters well. Then he continued:

"I know too well the use you may be to me in a good conjuncture, to expose you unnecessarily, and in an unfit season, therefore all I desire of you is, that you will give me your word, that you do and will take my business to heart; and then I shall, with all freedom, consult with you about the time, and other circumstances. . . . I do not think it agreeable to the confidence I have of you, or the trust I intend to repose in you, to say anything of what hath been done in former times, in which I know well by what reasons and authority you were led, and I do assure you I am so far from remembering anything to your disadvantage that I look upon you as a person to be rewarded."[3]

Mountagu's word was soon sent. He acknowledged the letters of the previous summer, and assured His Majesty of his duty and obedience, while he affirmed the readiness of the nation to welcome the King. "My accepting this commission," he adds, "under which I now act, was not without communication with, and advice of, faithful servants unto your Majesty,

[1] *Clarendon MSS.*, March 9. See also 70, f. 148.

[2] *Bodleian Library: Macray's Calendar of Clarendon MSS.*

[3] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 719. For the "reasons and authority," see Hyde's character of Mountagu.

that I might honestly do your Majesty a service in this capacity."[1]

The King's answer was returned immediately by young Edward Mountagu of Boughton.[2] "I know well what hazarde you underwent the last summer for my sake," said Charles; ". . . you have given me a greate taske to carry myselfe towards you as you deserve."[3] He added a hope that he and the Admiral would soon be better acquainted, and hinted that he would be ashamed if Mountagu were not satisfied with his kindness. A reply was then sent, couched in most courtier-like terms:

"The gracious reception your Majesty hath vouchsafed to give the humble tender of my Loyaltye unto you, proceedes from the same fountaine your first grace towards me came, namely your Royall and Princelye mind, greate in forgivinge injuries, and extending favour freely. . . . My life and fortune shall ever be devoted to your service."[4]

These were no empty compliments, since Mountagu had by that time assured the loyalty of the navy. The restoration of Charles depended on the form of a contract which was acceptable to the nation. On April 4 Charles issued the Declaration of Breda. The terms were simple—an amnesty to all who had taken up arms against the late King, except such as Parliament should exempt; liberty of conscience; the settlement by Parliament of claims on land; and payment of arrears due to the army.[5] On May 1, when both Houses of Parliament assembled, and Cavaliers and Presbyterians were in a decided majority, the King's declaration was read, with every sign of joy. The Lords voted that the government ought to be, and is,

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, iii. 724.
[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 132.
[3] *Clarendon MSS.*, 71, f. 212.
[4] *Ibid.*, 71, f. 311.
[5] The original declaration is among the *Sandwich MSS. Loose Papers*, f. 5.

in the King and two Houses, and that "the cause of all our miseries of late hath been the separation of the head from the body." In this vote the Commons concurred. "Your Lordship," wrote Thurloe to Mountagu, "will understand where the government resides now: this is all one day's work."[1]

It was with great satisfaction that Mountagu prepared to read the declaration to the fleet. As soon as he received the news he called Pepys, and decided upon the form of the reply. When the council of war was summoned, Pepys sat there, busy with his pen. "While they were discoursing upon it," he writes, "I seemed to draw up a vote, which being offered, they passed. Not one man seemed to say no to it, though I am confident many in their hearts were against it."[2] The men were loyal, "not one throughout the whole fleet showing the least dislike of the business." Salutes were prepared; Mountagu fired the first gun himself, and cried, "God bless His Majesty!" Then the fleet was given over to rejoicing; the yards were dressed with flags, and the continual boom of the cannon was answered by the guns at Deal and Sandwich. Caps were flung in the air, and loud "Vive le roi's" echoed from one ship's company to another. The commanders and gentlemen on the *Naseby* finished the day by drinking two pipes of good canary, which Mountagu had presented to them.[3]

While the ceremony was in progress, a letter arrived from Charles, which added to the day's delight. The King asked for instructions as to the place of his embarkation, and told him of an invitation to embark

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Letters*, i. 25; *Commons' Journals*, May 1.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, May 3.

[3] *Parliamentary Intelligencer*, May 4, E. 183, No. 12. The account there is taken almost word for word from the letter to Dolling which Pepys entered in his diary.

from France, but on this he awaited Mountagu's advice.[1] The Admiral anticipated Parliament's permission to write to Charles, and sent the King an account of the day's proceedings. He placed his services at the King's feet, and rejoiced that, though His Majesty received due respect from other states, the restoration was to be England's business.[2] So far matters were going so well that Mountagu's satisfaction was naturally boundless. He took Pepys into his cabin, and showed him his correspondence with the King and Duke. "I found by the letters," writes Pepys, "and so my Lord told me too, that there had been many letters passed between them for a great while, and I perceive unknown to Monck." But Mountagu, though his opinion of Monck was indifferent, admitted his power, and was willing to let him have all the honour. It is Monck that must do the business, he hinted to Pepys, "or at least that can hinder it, if he be not flattered and observed."[3] Mountagu at any rate had done his part, and that not an inconsiderable one; he had assured the loyalty of the fleet, a matter requiring tact and discretion, and was gratified at the good account he was able to send to the King.

For several days after this ceremony preparations were made for the King's reception on board the *Naseby*. Her prow was denuded of the Protector's effigy; he no longer trampled the nations under his feet. The Commonwealth arms were taken down, and the royal arms put in their place. The provision of flags was a difficulty: royal standards had been laid aside for twelve years; silk was at a premium; scarlet

[1] *Clarendon MSS.*, 72, i. 91.
[2] *Ibid.*, 72, f. 165. Printed in Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, iii. 104.
[3] Pepys's *Diary*, May 3.

waist-cloths were wanted to go round the rails of the ship, and red taffety was not to be had for love or money. Lastly, there was no royal barge to bring Charles from the shore, so that a barge was glazed, decorated, and sent down. To add to the warmth of the welcome, John Singleton was ordered to bring his band, and a "noise of trumpets" was prepared.[1] Visitors went to and fro—gentlemen of the bedchamber, messengers from the Parliament. Even Lawson caught the royal fever, and broached bottles of wine to the King and Duke. Everyone was impatient for the day of restoration, and none more so than Charles himself. The extremists in Parliament were inclined to make too many conditions, and the King begged Mountagu to bring over the fleet lest further delay should occur.[2] Monck was also uneasy:—

"Sir John Grenville came to me," wrote Mountagu in his journal, "with a message from Generall Moncke that the King's friends thought his Majesty's present repair to London was absolutely necessary, and therefore he wished mee to sail and waft the King over as soon as I could. Accordingly I engaged my word to Sir Jo: Grenville to do soe, and sent him over in a shipp to the other side to assure the King as much."[3]

This suggestion from Monck anticipated the formalities which Parliament had outlined. The two houses were sending a body of commissioners to tender the nation's loyalty, and expected the fleet to

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Loose Papers*, f. 7; *Commons' Journals*, May 10. Singleton soon lost the royal favour. "The King did put a great affront upon Singleton's musique, he bidding them stop and bade the French musique play, which, my Lord says, do much outdo all ours" (Pepys's *Diary*, November 20, 1660).

[2] *Clarendon MSS.*, 72, f. 349.

[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 133, May 10.

await the deputation.[1] But Monck had determined to do the whole business, and could count upon Mountagu to aid and abet. Monck's verbal message was sufficient; Mountagu made a few desultory inquiries, had a hot debate with his Vice-Admiral "whether it were safe to go and not stay for the commissioners," and then weighed anchor and left the Downs.[2] On May 14 the *Naseby* and her companions were off the Dutch coast near Scheveningen. The day following the King and his Court moved to the Hague, a few miles away from the anchorage. The Commissioners of Parliament, Manchester and Crew among them, arrived almost at the same time, and the Court took on its old appearance. Everyone was richly habited; the old days of penury and rags were at an end. Money had been sent, and Charles called his sister to look at the gold coins and bills of exchange before he would take them out of the portmanteau where they lay. He could hardly believe his good fortune. He was delighted, and full of tact, with a gracious word for everyone. He held many a reception. Mountagu's eldest son, a boy of about twelve, who had been brought by his father to see a memorable pageant, was taken ashore by Pepys to visit the King. Charles kissed the lad very affectionately, and Hyde, now the acknowledged Lord Chancellor, sent for the little boy and talked with him.

For four or five days the most terrible weather interrupted the visits and festivities, but on May 22 the King's two brothers, James, Duke of York, and Henry, Duke of Gloucester, came on board the *Naseby*, and were welcomed by the guns of the whole fleet. For the first time, James, the recently-created Lord

[1] *Commons' Journals*, order of May 10.
[2] Pepys's *Diary*, May 10-14.

High Admiral, stepped on board his finest ship; she had "one of the handsomest frames that ever sailed upon the sea," and was a fine mover. Mountagu had made his vessel ready for a royal reception. The cabins for the King were wainscoted and gilded, the beds furnished with the finest linen; the coverlets were fringed with gold and silver, and Turkey carpets were flung upon the floors. The entertainment was worthy of the surroundings. "The admiral's table was better served on the sea, than those of many princes are in their dominions"—so says Lower in his sumptuous relation. The plate, he continues, was all of silver, of prodigious greatness, laden with great pieces of roast beef; other dishes were "massier than the greatest washing basons that are ordinarily used," and so laden with meat that it seemed the whole fleet was to be fed with the remains of that table.[1] Allowing for some exaggeration, pardonable enough under such circumstances, it is evident that Mountagu entertained the Dukes in a manner worthy of the occasion. On that memorable day there assembled on board the flagship a little knot of men whose names live in naval history; under the awning, upon the quarter-deck, sat James and Mountagu, Coventry and Pepys, allotting the service of the ships for the summer. At the day's feast their future rival, the great Opdam, was an honoured guest. The *Naseby* was crowded with spectators, Dutch and English—among them Prince Maurice of Nassau and Sir George Downing. The fleet gave itself up to rejoicing, and the guns boomed throughout the livelong day.

While all was life and bustle in the fleet, similar scenes were enacted on shore. During the watches

[1] Sir William Lower, *A Relation . . . of the Residence of Charles II.*, etc.

of the long summer night, folk from the neighbouring towns and villages took up such places as the shore afforded, or paced the streets of the little town. When Mountagu rose, on what was to be one of the great days of his life, he saw upon the land great troops of horse and foot,[1] and a crowd which he estimated at one hundred thousand. Everyone was astir as early as possible, and about nine o'clock the Admiral, in clothes "very rich as gold and silver can make them," stepped into his barge. By that time the sea was covered with every kind of craft, and there was no more elbow-room on water than on land. About ten o'clock the crowds on shore slowly divided, and a way was made for the coaches which carried Charles and his train. Amid the blare of trumpets and the rattle of muskets, Charles stepped from his coach and entered a small barque, which the Dutch had garnished with tapestry, and decorated with garlands and crowns of flowers. In this vessel the King—together with the two Dukes, the Queen of Bohemia, the Princess of Orange and her son—was conveyed to the barge in which the Admiral awaited him.

As Charles stepped eagerly on board, and was received by the Admiral, the seamen cheered wildly, and threw their caps, and even their waistcoats and doublets, into the air.[2] For the first time King and

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, i. 134; Lower, *Relation*, pp. 105-108; Stephen Fox, *Memoirs*. See also the picture, by an unnamed Dutch artist, at Hampton Court.

[2] "While waiting him, his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd sails denied;
The wavering streamers, flags, and standards out,
The merry seamen's rude but cheerful shout:
And last the cannon's voice that shook the skies,
And as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
At once bereft us both of ears and eyes."

DRYDEN: *Astræa Redux*.

subject met. Mountagu saw a tall dark man, five years his junior, who kissed the Admiral affectionately on both cheeks, and overwhelmed him with compliments and thanks. The kiss was an act of oblivion. In a single moment the Civil War was forgiven, and all embarrassment between the two men was at an end. At eleven o'clock the barge came alongside the *Naseby*, and the royal standard flew out upon the breeze. The vessel which received Charles Stewart was rechristened; after dinner the name of the *Naseby* was altered to the *Charles*. Then came the leave-takings; the Queen, the Princess Royal, and the Prince of Orange, went ashore; anchor was weighed; "with a fresh gale and most happy weather," says Pepys, "we set sail for England." Charles walked actively about the ship, overjoyed at his inheritance. He revelled in the contrast of it all. He recalled the memories of his escapes; the four days on foot after Worcester, when he was dressed in a green coat and a pair of country breeches, and wore shoes which made him so footsore he could scarce stir; or a few moments later he told the story of his being made to drink his own health, that his hosts "might know him not to be a Roundhead, which they swore he was." And amid great mirth and feasting, and reminiscences from one Royalist and another, the two days' journey quickly passed.

On May 25 the company was close to the English shore. Charles, whose gaiety increased, would eat only ship's diet for his breakfast—pease and pork and boiled beef. The men were given a present of £500, and £50 was handed to "my Lord's" servants. After breakfast the King and the two Dukes went ashore in Mountagu's barge. At Dover further scenes of joy were enacted: a crowd of people, on foot and horse-

CHARLES II.

From a portrait by Sir Peter Lely

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back, welcomed their King; the Mayor presented a very rich Bible, which Charles took, "and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world." He stood for a time under a canopy talking to Monck and the others, and then, in a stately coach, set out for London. The army continued the pageant which the navy had begun. Mountagu felt that his work was completed; he was "almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world, that could give an offence to any, and with the great honour he thought it would be to him."[1]

The honour soon came; within twenty-four hours of the King's departure, a letter was brought to Mountagu from the Lord Chancellor announcing that the Admiral had been created an Earl, and asking for the style of the earldom and barony, in order that the patent might be prepared.[2] On the day following came a further honour; for the King sent Mountagu the Garter, the most prized of our distinctions. Pepys witnessed the ceremony, which took place upon a gorgeous summer Sunday, while the sound of bells was borne across the water. On board the *Charles* came Sir Edward Walker, Garter King-at-Arms, and brought the insignia, the George, and the Garter. These were laid upon a crimson cushion, while the letter which announced the creation was read in presence of the commanders of the fleet, who stood bareheaded. The herald then put the collar about Mountagu's neck, and the Garter about his left leg, and saluted him with joy as Knight of the Garter. The contents of the letter were of the warmest description; after reciting the history of the Order, one into which Emperors, Kings, Princes, and illustrious persons,

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, May 25. [2] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 210.

were admitted, the letter congratulated Mountagu on the extraordinary merit of his service—

"declaring your affection to us, and your resolution to serve us in a circumstance, when it was full of hazard and danger to you: and in the end disposing of the Fleete under your command to that entire obedience to us, which it hath so fully manifested."[1]

[1] *State Papers: Letter Book*, Charles II., No. 26, f. 9.

CHAPTER V

TANGIER AND DUNKIRK[1]

"That present and all future times may know,
How much to Monck and Mountagu they owe,
By them that great and mighty work was done
O' th' King's most happy Restauration.
A happiness so general we may call
It well, the Restauration of us all."

RICHARD FLECKNOE: *Epigrams*, 1673.

THE share which Mountagu had in bringing about the Restoration was considerable, and the work which he then did rounds off the second period of his life. Though his allegiance had changed from one family to another, his principles were fixed. He was always for a monarchy; he had been as urgent in importuning Cromwell to take the crown as he was industrious in bringing back the King. He had every interest in the end of legal chaos. He was a prominent landowner, and the father of a large family, and he wished to ensure some security of tenure for his heirs. As to religion his opinions had become modified; between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five he had time for observation, and changed from an enthusiast to a sceptic. He began life, under Cromwell's influ-

[1] Authorities: *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., most of which has been already printed in Kennett's *Register and Chronicle* (London, 1728); *Carte MSS.*; Pepys's *Diary*. In the *Hist. MSS. Comm.* see the *Eliot Hodgkin MSS.*, the *Heathcote MSS.*, and the *Sutherland MSS.*, at Trentham. Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, *The Continuation of His Life, etc.* (Oxford, 1759).

For the question of Tangier, see J. S. Corbett, *England in the Mediterranean*, vol. ii. Other authorities are given in the footnotes.

ence, as an ardent Independent, but became disgusted with sectarian struggles and jealousies. In the revolutionary years he saw that the "Saints" were much as other men were, and that few were inspired by the same motives as Cromwell on the one hand, or Vane on the other. In ten years Mountagu had time to tire of the various sectarian quarrels; he was sick of Socinians and Anabaptists, Fifth Monarchists, Diggers, Dippers, and the like; their continual conflict had sown doubt in his mind. He abhorred fanaticism, and looked upon the best solution of the religious difficulty as lying in uniformity and a Common Prayer Book.[1]

Mountagu's ideas were those which actuated the nation. With the restoration of Charles II., eighteen years of unrest and uncertainty were brought to a close. The period of constitutional experiment passed, and once again England trod the paths of tradition. The Restoration abolished military rule, and laid the foundations for Parliamentary supremacy. The Monarchy was hedged in with safeguards; the crown was replaced, but was made the figurehead of the vessel, and it was possible for Parliament to grasp the helm of the ship of State. The crudities of revolutionary law were swept away, and the country adjusted civil affairs upon the old legal basis. The services of the Church were freely enjoyed; the lessons of the Civil War were remembered by the Bishops. Few of them wished sacerdotalism pushed to extremes, and, though there was a period of conflict, Churchmen and Nonconformists at length forgot their differences in fighting against a common enemy. Within a few months the face of England was again composed: the lengthy thanksgiving sermons, and the screeds

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, May 15, 1660.

of verses made upon the Restoration, were the expression of a natural outpouring of relief.

For this relief both Crown and Parliament were indebted to George Monck and Edward Mountagu. The two men were rewarded as much for national as for personal services. Monck was made Duke of Albemarle, and received an ample estate. The rewards which Mountagu obtained came thick and fast upon him, and went far to justify his boast that he might have anything he would ask of the King.[1] He was made a Commissioner of the Treasury, Master of the Great Wardrobe, and sworn of the Privy Council. His earldom carried with it £4,000 a year, in addition to the honour of the title. At first he chose to take this from Portsmouth, and, as a second title, that of Viscount Mountagu of Hinchingbrooke.[2] The preamble to his patent was drawn up by Sir Richard Fanshaw, and Mountagu busied himself with making sketches for a more elaborate coat of arms.[3] Eventually he changed his title, and chose one from the Cinque Ports, off which his fleet had lain during the all-important month of May. He was created Earl of Sandwich, Viscount Hinchingbrooke, and Baron Mountagu of St. Neots. On June 19 he received the formal thanks of the House of Commons:

"God hath done you the honour to be the Conveyance of the greatest blessing that ever this nation received; you have landed our Sovereign upon the safest shore that ever English King set his foot upon, the Hearts of his people."[4]

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, October 3, 1660. [2] *Ibid.*, June 29, 1660.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 338. The little water-colour drawings of his supporters are interesting mementoes of Mountagu, which ought to be among the family papers. They are endorsed "Suggestions for my arms." He draws the triton (proper) holding a trident, but uncrowned; and has also a dragon, or, beaked, winged and membered gules, for an alternative sinister supporter.

[4] *Commons' Journals*, June 19. Pepys says that a motion for a further reward to Mountagu was quashed by Arthur Annesley.

On July 24 he bade farewell to the Commons, and two days later took his seat in the House of Lords, escorted by the Earls of Northampton and Lichfield, and preceded, as befitting his full dignity, by the Lord Chamberlain and the Garter King-at-Arms.[1]

The next few months were the most serene that Sandwich had in his life. Several years of doubt were over, and he looked forward to a more settled future:

"He was very merry," says Pepys, "and did talk very high how he would have a French cook, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches; which methought was strange, but he is become a perfect courtier."[2]

He spent much of his time with the King, journeying here and there to look at some new yacht, or joining the cronies at their games of cards. But Sandwich did not ignore the old friends, who now sought to use his influence. He helped to get his cousin, George Mountagu, chosen burgess for Dover. To Pepys he said: "You must have a little patience, and we will rise together; in the meantime I will do you all the good jobs I can."[3] He was even ready to contest with Albemarle for a place for his secretary, and resolved to get the place against the world. He exercised his influence with Charles on behalf of his brother-in-law, Sir Gilbert Pickering. To the end Sir Gilbert had held out against the Restoration, and now the time of revenge was at hand. So Lady Pickering begged for Pepys's assistance with "my Lord," and gave Pepys £5. That same night Sandwich went to supper with the King.[4] The work was done, and in a few weeks'

[1] *Lords' Journals*, July 26. His patent was dated July 12. See H. B. Wheatley: *Pepysiana*, appendix vi. The patent is there printed in full.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, October 20, 1660.

[3] *Ibid.*, June 2.

[4] *Ibid*, June 19.

time, on the motion of Lord Sandwich, the Peers pardoned Sir Gilbert Pickering.[1] Later in this same year Sandwich saw how fortune banters us, for he was on the bench when some of his old colleagues were indicted for their share in the late King's execution. The one whom Sandwich best knew, Sir Hardress Waller, did not suffer the death penalty; those who did were men such as Harrison, with whose opinions he had long disagreed, and who had been an active opponent of Cromwell. But Sandwich could not well refuse to be present in the Court, nor afford to have his loyalty doubted. He was not one of the mob who saw the regicides hanged, drawn, and quartered; and he was at least spared one great pain, for he was away from England when Cromwell's body was dragged up and buried again at Tyburn.[2]

The journey which took him away was in pursuance of his duties as Admiral of the Narrow Seas, whose business it was to escort royal personages to and from the continent. Early in September he embarked in the *Resolution* for Holland, in order to bring over the Princess Royal, and in the following January he conveyed the Queen-mother and Princess Henrietta, the King's favourite sister, to France. His ship, the *London*, was run aground by a careless pilot, and there was a delay at Portsmouth, where the Princess was taken ill. On January 25 the voyage began, and it was at this time that the insults were heaped on the Protector's body.

During this second journey the Earl had a chance of showing that the old Cromwell spirit was not dead, and that he was not the man to curry favour with the courtiers, however high they were in the King's esteem.

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Sutherland MSS.*, Report V., p. 155.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, October 13, 1660; January 30, 1661.

He was playing cards with the Duke of Buckingham and Lord St. Albans, when Buckingham began to over-reach him, and "to take up the money that he should have lost to my Lord." Sandwich said nothing, except "that he doubted not but there were ways enough to get his money out of him." But next morning he sent to the Duke "to know whether he did remember what he said last night, and whether he would own it with his sword and a second; which he said he would, and so both sides agreed."[1] It was only the intervention of the Queen, and of Lord St. Albans, who waylaid them at their lodgings, that prevented a duel. "The Duke is much blamed," said one, "and the King very angry with him for it;"[2] but Sandwich gained in reputation; he showed the courtiers that the old Cromwellian soldier was not to be made a target for Buckingham's raillery, and that the man who had taken the hard knocks of civil war was ready to have a brush with the most finished swordsman of the day.

After his return from France, Sandwich continued for a time about the Court. He was installed as a Knight of the Garter on April 15, and a few days later took a prominent part in the coronation of Charles II.[3] On the great day, my Lord, in a very rich suit which cost him £200, carried the staff of St. Edward. It was he who handed the pall of cloth of gold to the Lord Chamberlain, and he was one of the four Knights of the Garter who, during the ceremony of anointing, held the canopy over the King's head.[4] His little children came up from Hinchingbrooke; the pages and the footmen were put in new livery, and one page

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, February 7, 1661.

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Sutherland MSS.*, Report V., p. 159.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 506. The original summons, signed by Sir Richard Fanshaw.

[4] Sir Edward Walker, *Coronation of Charles II.*

HENRIETTA MARIA, THE QUEEN-MOTHER

From a portrait by Pierre Mignard

To face p. 194 of Vol. I

roused Sandwich's anger—he "had let my Lord's new beaver be exchanged for an old hat." What with entertainments, embroidered horse-cloths, and other expenses, the coronation cost him a heavy sum.

Each succeeding month Sandwich came into greater prominence, and a new office was given him—that of Master of the King's Swans and Bailiff of Whittlesea Mere.[1] But his most important work was yet to come. He took a large share in the arrangements for the King's marriage. Several brides were suggested, and there was some speculation as to the choice. The usual gossip preceded the announcement, and the King laughed over the many wives the world had given him. Sandwich, who was of course privy to what had been done, took Pepys aside and asked him what the world said.

"I answering as one that knew nothing," said Pepys, "he enquired no further of me. But I do perceive by it that there is something in it that is ready to come out that the world knows not of yet."[2]

A few weeks later, in May, 1661, Charles announced his intended marriage to Catherine of Bragança, sister of the King of Portugal. The match had been suggested before the Restoration. The Portuguese were anxious to obtain a valuable ally, for they were struggling to maintain a hard-won independence, wrested from Spain only a few years before, and were in need of English ships and soldiers. The marriage treaty put at their disposal the men who had fought at Mardyk and Dunkirk, and a fleet of considerable strength. In return for our help, the Portuguese offered 3,000,000 *livres* in money and jewels, and the cession of Bombay and Tangier. Naturally, the pro-

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, May 10, 1661. [2] Pepys's *Diary*, March 9, 1661.

posed marriage met with the stoutest opposition from Spain. Stories about the probable barrenness of Catherine were spread broadcast. The Spanish Ambassador also declared that Portugal, in ceding Tangier, was not within her legal rights, since he claimed that she was still a vassal of Spain.[1] His protests were loud, and he was supported by a faction in the Council. But when protest was followed by a threat of war, the obstinacy of England was aroused, and "the King very shortly replyd the King of Spain might do what he pleased in that; he valued it not."[2]

In her opposition Spain was tacitly supported by the Dutch, whose colonial interests were threatened in the Mediterranean, and who were jealous of the cession of Bombay.[3] They were ready to offer money in order to stop the match. On the other hand, France supported us. In her quarrel with Spain for European supremacy, she desired to hamper her enemy by covert means. Though she had officially abandoned a Portuguese alliance, she was glad to recognize England as her substitute, and saw in the match a powerful weapon with which to injure the House of Habsburg.

In England the Council was divided over the expediency of the marriage, and support came mainly from Albemarle and Sandwich. These two men carried over the policy of Cromwell, and the experience gained under him, as an asset to the Stewart government. The portion of Catherine's dowry most acceptable to the old Cromwellian was the cession of Tangier. The acquisition appealed especially to

[1] *The Copy of a Paper presented to the King's Most Excellent Majesty by the Spanish Embassador* (*Brit. Mus. Pamphlets*, 190, g. 13, f. 379).

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Sutherland MSS.*, Report V., p. 159.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 160.

Sandwich, and the King of Portugal spoke of him as "one that did most advance the happiness of this affair."[1] The work he had done five years previously now bore fruit. He had continually urged upon England the need for a Mediterranean port, in order to cover our West Indian trade; and he had surveyed Gibraltar, Tetuan, and the Barbary coast. When the business of Tangier came up, the King questioned Sandwich and Lawson about the place, for Lawson, who had recently been knighted, was to go into the Straits as Vice-Admiral.

"They both said they knew it well from sea; but that Sir John Lawson had been in it, and said it was a place of that importance, that if it were in the hands of the Hollanders, they would quickly make a Mole, which they might easily do; that now ships could not ride there in such a wind, but if there were a Mole, they would ride securely in all Weather; and they would keep the place against all the World, and give the law to all the trade of the Mediterranean."[2]

The acquisition of Tangier was wide-reaching in its effects; the advantage proposed from "this entire conjunction with Portugal" was the advancement of English trade and the enlargement of our territories and dominions.[3] As far as Sandwich was concerned, there was not only the thought of an extended empire; there was an immediate use for the place, as a protection for our trade against the attacks of piracy. The Turkish flag covered numberless dhows which were the refuge of broken-down rascals, the scum of every town in Europe, who fought side by side with the fanatics of the Koran. They pounced upon our vessels

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 588: the King of Portugal to the Governor of Tangier (Dom Luis d'Almeida).

[2] Clarendon, *Life*, ii. 151.

[3] *Hist. MSS. Comm: Heathcote MSS.*, p. 18: Charles II. to Sir Richard Fanshaw.

going to and fro between England and the Levant, and captured our cargoes of pilchards and salt, currants and fruit, oil and lemons. The dark dungeons of Africa held many a worthy merchant, and the homes of the infidel contained his merchandise.[1] Even the Spaniard, troubled as he was by our arrival in North Africa, made common cause over such pests, and entreated Sandwich to obtain the release of some Spanish prisoners taken by the Bey of Algiers.[2]

When the arrangements for the match were made, Sandwich was gratified by the news that he was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to escort the Queen to England. In addition he had to prepare the way for the occupation of Tangier. But before either could be done he was instructed to obtain a promise of peace or alliance from the Algerian pirates; and if they failed to give an undertaking not to search our ships, or delayed to guarantee the security of our commerce, he was bidden to declare war upon them, and if necessary to bombard Algiers.[3]

This was the type of work most dear to his heart, and within a few weeks he started upon his mission. Before going, he placed the affairs of the Wardrobe in the hands of the faithful Pepys, and joyed Pepys's heart by his confidences. On June 10 he was chosen Master of Trinity House, and dined with the Brethren.[4]

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, ff. 606, 607. A list of merchants captive in Algiers was sent to Sandwich, and he was petitioned to obtain their release. There is also a list of ten ships and their cargoes taken in the autumn of 1661.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 545: the Governor of Malaga to Lord Sandwich, July 16, 1661.

[3] *Ibid.*, 74, f. 338. The paper has draft instructions for Sandwich, with emendations in his own hand. The instructions relate to Algiers only. Those which concerned the marriage treaty were sent later. See also *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 449; and vol. 274, f. 2, has the original commission issued to Sandwich by James, dated May 10, 1661, "for a foreign expedition." Vol. 73, f. 512, has a list of officers on board the Algiers fleet, May 7, 1661.

[4] Pepys's *Diary*, etc.

Three days later he boarded his yacht at Deptford, and made for the Downs, where he hoisted his flag in the *Royal James*. The journey to Spain was uneventful. On July 4 Sandwich anchored in Malaga Road, and entertained the Governor of the place. After sending a letter from Charles to the King of Spain, and one from himself, asking for "friendly offices to the English," he again weighed anchor, and made for Algiers.[1] But a delay occurred, for he was seized with a "high fever," and put ashore at Alicante in order to recover his health. The report caused much consternation among his friends, and especially to Pepys. "If he should miscarry," says the diarist, "God knows in what condition would his family be!" The serious news was kept from Lady Sandwich, who was within a few days of her confinement, and she heard nothing of it until her husband's recovery, though it was the town talk for a week or more. The illness gave to the King and Clarendon an opportunity of showing their regard. Crew wrote and assured Sandwich that the Chancellor had expressed sincere anxiety for him, and could be reckoned henceforth "a great and real friend."[2] But three weeks before the news of his recovery reached London, Sandwich had left for Africa. In his journal he makes light of the illness, and it looks as though he were able to spend some of the time ashore in increasing his knowledge of the Mediterranean coast, for one report says that he was engaged on viewing the fortifications of Alicante.[3] On July 29 the fleet came to anchor off Algiers.[4]

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 550.
[2] *Ibid.*, 73, f. 579; 223, f. 232.
[3] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Dartmouth MSS.*, vol. i., p. 7.
[4] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 147.

On his arrival there, Lord Sandwich lost no time in stating his mission, and sent ashore his proposals for peace. But the Algerians would have no truck, without liberty to search our ships. They claimed that the last Admiral of England who had been in their waters had agreed to the search; and they affirmed that Cromwell's death had made all their agreements null and void. They knew no law but the Koran, and looked upon Sandwich's fleet as a slight to the ever-victorious Turkish Empire, and therefore bade him be gone. They refused to restore our ships, our goods, or our slaves, and they emphasized their refusal by preparing a boom across the harbour, and putting themselves in a posture of defence. When Sandwich saw this, he summoned a council of war, and resolved, as soon as the weather was favourable, to attack their shipping. For a few hours a dense fog delayed the attempt; then both wind and tide were unfavourable to the entry of the fire-ships, even if the boom was broken, "nor," says Sandwich, "could the leewardly squadron berth themselves."[1] The enemy, however, soon took the offensive. On the last day of July, about noon, they opened fire from the forts and castles of the town. Sandwich thereupon ordered his squadron to "veer in a cable or two nearer them, and fire our broadsides." But the waste of powder was to little purpose: as some of the English vessels were slightly damaged, and a few men were killed, Sandwich thought it best to "warp off out of shot." He had, however, scared the Algerians. From a townsman who swam out to him next day, he learned that the English had done con-

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 149. Sandwich has drawn a rough sketch of the plan of attack, and the manner in which his ships were disposed (see also *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 571: Sandwich to Winchelsea).

siderable damage to the town, and had killed a number of the Turks.[1]

An opportunity such as he awaited in order to renew the attack never came. A whole week of heavy gales, tropical rain, and great seas, hindered the attempt. Sandwich summoned the council of war; it was then resolved that the risk was too great, since the wind and weather had worsted us, and given the enemy time to strengthen their boom and mount more guns upon their defences. "It was no wissdome for us to waite any longer under that resolution," wrote Sandwich to Pepys, "and soe we applied ourselves to damnifye them at sea."[2] For that reason he wrote home for six of the best sailing frigates that could be spared.[3]

His plan was effective, and the presence of the English kept the pirates in check. Leaving Lawson to watch the Straits, Sandwich then set sail for Lisbon, in the hope of obtaining the reinforcements which he expected. On his journey he fell in with his old antagonist, De Ruyter. The Dutch Admiral was cruising off the African coast, nominally to protect Dutch shipping, in reality to watch Sandwich. The slightest excuse, and the Dutch and English would have been at each other's throats. An English attack upon the Spanish plate fleet would have led to instant reprisals, and there was fear in Lisbon that the Dutch would lie off the Tagus, and hinder the entrance of the Brazil fleet, which would have brought about a breach between Portugal and Holland.[4] But no excuse was found for hostility; the two Admirals

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 248; a pamphlet entitled *A True Relation . . . of the Great and Bloudy Fight*, etc. (London: printed for G. Horton, 1661.)

[2] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Eliot Hodgkin MSS.*, p. 152.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 575: Sandwich to York.

[4] *Ibid.*, 73, f. 631.

anchored side by side in Fuengirola Bay, and exchanged courtesies.[1] Then they parted. On August 25 Sandwich was at Tetuan, and endeavoured to make a treaty with the Governor of the place. The negotiations broke down over the question of goods, for Sandwich refused to guarantee immunity to any Tetuan goods found on board an Algerian pirate's man-of-war.[2] On September 6 he was once more in the Bay of Oeiras, and remained for some time off Lisbon. He was not inactive. "To avoide idlenesse," he wrote, "I goe to sea againe to-morrow, and see if wee cann light on any Turkes."[3] His presence in those waters ensured the safety of the Brazil fleet, for it was thought that De Ruyter would endeavour to capture it, but Sandwich had the satisfaction of seeing the fifty ships, with their millions, come safely to an anchor.[4]

The visit which Sandwich paid to Lisbon was purely informal, but he was received by the King of Portugal, the Queen-mother, and Catherine; he has however, left no record of the impression made upon him by the future Queen. He was probably prepossessed in her favour, for the picture of her which he had seen, and the report of those who knew her, made her out "a lovely little woman."[5] Besides his presentation to Catherine, he had other business in Lisbon. On September 20 he welcomed the English Envoy Extraordinary, Sir Richard Fanshaw, who was sent by Charles to help Sandwich in the preparations, and to relieve him when at sea.[6] Before he left

[1] Brandt, *Vie de l'Amiral de Ruyter*, p. 161.
[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., p. 154.
[3] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Eliot Hodgkin MSS.*, p. 161.
[4] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., p. 158.
[5] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Sutherland MSS.*, Report V., p. 160.
[6] *Ibid.: Heathcote MSS.*, p. 21.

the place the Earl witnessed a bullfight, and the account of the scene is given in his own words:

"This day I went to Lisbone to see the Huego de Toro which was in a square place before the King's palace, built on the two other sides with Scaffolds three storyes high hunge with Tapestry and carpetts rich accordinge to the qualitye of the noblemen and others to whom they belonged; a place railed in, in the middle to shelter foote men; and a tree Scaffolded for Trumpetts. The beginninge was a water cart, the men and horses and cart all trapped and covered with greene tissue came in to water the place and lay the Dust. Then divers persons clad Antiquely some with Gittarres, others with drumms and fiddles, dancinge, and tumblinge in severall setts and companyes. Then there was an officer of the Citty mounted on a very good horse and rich saddle, waited under the King's window for his commands. He was attended by severall, ten or more, with Pied coates and about six yellow coates and six greene coates with sharpe forkes. The pied coates, as soone as by the King's command a Bull was lett out, smote him with darts and playd at him to make him runn at them and then escaped him by throwinge off theire cloakes on his hornes. The men with forkes likewise provoked him and when he rann at them, then they exposed theire forkes to him all at once and stopt his carreere. The yellow coates when the bull was to be killed went and seased on him, one first throwinge himselfe betweene his hornes and then the rest fallinge in and cuttinge his hamstringes; and then killed him presently; whereupon there came in six horses all clothed and trapped with Greene Tissue, and coach men and postillions also, and soe seased a rope to the Bulls hornes and Galloped away with him out of the Quadrangle.

"After 3 or 4 bulls were tired and killed by the foot men then was another lett out and the Conde de Sargedas came in upon a fine well managed horse, very richly equipped, havinge 74 Lacquees come in before his horse, half in red liverees with silver lace, and half in Greene with silver lace. He marched up streight to the King's window and there went up towards it and backt his horse asterne three tymes to the King of Portugall; and the like to the Queene of

England; then turned to seeke out the Bull on a grave pace; and when he rann at him he neglectly tooke a lance out of his footman's hand and strooke him betweene the hornes upon the nape of his necke, and broke his lance, and in like manner encountered every bull that came out, he goinge out three or four tymes to mount fresh horses very richly equipped. They killed in all 13 Bulls that afternoone after one of the clocke. When all was Killed that ought to be, then the Conde went up againe and made his respect to the Kinge and Queene as before and went away. Then the Antiques danced againe and soe at sunsett the Company departed."[1]

This was one of the few festivities in which Sandwich then took part, for there was much to be done in the way of work. The occupation of Tangier was attended with many difficulties, and he proposed to hasten thither. To begin with, the cession was not to the liking of the Portuguese; had they been able to hold it, Tangier might never have formed a part of Catherine's dowry.

"The surrender of the place," wrote Fanshaw, "is as much overvalued in caballs here, as undervalued in England, and it must be only the improvement and enlargement thereof by changing masters that can justify the one and confute the other."[2]

Sandwich knew that jealous eyes watched his every move. The Spanish and Dutch were in concert against him, and the continued presence of De Ruyter, now in the Mediterranean, now in the Straits, was a real danger. He determined, therefore, to get back to Tangier and rejoin Lawson. On October 3 he sailed from Lisbon, taking with him the necessary vessels for disembarking the Portuguese troops.[3] He

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., ff. 159, 160. [2] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 592.

[3] His vessels were the *Royal James*, *Mary*, *Mountagu*, *Hampshire*, *Princesse*, *Colchester*, *Forester*; a ketch, four Portuguese carvels, "and one other desembarcador for Tangier" (*MS. Journal*, i. 160).

had resolved not to leave the place until it was safely delivered into his hands; so doubtful was he of the position of affairs that he expected to find a fleet of Spanish and Dutch men-of-war awaiting him, "and prepared for all events accordingly."[1]

When, after a week's sailing, he came to anchor in the bay, all was quiet, and hardly a vessel was in sight. There were great rejoicings at his coming; guns were fired from all the forts; for three nights the town was illuminated; and the fleet returned the salutes and hung out all their lights. But the festivities soon gave place to business; Lawson, who had rejoined him, was dispatched with a small squadron to watch the Straits, and Sandwich remained in the bay, awaiting a hunt for pirates. On October 24 a fleet of Dutch merchantmen was sighted, with four Turkish corsairs in full chase. The Admiral, with three of his vessels, went to the rescue, weighed, and stood after them. The weather was calm, and the Turks soon unshipped their great oars and pulled away from the English. Once outside the bay, terms were more level; but the start gained by the Turks was too great, and Sandwich reluctantly returned to Tangier. Such interludes were frequent: one day a vessel laden with Italian silks was rescued from the Arabs; another day came news that Lawson had driven a dhow ashore near Malaga, and captured her, and her crew of 150. Vessels daily put in for a convoy, and throughout the winter, life in the Straits was eventful and varied.

Meanwhile Sandwich prepared for the possession of Tangier. After the welcome was over, he was anxious to see the backs of the Portuguese. There was, indeed, some danger that the town might be lost before the English could obtain possession. The whole country

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Eliot Hodgkin MSS.*, p. 161.

round was terrorized by Ghailan, a Moorish chieftain, whose fastness was within a few miles of the city. His own opposition to English possession was strengthened by Spanish gold and Spanish intrigue; Christian and Moslem combined to make the transfer of Tangier as uncomfortable as might be. Timid Moors burned fires and made signs to Sandwich indicating a willingness for peace and commerce, but when boats were sent out to them from the fleet, it appeared that no bargain could be concluded without a licence from the great Ghailan.[1] The position was unsatisfactory. At length came word that an English fleet, and with it the new Governor, was ready to sail for Tangier. The news quickened Sandwich in his determination to keep a grasp on the place. He sent messages to Ghailan which calmed him for the time, and Sandwich received from the chieftain a present of oxen and sheep.

Yet no sooner had he wheedled Ghailan into a tolerant humour, than the cession was nearly wrecked by the ill-judged action of the Portuguese. Their horse, about 140 in number, sallied out into the country in search of plunder. They seized a great store of cattle, horses, and camels, and captured about forty Moorish women and girls. When within six miles of Tangier they were intercepted by the Moors, their leader was slain in the first charge, and the Portuguese abandoned their booty and dashed for the city, with the Moors in full pursuit. Men were killed, and horses captured, up to the very gates.[2]

This was a severe blow to European prestige.[3]

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., p. 167. A letter from Ghailan to Sandwich is in the *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 633. See also 75, f. 48.

[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 177 (January 12, 1662).

[3] E. de Faria y Sousa (*History of Portugal*, 1698) suggests that the Governor of Tangier had purposely sent out the inhabitants "upon pretence to repel the Moors," so that he might be allowed to deliver up the place without opposition (p. 503 of Stevens's translation).

Only the presence of the English fleet saved Tangier. The Governor begged the Admiral for his assistance. Sandwich was not the one to lose such an opportunity, and straightway sent off eighty men to help man the fortifications. A few days later, when the *Martin* frigate brought reinforcements, the Admiral sent his old comrade, Sir Richard Stayner, with 120 men into the town. By January 23 he could write in his journal: "I have between three and four hundred men in the Towne and Castles ; and the command of all the Strengths and magazines." In the bay were eight of our men-of-war ; at Cadiz, at Toulon, and at Zante, were frigates; Lawson had a squadron in the Straits. The ways to Tangier were in English hands, and our sailors were already in possession. When, on January 29, the new Governor, Lord Peterborough, arrived, the place was ours. The actual cession, the formal delivery of the keys, the presents of some silver spurs, a lance, and a horse with full trappings, were mere formalities. The regiments tramped gaily into the town, and the sailors returned to their ships; but it was owing to Sandwich and his prompt action that the soldiers could march in without striking a blow.

In Spain there was natural disappointment, and the same in Holland:

> "The Hogen Mogen's hearts did fry and burn,
> To be so nigh, and miss so good a turn."

For we had gained a place on which our rivals had cast envious eyes. After seven years Sandwich saw the Cromwellian policy of an African roadstead carried out. The part he played in its acquisition was commemorated by a gate, known as Sandwich Port. For three or four weeks he was continually ashore, con-

sulting with Peterborough, watching the departure of the Portuguese and the disembarking of English men and horses. He tossed about in a small boat while he took soundings, and drew plans for the great mole which was to round off the harbour. "You will receive a little longe box," he wrote to Pepys, "which is a mappe of Tangier which you must be sure noebody opens nor sees, but with your owne hand deliver it to his Royal Highnesse."[1] He bought some property in the town, some of it ruinous, but he arranged for his houses and gardens to be put in good order and let to suitable tenants.[2] He became during the rest of his life the unofficial guardian of the place. His interests made him so, and his correspondence testifies to the esteem in which he was held. He quitted Tangier with pride, and had he lived long enough it is certain that he would have opposed the abandonment of a place which he held to be so necessary to England.

Sandwich had now fulfilled what he considered the most difficult part of his mission; he left the town in Peterborough's hands, and prepared to sail. For a time the weather was unfavourable; at length, on February 18, he weighed anchor and made for Lisbon. He had a rough journey; on one occasion, after dining with Sir John Mennes, he had to spend three hours in an open boat before he could regain his ship. When, at the end of the month, he was once more off Lisbon, he had increased his knowledge of the Mediterranean. He felt himself a power; the Portuguese Ambassador announced that Sandwich was to sweep the seas of her enemies, and the news of the arrival of

[1] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Eliot Hodgkin MSS.*, p. 157. (The letter should be dated 1662.)

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 75, ff. 102, 103, 112, 138.

his fleet caused the Spaniards to fall back from a projected invasion.[1]

On March 1 the fleet came to an anchor in the Tagus, opposite the monastery of Belem. There Sandwich received his commission and instructions concerning the marriage, and celebrated the ratification of the treaty with a salute of forty-one guns. Various visits were paid to him by the grandees, and all was done with that elaborate formality associated with the Portuguese Court, while Sandwich in return worthily upheld the honour of his country.[2] On March 13 he made his public entry into Lisbon. He and his whole retinue landed at Belem, and proceeded thence to the city. A lengthy procession was formed, headed by numerous horsemen; then came some thirty coaches, in which rode the great nobles. Sandwich rode in state, last of all. He was preceded by six trumpeters, and his coach was drawn by six horses, and surrounded by pages and gentlemen-at-arms.[3] On his arrival in the city he was lodged at the house of a great noble. The next day he was presented to Catherine, and handed her one of those charming letters with which Charles enlivened his courtship; the King expressed his longing for the Queen's arrival, and pressed her speedy embarkation. And Sandwich, in reporting the delivery of the letter, wrote that he would soon "convey unto his Majesty's embraces the most lovely and agreeable person of the Queen, beyond

[1] Clarendon, *Life;* Santarem, *Quadro Elementar das Relacões*, vol. xvii., p. 209.

[2] See Frémont d'Ablancourt, *Mémoires*, p. 96. Miss Strickland (*Queens of England*, vol. v.) gives a detailed account of Sandwich's reception, which was elaborately planned. Her chief authority is Santarem, vol. xvii., pp. 236, 256, etc.).

[3] Dirk Stoep's engravings of the ceremonies. A complete set is in the British Museum.

whose excellencies no human eloquence can make your Majesty's expectation to exceed."[1]

It was, however, some weeks before Catherine could leave Lisbon. During the winter Sandwich had heard that she was impatient, and willing to embark. "She is of so masculine a spirit," said the writer, "that a winter voyage will not detain her,"[2] but Catherine had to wait in patience, and to content herself with preparations for her new life; "practesienge to go currantly in English shooes with hyghe heeles." Even an accident she thus sustained did not damp her ardour: "nothing," said a courtier, "could damage her desire to be in England."[3]

But an unfortunate delay occurred; the payment of Catherine's dowry, which amounted, in money, to £300,000, proved a large sum for Portugal to find at such a time. The treasury was drained by the cost of six years' continual warfare; her Brazil fleet was in frequent danger from her enemies; trade in general was bad. When Sandwich saw the schedule of the Queen's dowry he suffered a rude shock. He had understood that the portion was to be paid in "money, jewels, sugars, or other merchandise," and now the schedule provided for at least half the dowry in bills of exchange, which were mere promissory notes upon future cargoes. Sandwich was in despair; he visited Catherine, who begged him to meet her upon the matter, since she "had overcome almost impossibilities to hasten her voyage."[4] The Ambassador replied that no person should be more careful to master all kinds of difficulties in this service than himself; and on the following day he gave the Queen a paper

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, vol. iii., appendix, p. 20.
[2] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 598. [3] *Ibid.*, 73, f. 608.
[4] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., p. 191.

THE ENTRANCE OF LORD SANDWICH INTO LISBON, 1662

From an engraving by Dirk Stoep

To face p. 210 of Vol. I

concerning his instructions, "to avoid uncertainties of interpretation." But the business proceeded slowly; at the rate the goods were put on board, delay was likely to be long. Sandwich begged that at least the first instalment should be all in merchandise, but was told that "it was unreasonable, and impossible for all Portugal to doe it."[1] He had much trouble over the affair, and it was not until Catherine had made many appeals that he allowed his sense of chivalry to influence him; and having a good portion of the money, he resolved to depart. "Things have been despatched here with greater haste than this people (I believe) have been known to make," he wrote to Charles, "though not so fast as I have desired and urged them unto."[2] Sandwich compromised; he yielded to Catherine's persuasions, and on April 12 prepared to sail.

The next day Queen Catherine took leave of the people of Portugal. The windows in Lisbon were gay with rich carpets and hangings, and the streets were lined with soldiers. About ten in the morning Sandwich went ashore, and was conveyed to the palace in the King's coach, escorted by the Master of Ceremonies. At the palace he was received by the King, the Infante, and the two Queens. After Catherine had taken leave of her relatives "with that decency and constancy that was admirable to see," a procession was formed. The Queen of England drove alone in her coach; then came an empty coach of respect, and then my Lord of Sandwich in his coach, followed by numerous Portuguese nobles, ranged according to their dignity. At the cathedral all alighted; the King led Catherine by the hand; Sandwich, with the Infante,

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., p. 192.
[2] *Clarendon State Papers*, vol. iii., appendix, p. 20.

Dom Pedro, walked as far as the choir; and Mass was celebrated with all the gorgeous pomp and ritual of the Roman Church. But since Sandwich was an heretic, he was conducted by three of the great nobles to a retiring-room specially prepared for his repose. When Mass was over, he again resumed his place of honour, and the procession was re-formed.

After a brief interval the coaches drove slowly round the city. The pageant passed through the great square, which was decorated with triumphal arches, festooned with flowers, and a magnificent trophy was erected to St. George.[1] Soldiers fired salutes, and through a dense crowd which gazed from window and balcony the procession proceeded to the water-side. At this point a special stage had been built for the Queen's embarkation. It jutted out towards the sea, and was roofed in and "all hanged richly and floored with carpetts." There Catherine stepped into the royal barge, and was escorted by her brother to the *Charles*, amid the salutes of the whole fleet. Sandwich had done everything to improve the appearance of the ship, and Catherine was well lodged. The woodwork of the vessel had been newly gilt, her bulwarks were hung with scarlet cloths, and the windows of the Queen's cabin with taffety and damask. New and costly carpets were spread upon the floors; the bed was of "crimson velvit lined with gold collered sadtaine; the fring all gold: the two cabins hunge with the same of the bed, crimson velvet, with a little gold fring about the tope and dores."[2] Such were the decorations which greeted the eyes

[1] See Dirk Stoep's engravings, and D. Antonio Caetano de Sousa, *Historia Genealogica da Casa Real Portugueza*, book vii., p. 295; *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 198; and *Quadro Elementar*, vol. xvii., p. 236.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 366: Lady Sandwich to Lord Sandwich, November 13, 1661.

of the Queen when she went on board her ship, and she had time to take stock of her surroundings before the voyage began. For several hours the vessels remained in the river; "when the eveninge came," says Sandwich, "the shipps shewed out lights at every porthole and in their topps and yards, and fired rocketts and squibbs very handsome to see in the night-tyme." At midnight on April 14 the King came in a barge "with his musique, very good voices, and lay at the sterne of our shipp, and gave the Queen musique."

On the following morning the fleet set sail. The new experience for Catherine was disastrous; little wonder, since she "scarse ever was out of the Pallace door before." "As soon as we were out at sea," says Sandwich, "the Queene and all the ladies were seasicke." Throughout the first part of the journey the winds were unfavourable, but later Catherine recovered, though she never appeared on deck. "She lives after the manner of Portugal," said a fellow-traveller, "and the Marquis of Sande rules all."[1] Creed told Pepys

"how recluse the Queen hath ever been, and all the voyage never come upon the deck, nor put her head out of her cabin; but did love my Lord's musique and would send for it down to the state room, and she sit in her cabin within hearing of it."[2]

As they neared England a frigate was dispatched with various letters for the King, the Duke, and Clarendon. On May 4 the fleet was in sight of the Scilly Isles, and two days later anchored south of St. Michael's Mount. The weather became more favourable and

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 31, f. 488: Sir Henry Wood to Ormond, at sea, May 4. The Queen's train consisted of 250 persons, including two Countesses an forty-eight other women.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, May 24.

the water smooth. On May 11, off Tor Bay, the Duke of York came aboard the *Charles*, and for the rest of the journey his yacht joined the fleet and he visited the Queen daily.

Sandwich had by that time fulfilled his mission. He saw the Queen's reception at Portsmouth, walked among the nobles who escorted her coach, and witnessed part of the marriage ceremonies. Then, on May 23, he came up to the Wardrobe and joined his family. He looked merry and well, said the devoted Pepys, "and my soul is glad to see him." He was in the highest spirits, and in his most optimistic mood. His future, he felt, was now assured. At dinner he regaled the guests with stories of his voyage, and told them his impressions of the Queen, "a very agreeable lady." Good news, too, had come from Algiers, for Lawson had concluded the work the Admiral had left him, and had made peace with the Algerines on favourable terms. So the day ended merrily for Sandwich. He talked over the profits of his embassy. He had received a bag of gold containing 1,000 *moidores* from the King of Portugal,[1] and the Queen gave him another, worth £1,400, which Pepys looked upon as "no honourable present." And when the accounts were cast up, about £10,000 remained over, which was granted to Sandwich for his expenses and as a reward;[2] but the Ambassador had already paid out considerable sums for his entertainment, and his profits were in reality smaller than they appeared. He had every reason to feel gratified with the result of his mission, and, while things went well with Charles

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 198.

[2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, December 15 and 31, 1662. The accounts are in *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 645. Out of £38,076 expended (*i.e.*, 217,785 *crusadoes*), £13,572 was assigned for Tangier; £2,000 for the Queen's voyage; £12,255 for the fleet; £10,248 for the charges of the embassy (March, 1662).

and Catherine, he was looked upon as one of the chief authors of the nation's joy :

> "Heaven's was the work, yet in these Royal Scenes
> The Supream Agent's pleas'd to work by meanes,
> Angels have joyn'd their hearts, and now their hands
> By men must be conjoynd in Wedlock bands.
> The management of which affair was due
> To none alive (Lord Mountagu) but you."[1]

From the time of the marriage Sandwich became aware that his success had aroused certain jealousies. The two years of real serenity had passed, and now he realized that it required more than service to retain a position at Court. He had none of that light wit which was a sure passport to the King's favour, and the prominent part he had taken in an ill-assorted match endeared him neither to Charles nor to Catherine. Soon after his return to England he showed signs of anxiety. He talked to Pepys for two hours over his "state and interest," for he found it no easy matter to steer clear of differences at Court. But the chief care Sandwich had was as to his position in the navy. Throughout his whole career he had to contend with a certain amount of jealousy from the Duke of York, who was inclined to "have him out" of his commission as Admiral. Sandwich realized that for the work he did others obtained the glory. In the articles of peace for Algiers, he found his own name omitted, and replaced by those of Lawson and the Duke.[2] Since the original instructions were given to Sandwich, and he had planned the attacks and borne the burden and heat of the day, he was angered

[1] *Iter Lusitanicum*, by S. H. (London, 1662).

[2] The articles of peace were published in *Mercurius Publicus*, June 26, 1662, when only Lawson's name appeared. In a reprint and confirmation of the articles, dated 1664, the name of the Duke of York was added to Lawson's (*Somers Tracts*, vii. 555).

that James, the stay-at-home, should have the credit; though as long as the Duke's name was omitted as well as his own he had no objection to Lawson's standing.

"Here," says Pepys, "I find my Lord very politique, for he tells me that he discerns they design to set up Lawson as much as they can: and that he do counter plot them by setting him up higher still; by which they will find themselves spoiled of their design, and at last grow jealous of Lawson."[1]

Sandwich talked of this plan with much pleasure, smiling and enjoying his unwonted subtlety. But he was lost in a maze of intrigue, and thought that if William Coventry, the Duke's adviser, were once out of the way, he might be able to steer a clearer course, and even have the Duke's friendship. For James had from time to time expressed his appreciation of Sandwich, and it was not until later that jealousy really ripened. The two men were agreed over the question of commands, for which they thought the old captains who had been trained under the Commonwealth were the fittest choice. The navy was still full of these old servants of the Parliament, but there was a tendency to replace them by the "King's new captains," and appointments needed care. Over this Sandwich was really discreet, for he told James that compromise was the best, and that the King's new captains ought to be borne with a little and encouraged.

"By which," said Pepys, "he will oblige that party, and prevent, as much as may be, their envy; but he says that certainly things will go to rack if ever the old captains should be wholly out, and the new ones only command."[2]

Sandwich, despite the dangers of intrigue, still retained his position as Admiral of the Narrow Seas.

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, June 27, 1662. [2] *Ibid.*

In the summer of 1662 he crossed to France in order to bring over the Queen-mother, a service he had performed before. He appears to have been a favourite both of the Queen and of her daughter, the Princess Henrietta, for they begged him to visit Paris on his return from Portugal.[1] Both continually expressed their esteem of the Earl, and Madame announced her marriage to Sandwich through his cousin, Abbot Walter Mountagu, with the wish that Sandwich should have an extraordinary share in her joys by her assurance of the continuance of her favour.[2] On this particular journey the pleasure of escort had attendant troubles. The weather was so foul that it lessened Pepys's esteem of a king, "that he should not be able to command the rain." The ships lost their cables, sails, and masts, and for some days no tidings of Sandwich were to be obtained. On July 23 it was reported up and down the town that my Lord was lost; and when news of his safety came, Pepys had to write and reassure Lord Crew, my Lady, and the family. On July 28 the Queen-mother reached Woolwich, and on July 30 Sandwich was safe in London. The peril had been really considerable—so much so that one courtier looked at Sandwich, threw Earldom, Garter, and all my Lord's honours into the balance, and amid the noise of the tempest called out to him: "God damn me, my Lord, I won't give you threepence for your place now!"[3]

After this perilous adventure Sandwich had a few weeks' quiet, now in London, now at Hinchingbrooke; for the money which was due to him for his embassy was not yet paid, and he said that by keeping his

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, ff. 249, 250.
[2] *Ibid.*, 223, ff. 59, 61.
[3] Pepys's *Diary*, July 30, 1662.

family awhile in the country he was able to save a little.[1] On October 2 he was again in London playing the courtier, dancing at my Lady Castlemaine's, or watching the puppet plays at Whitehall. But this gaiety was mingled with serious business, for the Council was then engaged upon an affair in which Sandwich played a leading part.

For the past three years France had considered the possibility of our abandoning Dunkirk, and had cherished hopes that Richard Cromwell might be induced to sell the town, but no advances were made, for the French Ambassador saw that public opinion was wholly opposed to the transaction.[2] Now matters had changed. Charles was already sorely in need of money. He was attempting to pay his own debts and those of his father, and at the same time, with easy-going generosity, he lavished Crown leases, gifts, and royal bounties, on scores of applicants. His Treasurer, Lord Southampton, as honest a man as ever faced a like muddle, was at his wits' end. By some means or another money must be had. The Queen's dowry was still in part unpaid, and the Portuguese match had not fulfilled our expectations. In July four-fifths of the first moiety was still to come, and all that we had was already consumed by the growing expenses of the kingdom.[3]

This question of the Queen's dowry was one which touched Sandwich. He had been blamed, unjustly, for the delay in payment, and it is conceivable that he looked to the sale of Dunkirk as some compensation for our earlier disappointments. He regarded the

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, August 23, 1662.

[2] Guizot, *Richard Cromwell*, ii. 313.

[3] *Calendar of Treasury Books*, July 15, 1662; and see Introduction by W. A. Shaw.

place as too costly for us to keep, and entered with zest into the schemes for its alienation.

The date at which the sale of the town was first proposed is not known, but one of the articles in the marriage treaty with Portugal provided "that Dunkirk should never be parted withall to the Spaniard. This," says the writer, "proves sufficiently that the French began early to work by Portugal towards the bargain they at last obtained."[1] As soon as the treasury of Charles II. began to feel the burden both of Tangier and Dunkirk, it became obvious that one must go. To the Lord Treasurer, Southampton, it was probably a matter of indifference; to the seamen it was otherwise. Albemarle was for the Mediterranean policy, and so was Sandwich. He had more knowledge of Cromwellian projects than any living man, more experience of the Mediterranean. He remembered the days when, as Sea-General Mountagu, he surveyed Gibraltar and reported on Tetuan. A harbour in the Straits was a definite aim of the Protectorate; the cruises of 1656 and 1657 had been to that end. Dunkirk came to us, as it were, by a side wind; the town had no part in any scheme of an extended empire. It was, as Cromwell said, a pistol pointed at the heart of Europe, a stronghold to awe the Catholic. It was useful, too, in order to keep watch upon our Dutch rivals, and upon the numerous privateers who swarmed in those seas. In Cromwellian policy, the guardianship of the Straits was the ideal; and now that a port was obtained in time of

[1] *Clarendon State Papers*, vol. iii., appendix: Southwell to Clarendon. In the *Carte MSS.*, 214, f. 230, there is a letter from Peter Talbot to Ormond, saying that Louis XIV. has offered, through Walter Mountagu, "a million of crowns for the business"—though he does not explain what the business was—and the writer adds: "I believe you may have much more, and whatsoever you please" (June 22, 1660).

peace, and Tangier was ours, Sandwich was determined to keep it. It was strategically the most desirable, and must be retained.[1] The expense of Dunkirk since the Restoration amounted to over a quarter of a million, and Sandwich was aware that, at that rate, one place must go. To have made Dunkirk a stronghold would have needed more money than we could possibly raise, and the Admiral thought that one side of the Straits of Dover, with a powerful fleet, was sufficient check upon our immediate neighbours. And as he moved the acquisition of Tangier, he moved with equal ardour the sale of Dunkirk.

When the transfer was certain, Spain, the natural purchaser, was ignored, and the place was offered to France. Early in August, 1662, the French Ambassador, Comte d'Estrades, arrived in England, and plunged at once into negotiations with Clarendon, who at first disapproved of the plan. He foresaw that it would be unpopular, and that the business should be "broken" secretly, but nevertheless conducted the bargain.[2] On September 1 the King authorized Commissioners to deal with the sale; the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, Albemarle, and Sandwich, were then appointed.[3] The bargaining lasted several weeks, for the English asked a high price.[4] The French account, given in the Envoy's letters, nowhere indicates that Sandwich played any active part in the negotiations. He was in the main a silent man, and his speaking, Pepys says, was in-

[1] For the strategic importance see J. S. Corbett, *England in the Mediterranean*, vol. ii., pp. 11, 12.

[2] *Clarendon State Papers*, vol. iii., appendix, p. xxii; *Continuation of the Life*, etc., ii. 384 (edition of 1759).

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, September 1, 1662.

[4] *Carte MSS.*, 31, f. 602: "Mons. d'Estrades came here upon pretence to bring the Queen Mother, but really to buy Dunkirk. Before he left Paris he would have given a million of pistolles, but since coming here he is better informed of our state, and returns without offering near that sum."

different. He allowed the actual transaction to be completed by his colleagues; during most of September he was at Hinchingbrooke, and only returned to London shortly before the bargain was sealed.

On October 17 Dunkirk changed hands for 2,500,000 *livres*. The French hugged themselves with joy, and looked upon the news as incredible. The outcry in England was enormous. Discontented merchants came to Whitehall and protested against the treaty, for they said that the place would become a nest of privateers, "and that thereby all their trade must be ruined."[1] "I am sorry to hear," says Pepys, "that the news of the selling of Dunkirk is taken so greatly ill, as I find it is among the merchants."[2] The blame for the transaction fell upon Clarendon, who had conducted the haggling, though the matter had been decided without his knowledge. Even d'Estrades got the impression that the rest of the Commissioners were against the sale, and that they laid the whole load upon Clarendon as the sole author of the treaty.[3] The prominent part which he had taken made of him a scapegoat, and the public fixed all the blame upon him. They weighed all their troubles and scandals—the King's neglect of his wife, the Queen's Popish practices; and some declared they would rather be governed by the Long Parliament than by the upstarts now in the saddle.[4] They swore that much of the Dunkirk money found its way into Clarendon's pocket, and went to help the building of his new home. Dunkirk House was its nickname; the rhymester jeered him, and he was affronted about it to his face.

[1] Edward Combe, *The Sale of Dunkirk* (London, 1728), p. 126. The book is mainly a translation of the letters of Louis and d'Estrades.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, October 19.

[3] D'Estrades, *Mémoires*, i. 405 (edition of 1743).

[4] *Clarendon MSS.*, October 31, 1662.

It was not seen that the cession of Dunkirk was such a sound scheme as Sandwich maintained. He owned at once to have had much to do with the business, and took upon himself to defend it. He told Pepys that he wondered any wise men should be troubled at the sale, and scorned their talk against it, for he said that the value of the place was overrated.[1] The question of strategy concerned Sandwich rather than the question of price; it was to him everything, for he was so obsessed with the Mediterranean idea that he was prepared to see the harbour of Dunkirk ruined, and its forts demolished, rather than retain it as an unnecessary expense.[2] It was evident that he had not anticipated the storm which broke about his head. He recurred to the matter again and again, and made no secret of his part in the business. He gave his reasons a year or two later; he said that the port of Dunkirk could never be made commodious for shipping, for the sea was so tempestuous, and the grounds so various, and so rolling upon every storm, that there would never be certain access to the harbour.

"And therefore," said he to Southwell, "I was the first man that, upon the considerations, moved the King to part with Dunkirk and all the burden of that chargeable garrison, though it happens that Lord Clarendon bears the blame."[3]

Sandwich, however, thought it wise to preserve his good name in the matter, and a few months later he sued out a pardon for all offences, which contains special mention of Dunkirk.[4] There is no doubt that

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, October 27. [2] Combe, *Sale of Dunkirk*, p. 53.

[3] *Hist. MSS. Comm: Leyborne-Popham MSS.*, p. 250. There is a similar statement by Southwell in the *Clarendon State Papers*, vol. iii. It should be borne in mind that when Clarendon was actually indicted for his share in the matter, Lord Sandwich was in Madrid. See Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, ii. 169.

[4] *Carte MSS.*, 274, f. 3, October 12, 1663. This is a very handsome parchment document, illuminated, and with a portrait of the King inset.

he had need of it. What was really a wise act was looked upon for many years as an almost incredible mistake. In 1664 a small pamphlet appeared in defence of the surrender. It was a piece of special pleading, and supplements the objection which Sandwich brought forward. The writer suggests that Dunkirk was useless for an attack upon France or the United Provinces, for it was surrounded by neutral territory. He thought that "keeping such a costly key" would only draw war upon us, and it were wisdom to leave it a bone of contention between France and Spain.[1] The pamphlet provoked replies, and did not console the English for their loss. The business formed a count in each indictment against Clarendon; and when the Chancellor fell from power, some of the odium was transferred to Sandwich. Many of his enemies were anxious that he should be called to answer for it. But that was years later; in 1662 Sandwich was still a power at Court. He had just brought over the Queen, with the promise of a rich dowry, and he had given us possession of Tangier; so that Pepys, at the close of the year, records: "My Lord Sandwich is still in good esteem, and now keeping his Christmas in the country."[2]

[1] *A Discours of Dunkirk with some Reflexes on the Late Surrender thereof*, etc.; *Thomason Tracts*, E. 1957, No. 12.

[2] This chapter was written before the publication of *The Acts and Ordinances of the Interregnum* (edited by C. H. Firth and R. S. Rait). The book goes far to modify the prevalent idea of the crudity of revolutionary law.

CHAPTER VI

FAMILY LIFE (1661—1665)[1]

"What we get, how wise they keepe, by sparing, wants preventing;
Sorting all their household cares to our observ'd contenting."

THOMAS CAMPION.

THE embassy to Lisbon was the climax of a strenuous and exciting period of Lord Sandwich's life; for within two years he had taken part in the restoration of the King and in great doings at Court. His success was considerable, his star at its zenith; and his standing was sufficient to raise in him great expectations. But after the sale of Dunkirk there came a decline. Sandwich lacked employment suitable to his temperament. He cared little for the tedious routine of the Wardrobe; there was nothing to do at sea, and he had no great love for the intricacies and meanness of political life. Long gaps in his journal indicate his lack of interests, and for two whole years not a single line was written. Though from time to time the State papers afford traces of his movements, the main records of his life are preserved in the pages of Pepys.

These two or three years were not wholly barren of interest, for my Lord was able to devote much of his time to family affairs. His home was gradually surrounded by an extensive estate. In addition to

[1] Authorities: The *Carte MSS.* contain most of the family letters for this period. Pepys's *Diary* (Wheatley's edition) has been extensively used; other works are mentioned in the footnotes.

the Mountagu heritage at Alconbury and Stukeley, Sandwich bought more land near Huntingdon. "For the better support of himself and his family in the Dignity to which we have so deservedly advanced him," as the warrant has it, the Earl of Sandwich was granted £4,000 yearly.[1] Since the Treasurer did not want this to be a charge on the Crown lands, part of the sum was made up by fee farm rents, and a part by estates confiscated "during the late troubles."[2] The fee farm rents were granted round Huntingdon and Godmanchester; the first of the estates included the manors and manor-houses of Lyveden and Churchfield, "in Oundle or elsewhere," lately held by the Treshams.[3] To make up the full amount, which was not easily done, some fee farm rents in the Duchy of Lancaster were offered to the Earl of Sandwich, and those he selected are still held by his successor.[4] He also obtained the reversion of certain lands round Brampton, worth close on £700 a year, which formed part of the jointure of the Queen-mother.[5] He then purchased the rights over the rest of the manor, which was worth in all £2,400 a year. At the same time he was granted a right to preserve the game within a radius of twenty miles round Hinchingbrooke.[6] In a few years an estate was acquired which befitted an earldom. And when Sandwich ceased to represent his shire in the House of Commons, he was gratified by his appointment as Lord Lieutenant of the county.[7]

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 498. [2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, August 21, 1662.
[3] *Ibid.*, November 2, 1660.
[4] *Ibid.*, September 9, 1662. They were valued at £904 17s. 8d.
[5] *Ibid.*, October 24, 1662; August 15, 1663; June 25, 1664, etc.
[6] *Ibid.*, January 10 and 13, 1663. The fee farm rents of Brampton Manor were in fifteen counties (*ibid.*, p. 35).
[7] *Carte MSS.*, 274, f. 24. The commission is a very handsome vellum document, illuminated.

His rank and dignity made it necessary that he should keep up a large household. As soon as he was created an earl his expenses rapidly increased. He had a master of the horse, engaged several extra servants, and was attended by a page, Laud Crisp. My Lady, too, must needs have a French maid, though neither could understand the other until Mistress Pepys came to interpret. My Lord retained Samuel Pepys, the secretary, and two young "servants" who had been with him in the Sound—John Creed and Will Howe. Then there was Robert Barnwell, the agent, who died in 1662, and Henry Moore, who acted as governor when my Lord was at sea, and arranged most of the money matters. There was a chaplain and a housekeeper, a waterman in quaint uniform, several coachmen, several footmen, and Edward Shepley, the steward at Hinchingbrooke. In all, the establishment was increased to some forty servants, and my Lord brought back from Lisbon a little Turk and a young negro as pages for his daughters. When Sandwich and his lady travelled, a dozen people attended their coach and that which contained the "mayds and parson." The establishment was far more imposing than in the old days when Sir Sydney Mountagu gave up his simple housekeeping to his son Edward.

For such a large retinue Sandwich needed a larger house, and he set to work on rebuilding Hinchingbrooke. He lavished care and money upon the place, and the fruits of his embassy to Lisbon are seen in the beauties of his home. At this time the house consisted of the old nunneries and the additions made in Elizabeth's reign by the "Golden Knight." An early eighteenth-century engraving, made thirty or forty years after Sandwich died, shows the addition,

in Jacobean style, of an east wing.[1] There are, however, among his papers no plans to show exactly what was done, and the house has since undergone many alterations, which render the date of the improvements somewhat uncertain.

The work there was begun before the embassy to Lisbon, and Sandwich was probably his own architect, just as he was ready to advise Pepys about the alterations in the house at Brampton. The execution of the work was in the hands of Kennard, the master-joiner at Whitehall, and of Philip Packer, who consulted with Sandwich as to the improvements designed. Most of the building was done in 1661. "To Hinchingbrooke," writes Pepys, "which is now all in dirt, because of my Lord's building, which will make it very magnificent." But a few weeks later he comments on the condition of the house, "which is yet very backward, and I fear will be very dark in the cloyster when it is done."[2]

The *Carte MSS.* show that the main staircase was roofed, leaded, and improved, that some panelling was done, and that marble fireplaces were put in some of the rooms.[3] This was all completed while Sandwich was abroad, possibly under Lady Sandwich's superintendence.

"I hope Packer will give you an account of the building," she writes to her husband. "I think the house is all covered. The panils for the starkcas are gone downe;[4] they ware brought to me to see. Mr. Packer saies they are very well done. Ther is

[1] See Nathaniel and Samuel Buck's engraving, facing p. 254.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, December 9, 1660; March 4, July 14, and September 21, 1661.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 73, ff. 502 and 540. The invoice for the five marble fireplaces gives their cost as £1,275.

[4] *I.e.*, gone down to Hinchingbrooke; Lady Sandwich was writing from London.

a 100 pound to be paid for more lead sence you went, besids what was bought in the countery."[1]

When Sandwich returned from Lisbon, he expressed himself well pleased with the work.[2] A few months later it was apparently complete, and it is possible that the addition was that now known as the "East Wing"; for that is built in brick, with stone dressing, and tradition asserts that it was the work of the first Earl.[3] When the house was finished, Pepys inspected it.

"I do, I confess, like well of the alteracions, and do like the staircase," he writes; "but there being nothing to make the outside more regular and modern, I am not satisfied with it, but do think it to be too much to be laid out upon it."[4]

If Pepys is to be trusted, the nunnery was still the most prominent part; for later, in speaking of another house, he says that the outside "is an old abbey just like Hinchingbrooke."

Towards the decoration of the interior Sandwich did a considerable amount. The glory of the house was a room which Fuller says was one of the most magnificent to be beheld in our nation.[5] The roof was of timber, in the style of a college hall, and was painted and gilt in square compartments; the walls were partly fresco, and in the early nineteenth century were decorated with tapestry. The room retained all its ancient character, and the old carved elbow-chairs of the Cromwell period were still there.[6] In what was

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 366, November 13, 1661. Considerably over three tons of lead were used, an amount which would cover twenty by forty feet of roof.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, June 14, 1662.

[3] Neale, *Views of Seats*, London, 1819.

[4] Pepys's *Diary*, October 13, 1662.

[5] Fuller, *Worthies of England*, i. 467.

[6] G. A. Cooke, *Description of the County of Huntingdon*, London, 1810-1820.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL

THE MOTHER OF OLIVER CROMWELL

From a portrait by Robert Walker

To face p. 228 of Vol. I

known as the "Velvet Room" there stood the state bed used by Elizabeth, James, and Charles I.

Continual additions to the garniture of the place were made by Sandwich. He bought a fine collection of plate. A list dating from 1658 shows that much of the silver now at the house was of his acquisition.[1] He added numerous pictures—the portraits by Lely and Walker, the Van Dycks, the earlier Mignards, and several copies which from time to time were made for him. "The house is most excellently furnished," said Pepys in 1667, "and brave rooms and pictures, so that it do please me infinitely beyond Audley End."

In addition to improving the house, Sandwich laid out the gardens. Those who have passed along the Brampton road know well the grandeur of the terrace which hides Hinchingbrooke from their sight. It commands a fine view over the surrounding country. The wall is in parts upwards of twenty feet high; it is built of fine grey stone, and finished off with ornament. It was the work of the first Earl. Pepys tells us how "my Lord took me with the rest of the company, and singly demanded my opinion in the walks of his garden, about the bringing of the crooked wall on the mount to a shape."[2] Sandwich also improved the waterworks, and added an anoria, or fountain.[3] Indeed, had time or money permitted, the gardens would have been magnificent; for the later journals, which Sandwich kept while on his embassy to Spain, are crammed with drawings of fountains and plans of gardens, and what is now known as the "rose-garden" very closely resembles some of them in its

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 201. The MS. is in Pepys's handwriting.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, September 20, 1663.

[3] *Ibid.*, October 15, 1664. While Sandwich was in Spain he made numerous drawings of these anorias, or fountains.

design.[1] There is record of one more addition—an ice-house; this was built in 1666. It was fashioned after a plan given by Clarendon to Lord Hinchingbrooke.[2] The drawings for the "snow-house," as it was called, are still in existence, and the place has been destroyed only within recent years.[3]

The house and gardens were well cared for by Lady Sandwich, for my Lord was blessed with a most excellent wife. Every fragment of evidence about his lady shows her to have been a woman of extraordinary personal charm. In appearance she was scarcely beautiful. The long, prominent nose which appears in the Crew family rather spoiled her face; but the big brown eyes, the full red lips, and small dimpled chin, were features attractive enough. She looks, as she was, a kindly, unaffected woman. The miniature which hangs at Hinchingbrooke, side by side with that of her husband, gives her a touch of real dignity, which she assuredly did not lack, and she could on occasions look both merry and handsome.[4]

But her chief charm was her charm of character. "So good and discreet a woman I know not in the world," says Pepys.[5] Her quaintly-spelled letters are a perpetual delight to the reader, and show her to have been a wife, a mother, and a hostess, of exceptional virtue, kindliness, and vigilance. A box of these letters was unearthed by a brilliant descendant, who quotes them as being the most extraordinary lessons of economy that ever she read in her life.[6] Lady

[1] See the *MS. Journals*, especially vols. vii. and viii.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 131.

[3] *Ibid.*, 74, f. 328. The designs are in Shepley's hand; the well had a diameter of 26 feet, and tapered down to 12 feet.

[4] Pepys's *Diary*, October 25, 1661.

[5] *Ibid.*, August 29, 1664.

[6] Lady Mary Wortley Mountagu, December 6, 1712.

JEMIMA, COUNTESS OF SANDWICH

From a portrait by Sir Peter Lely

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Sandwich's house and family were her chief care. It was she who sent up her good things to London—her home-made brawn and venison pasty, her turkey pie, "and very good red wine of my Lady's own making." It was she who looked after the girls' education and health. Over the latter she was so anxious that a friend advised moderation, "for more miscarry by physic than the disease."[1] In addition to the care of her children, Lady Sandwich ordered the house when her husband was away, and looked after his interests, his lands, and his finances.

Against the jovial and careless extravagance of Sandwich, she set her sound common-sense. When he was away at sea she practised the most rigid economy. "I find," says Pepys, "that I dine as well myself, that is, as neatly, and my meat is as good and well-dressed, as my good Lady do, in the absence of my Lord."[2] She turned matters over and over with Sam Pepys, and lamented the struggles necessary to make ends meet.

"My Lady and I sat two hours alone, talking of the condition of her family's being greatly in debt," he says, "and many children now coming up to provide for. I did give her my sense very plain of it, which she took well and carried further than myself, to the bemoaning their condition and remembering how finely things were ordered about six years ago, when I lived there, and my Lord at sea every year."[3]

Though she discussed matters with Pepys, Lady Sandwich did not hide the state of affairs from her husband. While he was on his mission to Portugal she wrote him letters full of the details of her accounts: the payments for her sons' education, the expenses of a doctor for Paulina, or for the instruction of her

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 100.
[2] Pepys's *Diary*, November 7, 1664.
[3] *Ibid.*, June 29, 1664.

daughters. "Jem and Pall's masters cost £8 a month," she writes, "besides their musick, for singing, dancing, and French. Nan is counted in with them." And as Lady Sandwich enumerates her disbursements, so she apologizes for incurring them. "I feare you will think us very ill husbands; our expences have been high sence you went, soe many extorordanary ocations for money;" but in a postscript to the letter, when some funds had evidently come in, she adds, with simple delight: "Now I hope we shall pay some of our dets."[1]

She was, however, no miser. It was she who urged Pepys to lay out a little more money upon his wife, and persuaded him to send home some lace that she might choose a fichu for Mrs. Pepys.[2] Wherever she appears, there is nothing on record but some act of charm and unselfishness. The diarist forgave her the small extravagance, and his pages are a witness to her modesty and goodness of heart. Throughout he writes of her with sincerest feelings. No wonder that, when she was ill, he said: "It will be a sad houre to the family should she miscarry."[3] For in the spring of 1664 she was ill of the measles, and the whole household was plunged in melancholy. During her convalescence she sent for Pepys and his wife, if they were not "afeard" to come up to her. There they would have the same innocent discourse that they used to have, and would vary this by a little match-making or by playing a quiet game of cards.

One of the chief expenses which caused her ladyship anxiety was the education of the two elder sons, Edward and Sydney, boys just in their teens.[4]

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, ff. 351, 365.
[2] Pepys's *Diary*, November 9-11, 1661.
[3] *Ibid.*, April 29, 1664.
[4] Edward was born on January 13, 1648, and Sydney on July 28, 1650.

In 1660 Edward had accompanied his father to Holland, and witnessed the picturesque scenes which heralded the Restoration, and the ceremonial when his father received the Garter. At that time Pepys was his guide, and the boy received his early education from the Secretary, and from Dr. William Fuller of Twickenham, who laid a good foundation for his classics, and taught him at least to write the clearest of hands, and to indite conventional letters in Latin to his most-honoured father.[1]

In 1661 Edward and Sydney were sent to continue their education in France. Their father was at the time on his way to Portugal, and they were put in charge of their cousin, George Mountagu. Pepys arranged for their journey, and before they left London he entertained them, "and showed them 'The Merry Devill of Edmunton,' which is a very merry play, the first time I ever saw it," he says, "which pleased me well." Then came a visit to his house, and a supper of fruit and wine. He overdid his entertainment, for two days later he writes:

"I had notice that my Lord Hinchingbrooke is fallen ill, which I fear is with the fruit that I did give them on Saturday last at my house: so in the evening I went thither, and there found him very ill, and in great fear of the small-pox."[2]

"We have had to do with fisitions and nurses," wrote Lady Sandwich. "Ned was sick a little before he went, which did for some time hinder ther going."[3] But the boy was soon well, the ailment was one which his mother called "the new fever," and on August 27 Pepys saw the two boys "go out by coach towards Rye in their way to France, whom God bless."[4]

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 111.
[2] Pepys's *Diary*, August 12, 1661.
[3] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 366.
[4] Pepys's *Diary*, August 27, 1661.

Arrived in Paris, the boys were handed over to Walter Mountagu, brother of the Earl of Manchester. He had become a Roman Catholic, was Abbot of Pontoise, and a great favourite at the French Court. During the next few years he did all that was possible for his cousins. At first they were too young for the Academy, and so were placed where they could learn letters and exercises both together.[1] Their "governor" was one M. de Jacquières, who accepted with a seemly assumption of diffidence the precious charge entrusted to him. They acquired various pursuits, and Lord Hinchingbrooke took to horsemanship, but says that Sydney refused to ride. He adds: "Nous croissions beaucoup de corps, nous tacherons tous les jours de croistre aussi bien au vertu."[2] After a year or so the lads were sent to the famous Academy of M. du Plessis, and there spent about two years. In 1663 they wished to leave it; "pour estre externes." But their tutor, de Jacquières, was opposed to this: he thought that the boys merely desired more freedom of holiday than was afforded by life in the Academy.[3] "M. de Sidni" had not yet learned to ride; the boys needed expensive masters for Latin, for dancing and the lute; and their dress and that of their lackeys made expenses mount up to such an extent that de Jacquières could not guarantee a sufficient margin out of their allowance.[4]

They did not change their quarters at once, for Lord Abbot Mountagu advised that the elder should be left "this winter still in the Academy, where he may perfect those exercises which his age is disposed unto." At the same time the Abbot spoke of inquiring about a wife for Lord Hinchingbrooke, though he did

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 635.
[2] *Ibid.*, 223, f. 69.
[3] *Ibid.*, 223, f. 73.
[4] *Ibid.*, 223, f. 75.

not advise "the tying him up so soon." He suggested the Grand Tour in the following spring, and began to look out for a man to accompany the young Viscount; "a discreet companion with authority over him will be requisite."[1]

The sober and discreet man whom he chose was a M. de Prata, who remained with them for some years. In March, 1664, the boys left the Academy, and took lodgings in the town.[2] The new tutor wrote to Sandwich many excellent letters giving a picture of the life they led. His reports were mainly favourable; "this being a workie day and both My Lord and Mr. Sydney being earnest about their exercises they could not write to your Excellency," he says. On coming out of the Academy, Latin and dancing were left alone, and the social side of life, their training in manners, was taken up. They met several young noblemen who were living in Paris for the same purpose. "My Lord and Mr. Sydney's best employment hath beene, now and then to make visits, and often to play att Maill," writes de Prata.

"When bad weather opposeth their walking abroad, they commonly play with some gentlemen of the same house att checks, att cards, att trick-track; having in the Academy by a long use gott no ordinary skill in all those playes. Of reeding there is but little mention made except what I make often, though with all the sweetness and the good humour which is to be used with persons of their quality and with those that you love so well."[3]

Their lack of learning was balanced by prudent demeanour:

"They doe find now and then att their cominge as it were into the world, that they were newer to severall things, then they could imagine when they were within

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 65.
[2] *Ibid.*, 223, ff. 77-81.
[3] *Ibid.*, 223, f. 81.

the walls of an Academy. Yett their having been so young trusted among so many strangers hath done them this good, that they are as 'twere naturally discreet and reserv'd in words, and cautious of giving any body matter of offence."

And the tutor continues :

"My Lord's mind is noble and generous, he loveth to be praysed and esteemed, hearkeneth to admonition and ruleth himself. He only wants confidence enough to declare himself, and show those parts, but that also will come in its time. Mr. Sydney hath witt and memory, and will doe well with a man that be something more exact than with my Lord is necessary. He can learne any thinge with great facility even by heart, as out of sport I have sometimes tryed it, making it our play who should soonest have by memory so many verses."[1]

A later letter describes my Lord as a great lover of music—

"too great perhaps for those yeares att which we are to learne usefull things rather than to meditate delightsome ones. I am affraid alsoe," says his tutor, "least this be one of the reasons which keepe him from reeding of bookes, and having that curiosity for the knowledge of histories, which he hath for all honest things besides. I was in some trouble the last night when the Embassador of Venice, who did my Lord the honour as to come twice to his Lodgings to see him, saying that before my Lord of Newcastle there had beene a man of quality who had written of the manner of riding horses, and called the man Xenophon. My Lord asked what man Xenophon was. He the other day, hearing of Moyses, made the question who 'tis. Other examples of the neglect of letters which is usuall at this Court are certainly lesse pardonable then my Lord's little advance made in the Greek histories. Yett I am afraid, my Lord, least this does not excuse me, and I thinke that I say the truth when I tell my Lord of Hinchingbrooke that att the Court where he is, God willing, to live and to make

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 81

himselfe knowne, persons of quality use to be persons of parts also and of great abilities; having in their being born Counsellors to the whole Nation a particular call to knowledge and learning.

"We are here in some difference with my Lord Lindsey's sonne, for the precedency, which some sayes belongeth to my Lord Hinchingbrooke, by the same reason that in England the English Earls sonns doe take place both of the Irish and of the Scott; others say 'tis not so in France and other foreign countreys. I ask'd my Lord Embassadour's owne advice upon it, who answered me that he had written about the same subject into England and hath had no resolution as yett. My Lord of Hinchingbrooke is very desirous to knowe what order your Excellency will be pleased that we take for this."[1]

The stay in France was expensive, and cost the boys' father some £600 a year. My Lord Hinchingbrooke promised to keep himself within such bounds as he could, without doing anything "indecent." But the boys' accounts show their many needs. What with masters and footmen, coaches for state occasions, rich clothes, feathers, books, and the like, their travels cost a pretty penny.[2] One item incurred was for money lost at play; M. de Prata discovered a gambling debt. "My Lord owed 22 livres, and Mr. Sydney 70 to gentlemen of the house they lived in." The tutor had warned his charges against playing: "truly to my sense," he writes, "my Lord of Hinchingbrooke showed himself very moderate, and Mr. Sydney very repenting." The debt was gladly paid, "they being honest gentlemen and of some condition that have won it."[3]

Shortly after this episode the brothers parted. They spent a few days with the Abbot of Pontoise, and then Sydney Mountagu returned to England—a

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 83.
[2] *Ibid.*, 223, ff. 85 *et seq.*
[3] *Ibid.*, 223, f. 88.

lad so much grown "he is likely to be so undutifull," said the Abbot, "as to beate his father, you will easily guesse how this is to be feared of him."[1] He arrived home in May, 1664, and great reports were spread of him; Pepys says that he was a pretty youth, "but not so improved as they did give him out to be, but like a child still."[2] Lord Hinchingbrooke meanwhile went upon the Grand Tour, accompanied by M. de Prata. They went down the Loire, and then on to Lyons, where they paused for a time, and my Lord had a master for the lute, and one for Italian. His tutor was on the whole satisfied.

"This onely is my exception," he writes, "that he doth not like reading, which obligeth me to recurre to vocalle discourse, and to strive by conversation to insinuate to his soule as farre as I am able what I have learn't by bookes and meditation."[3]

The boy's heart, however, was filled with eagerness for Italy; he "minding only his travel, seemeth, while he longeth for it, to have done all the reste with lesser diligence then he was wont to do."[4] At length tutor and pupil arrived in Geneva, and at the end of 1664 they came by easy stages to Rome. There they remained some months; and de Prata made an effort to instil a real understanding of the country into his ward's mind.

"He sheweth himself curious of all laudable things, and hath a great desire of learning. And 'twould not prove amisse, maybe, after the seeing of this towne if he should bestowe some months upon the Roman, Greeke, and moderne history, and touch some part of philosophy.

"My Lord hath a very good Italian master for a

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 67—*i.e.*, in height.
[2] Pepys's *Diary*, June 20, 1664.
[3] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 92.
[4] *Ibid.*, 223, f. 83.

pistole a month, and a designing master for the same price. Those that teach of the lute are very scarce here, and they that are to be found, not good. They teach well of the guitarre, but my Lord is affraid, least it should spoyle what he hath of the Lute."[1]

Master and pupil wintered in Rome, and de Prata says that young Edward rapidly improved, and was soon looked upon as the most sober and discreet of all the strangers in the town.

After the lad enjoyed his first experience of a carnival, he and de Prata left Rome, and in April, 1665, they were back in Paris.[2] There Lord Hinchingbrooke, as the son of that "l'amiral Montaigu" who had assisted the French at Mardyk, received great civilities from Louis XIV., and from Monsieur and Madame, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans.[3] He came home "a very noble and hopeful gentleman." He arrived in August, 1665, just too late to witness the marriage of one of his sisters.

This was the Lady Jemima, who was the eldest of the four daughters. She was a quiet, shy, and delicate girl. During 1659 she had to spend three months under a surgeon, one Scott, and before her marriage she was compelled to undergo a further operation.[4] At that time she was nineteen; her sister Paulina was three years younger; Lady Anne and little Catherine were small children.[5] When Lady Jemima first came to London, Pepys wrote of her, "She lacks mightily to be brought into the fashion of the Court to set her off"; but when she was given some jewels, and was clad in more fashionable garments, Pepys was fain to

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 96.
[2] *Ibid.*, 223, f. 98.
[3] *Ibid.*, 74, f. 331.
[4] *Ibid.*, 73, f. 322; Pepys's *Diary*, July 16, 1665.
[5] Jemima was born on February 18, 1646; Paulina on February 19, 1649; Anne in 1656; and Catherine on August 20, 1661.

admit that she looked passing well.[1] She had that day been one of the four ladies who held the mantle at a royal christening. Pepys had known her from her childhood's days, when he used to arrange for her games, and she in turn taught him to play cribbage. In one matter she showed the training she had received, for she had wit enough to see that life in London and in the country demanded different codes, and was discreet enough to ignore Sam Pepys when she met him with one of his numerous mistresses.[2]

Samuel Pepys was the constant companion of the girls—now taking them to the theatre, now with their cousins, the little Crews, to see the lions in the Tower. In 1664 three of them were in London—Lady Jemima, Lady Paulina, and Lady Anne. During an outbreak of the smallpox at Hinchingbrooke, and while their mother was ill, they had lived with Pepys's father at Brampton, a mile from their own home. They talked with Pepys of their merry life there, and told him "of their thrifty living for a fortnight before their mother came to town, and other such simple talk."[3] They all had jaunts together, accompanied sometimes by Creed.

"Very merry we were with our pasty, very well baked; and a good dish of roasted chickens; pease, lobsters, strawberries. And after dinner to cards: and about five o'clock, by water down to Greenwich; and up to the top of the hill, and there played upon the ground at cards. And so to the Cherry Garden, and then by water singing finely to the Bridge, and there landed; and so took boat again, and to Somersett House. And by this time, the tide being against us, it was past ten of the clock; and such a troublesome passage, in regard of my Lady Paulina's fearfullness, that in all my life I never did see any poor wretch in

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, May 8 and July 22, 1663. [2] *Ibid.*, August 5, 1663.
[3] *Ibid.*, March 23, 1664.

that condition. Being come hither, there waited for them their coach; but it being so late, I doubted what to do how to get them home. After half an hour's stay in the street, I sent my wife home by coach with Mr. Creed's boy; and myself and Creed in the coach home with them. But, Lord! the fear that my Lady Paulina was in every step of the way; and indeed at this time of the night it was no safe thing to go that road; so that I was even afeard myself, though I appeared otherwise. We came safe, however, to their house, where all were abed; we knocked them up, my Lady and all the family being in bed. So put them into doors, and leaving them with the mayds, bade them good-night."

The young ladies made a great story of their appearance next morning before their mother, but my Lady "took it very well, at least without any anger."[1]

These visits of Lady Sandwich and her daughters to London were made easier since Sandwich had been Master of the Great Wardrobe, and during much of this period Lord and Lady Sandwich lived at the official residence, a fine City house on St. Andrew's Hill, hard by Wardrobe Place, off Carter Lane.[2] "This place," said Lady Sandwich, "doth much suit with my humour; 'tis a good house and conveneant and if any news be sturing we hear it."[3] But it was neither good nor convenient until Sandwich had repaired it inside and out. When he first went there he found the place was ruinous and unfit for use. He was compelled to disburse £1,200 during his first three years of office, in order to make the house even "pretty pleasant," and the money was not repaid him until many months after.[4]

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, June 15 and 20, 1664.
[2] H. B. Wheatley, *Pepysiana*.
[3] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 366.
[4] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, August 17, 1664.

The Wardrobe was a centre of varied life. A small colony of workmen lived in the precincts.[1] There were tradesmen and artificers of different kinds, and a number of poor children "in tawny clothes," who were educated and maintained there, and whom Sandwich had to remove before taking up his residence.[2] The children were connected with some charity; the numerous workmen were there to carry out the manifold functions of the Wardrobe; the knitting, spinning, weaving, lace-making, button-making, and silver-winding, gave employment to 800 hands. Deputies of one grade or another were many, appropriate to the functions. A coronation or a royal pageant gave them a busy time. All kinds of state clothes were there; choice linen for the King's household; liveries for musicians, pages, and falconers; surplices for gentlemen and musicians of the Chapels Royal; cloths for the Communion; prayer-books and psalters; palls and cushions of cloth of gold; footstools of crimson velvet, and ensigns for the various regiments, were stored in the great cupboards. The patronage of the Master was sought by many a merchant, and Sandwich received handsome presents in return for his favour; one sent him a Japanese escritoire and some precious stones, and declared that he blushed at the meanness of his gift;[3] another sent seven pictures of huge size, which depicted the history of Cassandra, and were painted by Federico of Antwerp.[4] Most of the property which Sandwich had in the Wardrobe

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 501. This is an interesting petition to Lord Sandwich from the governors of the Hospital of the Wardrobe, about the poor of the Wardrobe House. For the details of the payments, and so forth, see *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, lxxix., f. 111.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, June 21, 1660.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 9.

[4] *Ibid.*, 74, f 404. The pictures measured 11 feet by 9 feet.

was, however, destroyed by the Great Fire, and the pictures are no longer in existence.

The Wardrobe was of no great concern to Sandwich, who preferred more active interests. Matters went as ill as they had previously gone well, and he had continued reason for despondency. During the early part of 1663 he was afflicted with a most severe illness, which caused his friends great anxiety, and brought about his withdrawal from Court, though business kept him near London. For the sake of fresher air, he exchanged his lodgings at Whitehall for a house at Chelsea. It was a pleasant journey by coach, and folk were tempted out there to drink the morning draught of ale, or they journeyed by river to take supper at some hostelry, and then to sing on their journey home, and "make sport with the bargees."

Amid such surroundings Sandwich lived a quiet life, within reach of his friends.

"We found my Lord all alone at a little table with one joint of meat at dinner," wrote Pepys. "We sat down and very merry talking, and mightily extolling the manner of his retirement, and the goodness of his diet, which indeed is finely dressed."

The mistress of the house was a Mrs. Becke, "a woman of good condition heretofore, a merchant's wife," and so excellent were her cakes "that my Lord's words were they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine."[1] On another occasion Pepys found my Lord dining with Mr. Creed and Mr. Becke. There they were joined by Christopher Gibbons, organist of Westminster. When dinner was done,

"they played a good Fancy, to which my Lord is fallen again, and says he cannot endure a merry tune, which is a strange turn of his humour. . . . After-

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, April 29.

wards to ninepins, where I won a shilling," says Pepys, "Creed and I playing against my Lord and Cooke."[1]

Though my Lord's retirement at Chelsea was due in part to ill-health, it was also influenced by affairs. Sandwich had no great love for politics, and did not take any active part in political life. He saw that the Court was being rent by faction, and in disgust he withdrew. He had undoubtedly great hopes as to the healing results of the Restoration, and it was to him a bitter disappointment that quarrels now divided his friends.

The question of the time was the settlement of religion; the Anglicans were opposed by the supporters of toleration, and while Sandwich's great friend, Clarendon, represented uniformity, his cousin, Lord Manchester, was the champion of the various creeds. Such sympathy as Sandwich had was on the side of moderation. He had propounded his ideas to Pepys; he believed in uniformity as a political solution, but when it came to a uniformity which was forced upon the people, Sandwich was mindful of the lessons of the Civil War. He had no sympathy with Conventicle Acts and Five Mile Acts. The Church of England was to him an institution as worthy of respect as the law and the monarchy. Under the shadow of the Church lay his fathers; he looked to the Church to bless his children at the font or at the altar. But in matters of belief he was sceptical—Pepys says almost indifferent in matters of religion, and a man who mistrusted too much preaching.[2] Sandwich had seen enough of the ill effects of a

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, May 27, 1663. The "Fancy" was a fantasia tune much in vogue.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, October 7 and 22, 1660.

want of forbearance, and would have had the same policy as Charles, though for a different purpose. So while the religious question divided the House of Peers, Sandwich practically withdrew. He sat upon Committees concerning the Post-Office and wine licences, and spoke upon a Bill for repairing the highways in his own county. He was also on a Committee for regulating the Herring Fisheries, and reported on its work. In the religious disputes he took little part, though he served on a Committee for considering the relief of those who through sickness did not pass the Act of Uniformity.[1]

Such small participation in politics only needed an occasional appearance in the House, and Sandwich continued at Chelsea. There he spent the summer of 1663, well pleased with his quiet life. Soon tales of an attraction began to be spread abroad, and much was made of a single episode.[2] Pepys heard rumours of a romance, and stories were detailed by the gossips who carried letters to and fro and did my Lord's business. The lure was said to be Betty Becke, a daughter of the house. The babblers rushed to conclusions, and coupled her name with that of Sandwich. Howe talked of her as "a woman of bad fame and very imprudent," and Edward Pickering, "the coxcomb," and Moore and Creed, vied with one another in painting details. Whenever they came together they "fell a talking about my Lord's folly at Chelsey." Pickering had a tale about Sandwich playing a lute under Betty's window, and there were probably dozens of others which Pepys does not recount.[3] But at length his

[1] *Lords' Journals*, May 20, June 18, July 24, etc.

[2] The reader of H. B. Wheatley's *Pepys, and the World he lived in*, or P. Lubbock's book, *Samuel Pepys*, gets the case from the diarist's point of view.

[3] Pepys's *Diary*, September 9.

mind was poisoned, and he came to believe that Sandwich allowed himself "the liberty that he says everybody else at Court takes."[1] The country girl became to Pepys a slut and "a wench, who it seems has been reputed a common strumpet."

The gossip spread so fast that Pepys determined to play the candid friend. He first sounded Lord Crew, whom the family honour most nearly concerned; but Crew was not to be drawn into conversation on the matter, and Pepys was satisfied that his lordship either knew nothing or there was nothing to be known.[2] When, after an autumn visit to Hinchingbrooke, Sandwich returned to town, Pepys made up his mind to protest. He drew up a letter full of expostulation, but before sending it consulted Moore. When matters had gone thus far, he wavered, in the hopes, as he said, "that I may not have occasion to venture upon my Lord's good nature by such a provocation as my letter will be to him."[3] But Moore, on reading the letter, was hot-headed for sending it, "assuring me," says Pepys, "in the best of his judgement that it could but endear me to my Lord," and so the letter was delivered.[4]

This action betokens a stout spirit in Samuel Pepys. It was no light matter to reproach the man whose influence gave him the very bread he ate, and a man who held such a position as his patron; but Sandwich could be generous of mind, and he received the letter with a good grace, which does him infinite credit.

"First he took notice," says Pepys, "of my care of him and his honour, and did give me thanks for that part of it where I say that from my heart I believe the contrary of what I do there relate to be the discourse

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, August 10.
[2] *Ibid.*, September 23, 1663.
[3] *Ibid.*, November 16, 1663.
[4] *Ibid.*, November 17 and 18, 1663.

of others; but since I intended it not a reproach, but matter of information, and for him to make a judgement of it for his practice, it was necessary for me to tell him the persons of whom I have gathered the several particulars."

And so Pepys, although unwilling, detailed Pierce the surgeon, some maid-servants, Pickering, and another gossip. Sandwich defended the Beckes, "and the young gentlewoman, for whose reproach he was sorry." He then informed Pepys that it was his intention to take a house in London, "not to please any people, or to stop report, but to please himself"; and Pepys adds: "This I do believe he might say that he might not seem to me to be so much wrought upon by what I have writ." The conversation ended by an assurance on Pepys's part that no one was privy to the protest. But Sandwich knew Pepys for somewhat of a busybody, and insisted that Pepys should give him leave to except one. This he said in the real Mountagu manner, "speaking it as a quick retort." His perception of the truth reduced poor Pepys to tears, for he had actually gossiped over the matter with Howe, and he feared "no medium between My Lord's taking it very well or very ill."[1]

But my Lord was in no mood to reveal his mind, nor was he made of such metal as melted under a reproof. He talked cheerfully of other things; walked with Pepys to Whitehall, and there discoursed of the pictures in the gallery. Pepys was infinitely troubled, and in part abashed. The letter brought him many weeks of unrest. Every time he met Will Howe or Pierce the bearing of my Lord was discussed, and imagination grew with what it fed on. "By my Lord's looks upon me to-day, or it may be it is only my

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, November 22, 1663.

doubtfulness . . . my Lord is not very well pleased."[1] He searched for portents. Lack of a sign of kindness or respect troubled Pepys more than anything else in the world; the tone of voice in which my Lord said goodnight could change the colour of his sky. "Without showing me any good or ill countenance, he did give me his hat and so adieu, and went down to his coach without saying anything to me." At one time came a pretty kind salute, at another a talk over music, "though he cannot yet come to speak to me in the familiar style that he did use to do, nor can I expect it." As the weeks passed, Pepys thought that my Lord grew more even. "He did aske me how his cozen, my wife, did; the first time he hath done so since his being offended, and, in my conscience, he would be glad to be free with me again, but he knows not how to begin."[2]

The key to all this doubt lay in a difference of character. Pepys was as demonstrative as Sandwich was reticent. His manner was cold and abrupt, but the coldness covered a kind heart. And least of all would Sandwich open out upon such a subject. It was the very matter to make a Mountagu more reserved. Nevertheless the letter had taken effect. However little there had been between Lord Sandwich and Betty Becke, my Lord became more cautious. He went less to Chelsea; "he do follow his business," says Pepys, "and becomes in better repute than before." Sandwich took heed of the letter, but did not seek conversation on what was best ignored. He was not vindictive, nor did he behave in a mean or petty way. At the same time he was more guarded with his "servants," and both Howe and Pepys were taught

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, November 30.
[2] *Ibid.*, December 14, 21, 30, 1663.

how far they might go. Sandwich, however, treated them kindly enough. During the winter he showed Pepys practical favours. He lent his coach and six horses in order that the Secretary might make a more imposing show at a large funeral, and he put him upon the Commission of the Fishery—"not only a matter of honour, but that, that may come to be of profit."[1] And then we get a true word-picture of my Lord's Mountagu-like manner; he seemed to repel gratitude the while he desired and esteemed it.

"I followed my Lord Sandwich and thanked him for his putting me into the Fishery, which I perceive he expected, and cried, 'Oh!' says he, 'In the Fishery you mean, I told you I would remember you in it,' but offered no other discourse. But demanding whether he had any commands for me, methought he cried 'No!' as if he had no more mind to discourse with me, which still troubles me and hath done all the day, though I think I am a fool for it, in not pursuing my resolution of going handsome in clothes and looking high, for that must do it when all is done with my Lord."[2]

The Becke incident, indeed, soon came to an end, and little more was heard of it. Sandwich kept his own counsel, and the later part of the story looks as though the scandal had no very deep foundation. Creed again told Pepys tales

"of my Lord's going so often to Chelsea, and he without my speaking much, do tell me that his daughters do perceive all, and do hate the place, and the young woman there, Mistress Betty Becke; for my Lord, who sent them thither only for a disguise for his going thither, will come under pretence to see them, and pack them out of doors to the Parke, and stay behind with her; but now the young ladies are gone to their mother to Kensington."[3]

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, December 14, 23, 1663; February 1, 3, and March 10, 1664.

[2] *Ibid.*, March 14, 1664.

[3] *Ibid.*, June 8, 1664.

The sequel which there took place scarcely bears Creed out. Lady Sandwich and her daughters were staying with Dean Hodge.[1] Their society was that of the cathedral close: the Dean, a canon or two, and of aristocracy the serious-minded. Thither was invited, above all, Betty Becke, with her father and mother, and Pepys saw her and was converted. He describes her as "one that hath not one good feature in her face, and yet is a fine lady, of a fine taille, and very well carriaged, and mighty discreet." He continues:

"I took all the occasion I could to discourse with the young ladies in her company to give occasion to her to talk, which now and then she did, and that mighty finely, and is, I perceive, a woman of such an ayre, as I wonder the less at my Lord's favour to her, and I dare warrant him she hath brains enough to entangle him."[2]

That was all: poor Betty was approved and whitewashed; the very next tale Pepys heard he refused to credit.[3] Four years later Betty was still unmarried and unharmed, living out her countrified life, and going her simple way in "the old house where my Lord himself was once sick."

The whole story, which bears examination, gives an insight into Sandwich's character. During the relation the famous diary abounds in touches which reveal the man. His moods are well depicted: the lengthy fits of despondency; the choice of music which accords with his humour; the pretended indifference to men's opinion; the quick retort by which he could pierce a weak spot in Pepys's armour; the gratitude with which he received advice; the gruff manner in which he repelled effusive thanks; the quiet determination to

[1] Dean of Hereford, and Vicar of Kensington.
[2] Pepys's *Diary*, June 14, 1664.
[3] *Ibid.*, June 20, 1664.

avoid familiarity, are all chronicled. If Sandwich had dallied with Betty Becke, the girl certainly took no harm. Sandwich was still under forty years of age, and could well have flirted with a girl of eighteen. But he had none of the attributes of a rake; to judge him an immoral man upon such slender evidence seems unfair to one whom Evelyn particularly describes as chaste, and who was certainly one of the cleanest men at the Court of King Charles II.[1]

The episode was, unfortunately, an addition to my Lord's annoyances and worries, for during the whole of this time Sandwich was in great doubt as to the security of his position. To a certain extent he shared the unpopularity of Clarendon, his most intimate friend at Court. During 1663 Clarendon declined in favour; he thwarted the King over the toleration which Charles fondly hoped to extend from Presbyterian to Papist, and his unpopularity with a faction was revealed by the endeavour made to impeach him. When the articles of impeachment were introduced by Bristol, Sandwich was present in the House of Lords. He listened with a disturbed mind to the whole debate, and looked upon Clarendon as "irrevocably lost," but, adds Pepys,

"he will not actually joyne in anything against the Chancellor, whom he do own to be his most sure friend, and to have been his greatest, and therefore will not act openly in either, but passively carry himself even."[2]

Pepys unwittingly gives the impression that Sandwich, who certainly disapproved of Clarendon's policy, failed to stand at the Chancellor's side, but Sandwich was the only man who several times dined with the

[1] Evelyn's *Diary*, May 31, 1672.
[2] Pepys's *Diary*, April 29.

Chancellor when the Court shunned him, and it was he who, after the debate, escorted Clarendon to his house, and refused to pay a visit to Lord Bristol or to return a visit of his.[1]

For Sandwich was not one of Lord Bristol's set, nor did he take part in the orgies which scandalized the nation. He, like his friend Clarendon, disapproved of gallantries and courtesans, though from time to time he showed some kindness to his neighbour, Lady Castlemaine, and certain loose gossip, unworthy of credence, coupled his name with hers. Her lodgings in Whitehall were hard by his own, and the King would come across the privy garden to speak with him at the lady's, but so out of touch was Sandwich with the extravagances of the times that eventually the King complained "of my Lord's living obscurely in a corner, not like himself, and becoming the honour that he is come to."[2] Charles found himself at times with only a small train, "to the shame of the nobility, who will not be at the expense of following him."[3] Sandwich, frequently a delinquent, was in fact fain to appreciate "the uncertainty of princes' favours," and said so to those about him. Towards the end of 1663 he made fitful attempts to reinstate himself; he spent some of his time at Court, playing cards with the ladies; he gave up Chelsea and lived more in London. At times he joined the idlers who watched the King play tennis, and composed an anthem for the King's Chapel. He resumed his attention to the business of the Wardrobe, but even then he had no real interests. He needed an active life, and when he is spoken of as one "minding his carding or little

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, November 6, 1663.
[2] *Ibid.*, November 9, 1663.
[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, March 9, 1665.

else," or as a seeker "after some vain pleasure or other," the man who sat in judgment was one who had employment into which he could put his heart; whereas Sandwich cared little for the work he was called upon to do. Within a year, however, war enabled him to serve his country in the manner he best loved.

The disappointments of his life as courtier were balanced by ample compensations at home, for he was a good husband, and a kind though undemonstrative father. He could seek rest in the quiet of his own home, and retire to his house and gardens at Hinchingbrooke. There he spent his time in sport. He rode about the estate upon a fine Barbary horse which had been sent to him from the Straits. He enjoyed hawking, and kept up a falconry, and shot the deer which roamed over the park and in the woodland.[1] He continued his care for the development of his place, and when the house and gardens were decent and in order Sandwich hoped to entertain the King on one of His Majesty's visits to the eastern counties, but the visit never took place. There is, however, among the State papers a description of life at Hinchingbrooke, while my Lord was entertaining "a most noble party."

The writer says that he was much impressed "with that varietie of Pleasure and Ease" which the guests enjoyed.

"In the midst of which," he continues, "I find it necessary to exercise my uttmost Temperance, which hath restrained me hitherto from drinking any of those extraordinarie wines which flow freely at the table, or

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 158, and 223, f. 192. At the same time as Sandwich had his Barbary colt he was presented with "a cup beset with stones, said to be of unicorn's horn." In 1661 there were "seven score" deer in the park at Hinchingbrooke (*Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 579).

tasting any of those many sorts of Fleshe, which of themselves may make everie Meal a Feast, whillest I confine myself to Fish, which I have the pleasure first to see taken out of the Ponds, from the multitude the Nett presents to our Election, and then either make my Meal of the delicious and innocent Perch, or the Luscious Carpe, or the Lustie Breame, or the all-digesting Pike, which seeme to bee cramm'd, and are so large that one would believe them either to bee of another species, or to have been fedd and preserved by another generation to bee sacrificed to some greate Festivall in a following Age. In good earnest a Philosopher of the Severer Sect might even be justified, if his appetite should be free, and wanton at soe great temptations as I here endeavour to resist. But, without stint or restraint, I devoure the Aire, and gape, and drink it as greedily, as if I might play the Epicure in soe immatteriall a diete, whilest at the same time even to Gluttonie my eie is entertained, there being sett before it, at one view, what soe ever Sir Phillip Sydney in Romance, or Sir Henry Wootton more in Earnest, would describe to bee the most Perfect or Satisfying Prospect.

"For from a Pleasant Spott, either the Garden Terras, or the newe made Bowling Greene, or the Parke, or the adjacent Feild, we can at once see diverse greate Townes, waters, Bridges, and above twenty steeples and Parishes, the most beautifull meadowes, incompassed like artificiall Islands, with the gliding River; Hills at soe proper, and soe differing a distance, that if you would bound your viewe, you may reach those that pleasingly confine it; if you would extend it, you may almost lose it, by not being able to judge whether you see mountains, or woods, or Clouds, soe well doe the Distances deceive you. In fine (for the Post is upon wing) everie Guest here is abundantly entertained, within doores and without, and it is not Easye, not to be soe ungratefull, as not to envie soe Faire a Prospect as this Lord enjoyes, and so full a Felicitie as everie waie embraces Him."[1]

Before the writer left Hinchingbrooke he went for a trip upon the Ouse.

[1] *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, vol. xcii., f. 93: Povey to Williamson.

HINCHINGBROOKE, HUNTINGDON

From an engraving by Samuel and Nathaniel Buck

To face p. 254 of Vol. I

"We putt ourselves upon the Bosome of those waters," he wrote again, "which pleased us so well at Distance; being therefore drawne abroad by sunshine and gentle Aire, wee went aboard our Admirall's Barge (which hath had the honour to receive the King), and being attended by the Swans, which sailed by us, we shott the Bridge at Huntingdon."[1]

When allowance is made for flights of fancy, it is evident that Hinchingbrooke was kept up in excellent style under the first Earl. All the economies which Lady Sandwich practised while her husband was abroad were neutralized at his home-coming, when everything was done upon a lavish scale. Few of the accounts are left, but one slip in the Carte papers is an account of Edward Shepley's, audited by Pepys. By this it appears that in eleven weeks the expenditure was £2,693; the kitchen took £68, the stables £30, and "mixed expenses" came to £2,248.[2] It is true that these accounts deal with a costly period, but experience has often shown that in the upkeep of a large establishment nothing is so difficult as retrenchment, especially when an easy-going master, like Lord Sandwich, has the last word. To a certain extent his extravagance was justified by the hopes which he entertained. He was well rewarded for his work. It is not easy to estimate his actual income, which was derived from various sources. The £4,000 a year granted at the Restoration was subject to many vicissitudes; the other sums were uncertain, and rents came in slowly. The £4,000 which was received as a reward for the Portuguese Embassy was swallowed up in the improvements upon the house and in the

[1] *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, vol. xciii., f. 22: Povey to Williamson. The barge was that used by Charles II. at the Restoration; it was taken to Hinchingbrooke shortly after.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 276. The paper is endorsed, "Examined by Pepys," and Sandwich has added, "Agreed and signed."

expenses of the household.[1] The income from the Wardrobe was very uncertain, and Sandwich hoped at first that he might make it worth £7,000 a year. It was not the salary that did make a man rich, so he told Pepys, "but the opportunity of getting money while he is in the place." It was a cynically easy remark, and Sandwich sadly over-estimated his power. While he was away the Wardrobe money came in slowly, and the office got more and more behindhand. Most of the payment was by tallies, and for month after month Sandwich had no actual income from his Mastership.

To meet the expenses of the office he was allowed £25,000 a year, and in the first flush of success he told Pepys that he then anticipated a surplus of over £3,000 a year—if it were paid.[2] He might well add a doubt, for of all the departments of State, none appears to have been more behindhand. True, Sandwich began by obtaining a payment of £5,000 on account.[3] But within a year, owing to the expenses of the Coronation, the debts of the Wardrobe were £60,000, and Sandwich could only obtain a privy seal for one-third of the sum.[4] The accounts, in fact, went from bad to worse—an upholsterer who had expended £9,000 only received £600—and all his credit was soon gone. The outburst of loyalty consequent upon the Restoration had a disastrous effect upon the nation's finance. The calls for pageantry fell heavily upon the Wardrobe, and the Master could not obtain one-third of the necessary money. The *Sandwich MSS.* contain

[1] The balance of £4,000 is estimated from the *Treasury Books* of January 27, 1663.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, December 20, 1662. The expenses for three years were returned at £47,000, which left a surplus such as Sandwich anticipated. At first the allowance was £20,000 (*Cal. S. P., Dom.*, October, 1663).

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, August 13, 1660. [4] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 583.

numbers of letters which show how ill-kept were the figures. It was impossible to get any payment out of the Treasury. The whole office was conducted without system. The charge for the Wardrobe was upon the first-fruits of a diocese; when that did not answer, it was shifted to the hearth-money. In order to cope with the trouble, the King offered to pay interest on a sum assigned to the Earl of Sandwich, "that so he may borrow on the same, and the order thus be made as useful as ready money." Of a sum of £10,000 needed and promised, only £4,000 was paid, and Sandwich could get no more.[1] Neither tallies nor money could be obtained, and bonds and credit were sacrificed.[2] Townsend, the Deputy-Master, appealed to the Treasury for funds, but in vain; he wrote to Sandwich that he had received for answer only "a peece of paper stuft with nasty Language, nothing to the purpose."[3] And thus from year to year the Wardrobe went on, making occasional payments, its business a source of anxiety rather than profit to the Master.[4]

These accounts are given in some detail because they help to illuminate the life of Lord Sandwich, and to account in part for his debts. The grants which Charles II. made to his supporter were generous, but unreal. They were made in a time of uncertainty; they were based on the perquisites of an office which was months in arrear, or fee farm rents in scattered counties. The grants, too, were looked upon with disfavour by a certain section, and there was at times

[1] *Sandwich MSS.: Letters from Ministers*, i. 93. See also *Calendar of Treasury Books*, December 21, 1663; June 25, 1664.

[2] *Sandwich MSS.: Letters from Ministers*, i. 95. [3] *Ibid.*, i. 117.

[4] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 197. Townsend had obtained £20,000 to strike tallies. The accounts from June, 1660, to Michaelmas, 1666, are in the *Carte MSS.*, 74, ff. 249-252.

a talk of the restitution of lands.[1] Sandwich did not feel safe until a vote was passed in Parliament that the King's grants should be made good.[2] Even Albemarle had difficulty in getting his money,[3] and where he was economical, Sandwich was extravagant. The expedition to Portugal was a costly affair; abundance of entertaining was forced on him, and yet two years from his home-coming the accounts were still unpaid. Meanwhile he was improving his estate and adding costly furniture to his houses. Although he was partly the victim of a bad system, he was undeniably careless. His accounts were badly supervised. He estimated his income at what was then the large sum of £8,000 a year, and spent in princely fashion. The result was that in 1664 he was £10,000 in debt.[4] On this sum he paid interest—"a sad thing," says Pepys, "especially considering the probability of his going to sea, in great danger of his life, and his children, many of them to provide for."[5] True, the Wardrobe owed him £7,000, but he had no idea how to get it paid, and, instead of making an effort at economy, he only ran the more into debt. A further expense was a second London residence; he paid a rent of £250 for a fine house and garden in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which Pepys called "deadly dear."[6]

But despite all his worries, Sandwich was fairly philosophical. Bearing patiently is the best way, said he, "without noise or trouble, and things wear out of themselves and come fair again." He was at that moment in the middle of a lengthy conversation upon his affairs. War with the Dutch was imminent;

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, March 29, 1663. [2] *Ibid.*, May 25, 1663.
[3] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 341. Albemarle could obtain only £4,000 out of a grant of £7,000.
[4] Pepys's *Diary*, July 15, 1664. [5] *Ibid.*, April 25, 1664.
[6] *Ibid.*, February 10, 1664.

he was then prepared to go to sea, and he was detailing all his troubles, particularly the difficulty that he had in "carrying himself even" with Clarendon and Sir Henry Bennet, one of the most faithful Royalists, who was fast supplanting the Chancellor in the King's favour. With the new favourite Sandwich had some influence, as he well knew.[1] And while he discoursed there came news of the birth of a little Mountagu.

"Lady Crew came in to bring my Lord word that he hath another son, my Lady being brought to bed just now. I did not think her time had been so nigh," Pepys wrote, "but she's well brought to bed, for which God be praised! and send my Lord to study the laying up of something the more!"[2]

Within a few months more money was needed. A dowry had to be found for Lady Jemima, who was about to be married. Her hand had already been asked by Sir John Cutts, but the offer was refused. When her future was first discussed, and Lady Sandwich thought of getting a good merchant for her daughter Jem, Lord Sandwich answered jocularly "that he would rather see her with a pedlar's pack at her back, so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen."[3] So Sir John Cutts was passed over, and Lady Jemima was betrothed to Philip Carteret, the eldest son of the Treasurer of the Navy.

By the time these preparations were on foot Sandwich was at sea, and others made the match, chiefly his lady and Samuel Pepys. The details of the courtship form some of the best known passages in

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 260.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, July 15, 1664. This was the sixth son, the Honourable James Mountagu.

[3] *Ibid.*, October 20, 1660.

Pepys's diary. The boy—for in experience he was little more than a boy—was the most awkward lover Pepys ever met, and spoke of the lady "in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did." He knew nothing of compliments, and could hardly be prevailed upon to take his lady-love by the hand, and needed Pepys's advice before he would do so. As for Lady Jem, Pepys says that when he would know how she liked this gentleman, "she blushed and hid her face awhile; but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered that she could readily obey what her father and mother had done; which was all she could say, or I expect."[1] To the very last the wedding was carried out with great solemnity, and after Pepys and the rest had kissed the bride in bed, the curtains were drawn

"with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good-night. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightfull than if it had been twenty times more merry and joviall."[2]

After his marriage the bridegroom wrote a letter to Sandwich, well in keeping with Pepys's account of him.

"I hope," he concluded, "in time I may improve my good fortune, and, by imitating your Lordship's extraordinary examples, acquire some part of that worth which was wanting in me to make a happy match on both sides."[3]

The two houses were delighted. Sir George Carteret was very generous in his settlements, for he said he was sure that Lady Jemima "will prove to my familie (as I am told her name imports) a great joy and happiness."[4] He had already given his son £12,000,

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, July 17, 1665.
[2] *Ibid.*, July 31, 1665.
[3] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 281.
[4] *Ibid.*, 75, f. 323.

of which £6,000 was in the hands of "honest Mr. Pepys."[1] And Pepys, in describing the marriage to Sandwich, speaks of it as the only occurrence he ever met with "begun, proceeded on and finished with the same uninterrupted excesse of satisfaction to all partys."[2]

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 350.

[2] *Ibid.*, 75, f. 327.

CHAPTER VII

THE SECOND DUTCH WAR

I. The Opening.

"Brave, loyal-hearted Englishmen, attend whilst I declare,
What noble preparations is made for the Holland's war;
For certain such a bloody fight hath never been before,
As is near, you shall hear, when the cannons loud do roar."

Naval Ballads.

In the autumn of 1664, after two dreary and disappointing years, Sandwich was again called to an active life, and began that connexion with the sea which brought him an enduring monument in the memories of his fellow-countrymen.[1]

For several months the colonial affairs of England and Holland threatened to bring about an open rupture between the two countries. For several months little else was discussed but the rivalry of the two nations: "the trade of the world is too little for us two," said a sea-captain; "therefore one must down."[2] The Dutch, who had long been the sternest of monopolists,

[1] Authorities: The most important is Sandwich's own journal, which was resumed in July, 1664, and contains a mass of material for naval history. The *State Papers* in the Record Office, and Pepys's papers, in the Admiralty Library, are most helpful. The *Carte MSS.* contain much of the Admiral's correspondence. For printed sources: J. S. Corbett; *Fighting Instructions* (1530-1816, *Navy Records Society*); Granville Penn: *Memorials of Sir William Penn.* Other authorities are quoted in the notes, and a bibliographical note is given as Appendix C.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, February 2, 1664.

the "Lords of the Southern Seas," whose carrying trade practised and encouraged a considerable marine, looked askance at the steady increase of England's naval greatness. The Navigation Acts had quickened this jealousy, and their enforcement did not suffer from the general slackness of the administration; for the wealth of our oversea trade was welcome to the restored monarchy, and the Acts were renewed, extended, and rigidly enforced.

The Navigation Act was not the only cause of friction. Two points—one vital, one trivial—brought abundant accession to the troubles between the English and the Dutch. The first of these was colonial rivalry in the Atlantic, mainly off the West Coast of Africa. The Dutch were very jealous for their profitable trade in negroes. In 1662 the Royal African Company was established, and soon found that all enterprise was stifled by the liberal interpretation which the Dutch put upon their own claims. According to their merchants, the flag of the provinces flew over every inch of the coastline. They forbade the English to go on shore, and fired on the canoes which endeavoured to trade with us, even cutting them from the ship's side. These practical insults were enlivened by taunts, couched in the basest language. The Dutch accused our company of debauching their people and harbouring their rebels. The English traders therefore prayed for royal protection, and maintained that the question involved "the very being of the American plantations, which must fall with the loss of the African trade, through want of negro servants." One of their desperate letters bears endorsement, "The Royall Company, losse of whole trade in Affrica. . . ." Our Ambassador at the Hague was ordered to protest, and to obtain a becoming show of resent-

ment and indignation against the Dutch West India Company.[1]

Mere protest, however, was of no avail; the distance was too great, the life too lawless, for diplomatic notes to carry any weight. The English tried retaliation, but named it "protection of our interests." Late in 1663 we dispatched a squadron under Robert Holmes, a young and able commander, who soon brought about a crisis. He first proposed concessions, but the Dutch refused to hear him, beat and killed his messengers, and fired upon his ships.[2] Holmes met their insolencies by force, and took one settlement after another. As this happened in time of peace, little wonder that the King said, "How shall I do to answer this to the Embassador when he comes?" A trial formed the answer, and Holmes was called upon to account for his deeds—"a matter of jest," says Pepys.[3] The Dutch awaited his punishment, but he was acquitted of piracy, and promoted. Long before he returned to England war was imminent, and most of the year 1664 was occupied with preparations.

As soon as they began, Sandwich took stock of his position. For some considerable time he was doubtful whether he would be called upon to serve at sea. The loss of influence which he owed to his withdrawal from Court, and the perpetual tricks of faction, rendered his position uncertain. Men of quite another set, courtiers rather than statesmen, so held the King's ear that none of his serious servants and friends could come at him.[4] The Duke of York, anxious to obtain the supreme command, was none too well

[1] *Cal. S. P., Col.* (1661-1668), §§ 507, 553, 618, 663, 756.
[2] *Ibid.*, § 699.
[3] Pepys's *Diary*, September 29, 1664; January 9, 1665.
[4] *Ibid.*, February 22.

disposed towards Sandwich, his senior both in years and experience. But when the outbreak of war was a matter of weeks, and it was decided to send out a small squadron "to observe the motions of the Dutch, and to guard the narrow seas," the Duke's secretary, William Coventry, told another story.

"The main thing he desired to speake with me about," says Pepys, "was to know whether I do understand my Lord Sandwich's intentions as to going to sea with this fleete; saying, that the Duke, if he desires it, is most willing to it; but thinking that twelve ships is not a fleete fit for my Lord to be troubled to go out with, he is not willing to offer it to him till he hath some intimations of his mind to go, or not. He spoke this with very great respect as to my Lord," adds the diarist, "though methinks it is strange they should not understand one another better at this time than to need another's mediation."[1]

Since Sandwich was not directly approached upon the matter, and was doubtful of the Duke's intentions, he offered little help to the decision of the Court; but at length he called Pepys aside, and desired him "to think of the fitness, or not, for him to offer himself to go to sea." He felt it strange that his appointment should be made a matter of negotiation between two secretaries.

"He wonders, as he well may," says Pepys, "that this course should be taken, and he every day with the Duke, who, nevertheless, seems most friendly to him, who hath not yet spoke one word to my Lord of his desire to have him go to sea. My Lord do tell me clearly that were it not that he, as all other men that were of the Parliament side, are obnoxious to reproach, and so is forced to bear what otherwise he would not, he would never suffer every thing to be done in the Navy, and he never be consulted; and it seems, in

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, May 29. The order to fit out a squadron is printed in Granville Penn, *Memorials of Sir William Penn*, ii. 290.

the naming of all these commanders for this fleete, he hath never been asked one question."[1]

But though Sandwich was rightly piqued, because he had not been consulted as to the war, he determined to offer his services. He decided that it was wholly inconsistent with his honour, and with his reputation at Court, not to go with the fleet; so he sent Pepys to tell Coventry that he was most willing to receive any commands from the Duke, and to take charge of a small squadron.

His offer was none too well received, and Coventry inquired whether Pepys had told Sandwich that the Duke did not expect him to go, a fact of which Sandwich was aware. This rebuff rendered Pepys doubtful, and set him wondering whether the Duke looked upon the proposed squadron as too small and unworthy a command, or whether he really desired Sandwich out of the way. In reality the intrigues and jealousies were woven round a future question, that of the command of the whole fleet. James was himself extremely anxious to go to sea, but was inexperienced in naval matters. In addition, he was heir to the throne, and that stood in the way of his going. Other men had claims: Prince Rupert was experienced in a piratical kind of way; and there was Albemarle, who had been a General-at-Sea in the Commonwealth navy, and had won a glorious victory over the Dutch. But Charles could not spare him nor risk so valuable a life. Two men, however, had sufficient experience—Sandwich and Penn. Though the former had never been in an actual battle, he had commanded off Mardyk and Dunkirk, chased Turks in the Mediterranean, and bombarded Algiers. William

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, May 31. The word "obnoxious" is used in the sense of "liable" or "exposed" (see Johnson's *Dictionary*).

Penn was a sailor by profession; he had served under Blake during the first Dutch War, and had fought in three important and successful engagements. In addition, such men had infinitely the greatest interest with the seamen, numbers of whom had been in the fleet during the Commonwealth, and who looked upon Albemarle, Sandwich, and Penn, as the survivors of a great period. Of the two last named, Sandwich held the higher rank, and it was natural that he should be called upon for service.

It is possible that his actual appointment owed something to the King. Charles was a good judge of naval matters; though he had not of late called Sandwich constantly to his private council, he had done so "in business of sea and the like," and when war was possible he paid him great attention; indeed, Sandwich thought "the King never more kind to him in his life than now."[1] James, when once assured of the chief command, acted in a more friendly manner, and Sandwich was made Vice-Admiral. He received his commission with full powers to hold courts-martial, and was instructed to take into the Downs whatever ships could be collected, to keep the Duke of York informed of the size, strength and motions of the Dutch fleet, and to preserve His Majesty's honour.[2] On July 20 he hoisted his flag on board the *London*.

Before Sandwich actually took over the command of the fleet, a few weeks elapsed. These he spent in the Thames, and on July 4 he entertained the King and Queen on board the *London*. Their Majesties, says the *Newes*,

"were treated at Tilbury Hope by the Earl of Sandwich, returning the same day, abundantly satisfied both with the dutiful respects of that honourable

[1] Pepys's *Diary*, July 15. [2] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 193, July 9, 1664.

person, and with the excellent condition of all matters committed to his charge."

As soon as the necessary preparations were made, and the squadron was ready for sea, Sandwich resumed his journal, which he had laid aside for two years. The first entries run:

"*July* 18.—In the morning I crossed the Thames at Lambeth, went to the Archbishopp to take my leave. About Southwarke mett the Kinge, Duke of Ormond, and Mr. Secretary Bennett in the Coach cominge from Greenewich. And I lay that night at Rochester: where I went and veiwed the shipps.

"*July* 19.—From Rochester I travelled to Canterbury, and there lodged that night. Went to the Cathedral, and veiwed it dilligently. In the Coate of Cardinall Poole I found quartered the Armes of Mountagu and Mont Hermer.

"*Wednesday*, *July* 20.—From Canterbury I went towards Deale; about Ash[ford] the commanders of the shipps mett mee. Att Sandwich port Captain Titus, and the Mayor and assistants of Sandwich mett mee; with [whom] I went to the Lion, and received courtesy from the Mayor. Then, neere Sandowne Castle, my boates lay ready and about one of the clocke I boarded the *London* in the Downes."[1]

The journal then proceeds to give a picture of the daily life which Sandwich led on board his flagship. The Admiral first called a council of war, and issued his sailing and fighting instructions. He settled on the rendezvous: St. Helen's Road to the westward, and Southwold or Hollesley Bay to the northward. Then, leaving a cruiser off the North Foreland, he convoyed some African ships round to the Thames. From their captains he learned that Poleroon would certainly be delivered to us, and that the cession of Bombay was only delayed through Jesuit influence. One or two courts-martial were

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 215.

held—one upon a captain who had delayed in joining the fleet, another "for trienge a man that his Gunn went off by accident, and killed the master's wife of the *Revenge*." The man was found "not guilty of murder, but chance medley, and ordered to be whipt and discharged the fleete." A master's mate who had spoken "very irreverent words of the Duke of Yorke" was disgraced and cashiered; and the gunner in whose cabin he was drinking received punishment. And one day the courts-martial were interrupted by an enormous waterspout, which provided my Lord with an opportunity for observation.[1]

Before leaving the Downs, Sandwich had some correspondence with the Duke of York, asking advice upon a small but troublesome matter—the question of the flag. Our right to a salute was set out, supported by a list of precedents, and had been recognized in 1662.[2] But now, as hostilities approached, the salute was neglected, and our claim was a continual trial to the Dutch temper. The irritation was increased, because the exaction depended on the power of enforcement. The instructions were as craven and as crafty as was Dogberry's advice to the Watch. If strong enough to ask 'em to strike topsails and flag, and they refuse to do it, then attack; if not strong enough, said the Duke, Sandwich could report the entrance of the enemy, and await orders.[3] The exchange of some shot will make the demand, he added, but it is not a captain's duty to be sunk on unequal terms.[4]

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., ff. 216-218.

[2] There is a most interesting MS. on the question in Southwell's papers: *Brit. Mus. Add. MSS.*, 34,353. See also Granville Penn's *Memorials of Sir William Penn*, i. 577. A late book on the subject is by T. Wemyss Fulton: *The Sovereignty of the Seas.*

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 199.

[4] *Sandwich MSS.: Letters from Ministers*, vol. i., f. 33.

Soon after receiving the Duke's letters, Sandwich put to sea, with a small fleet which seems to have been a reinforced "summer guard." He divided it into three small squadrons—his own, that of Vice-Admiral Allin and Rear-Admiral Berkeley.[1] He was engaged for some weeks in mere routine, the shipping of provisions, and the cleaning of his vessels. He also stopped his men "spending powder on salutes." He had a great hand in the preparations, and made a real attempt to bring his fleet to some state of efficiency. He braved storm and discomfort, and spent nearly the whole of the autumn and winter months on board the *London*, cruising with his squadrons from one part of the coast to the other—westward as far as the Isle of Wight, eastward to the Downs. He gave his officers and seamen some practical work, for he instituted sailing trials, which were not general in his period, though they were considered of the greatest importance a century later. He cruised towards the French coast, "for the better exercisinge of the men in navigatinge," as he said, "and findinge the Trymm of our ships."[2] The disposition of ballast, cargo, and masts, was thus tested, in order to bring the vessels under better control and to make them more seaworthy. On August 19 he writes, "Wee made what sayle wee could close hauld, to try our sailings."[3] There was a fine fresh gale and no sea. Before the wind the *Dreadnought* and *Elizabeth* sailed best, and the yacht *Henrietta;* but on the return

[1] His own squadron consisted of the *London*, *Gloucester*, *Happy Return*, *Dover*, *Kent*, *Drake*, and *Nonsuch* (ketch). His Vice-Admiral (Allin) had the *Plymouth*, *Dreadnought*, *Crowne*, *Breda*, *Guernsey*, and *Lily*. The Rear-Admiral (Berkeley) had the *Revenge*, *Elizabeth*, *Hampshire*, *Pearl*, and *Hector* (*MS. Journal*, vol. i., p. 214).

[2] *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, vol. ci., ff. 24, 68.

[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 222.

journey the *Dover* and *Breda* were, in four hours, some leagues ahead. The Admiral's own flagship, the *London*, proved a moderate sailer, but that was of less importance than the knowledge of seamanship which such exercises brought, and the inestimable value to leaders and men alike of sea-going manœuvres.

It was not only the preparations for war which kept Sandwich on board and engaged his attention. Throughout the autumn squadrons of Dutchmen were at sea, and it was feared that they might take advantage of our unreadiness and make a sudden attack. Designs upon the Isle of Wight seemed probable, and so greatly did Sandwich fear this that he prepared a minute report of "the guard-poles, beacons, watches and wards in the island," and gave orders for special precaution.[1] But the Dutch were in little better plight than ourselves, and rumours of a raid gradually died down. As the autumn gave place to winter, they were reported as having called in their fleet, "and paid their men half pay." Some of the English took this as a victory, "and a matter of some reputation to us it is, and blemish to them; but in no degree like what it is esteemed at, the weather requiring them to do so."[2] The withdrawal of the Dutch was not due "to their want of courage or force," nor did it mean the end of all alarms.

Before the close of the year the whole fleet was divided into three squadrons, and the question of the command was finally settled. James was appointed Commander-in-Chief, and had the Red Squadron; Rupert was given the White; and Sandwich was appointed Admiral of the Blue.[3] By November 27 the

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 251.

[2] Pepys's *Diary*, November 30 and December 3, 1664.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 73, f. 616, November 12, 1664. The warrant gives a list of his ships, fourteen in number.

fleet consisted of "forty-one sayle of shipps men of warr."[1] Most of the various vessels were still unready, and several weeks elapsed while men were impressed and ships shifted from one squadron to another.

The Dutch meanwhile were pushing on preparations, for the situation was so strained that the outbreak of war seemed only a matter of weeks. De Ruyter, who had been for several months in the Straits, was dispatched to the African coast, and had already begun to repair the breaches made by Holmes. The Grand Pensionary of Holland, Johan De Witt, realized that the chance of a settlement had passed. He would have done for conciliation all that could be done with decency,[2] but the English attitude grew more and more aggressive, and all hope of peace died away. Our Ambassador at the Hague, George Downing, welcomed instructions to fan the flames. De Witt learned from London that the resources of diplomacy were exhausted, and refused to treat for peace unless restitution was made of the places in Africa and America.[3] Secretary Bennet regarded his letter as mere bravado, or "only as an amusement," and sent it on to Sandwich. The Admiral replied that the King's honour was too much engaged for any accommodation.[4] And if the Dutch had any hopes of peace, these were dashed by the attack on their Smyrna fleet; for on December 13 Thomas Allin anticipated the outbreak of hostilities, attacked the Dutch vessels as they came up the Channel, and towed them as prizes into English harbours.

After this attack the reprisals became frequent, and

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 233.

[2] Lefèvre-Pontalis: *Johan de Witt*, vol. i., ch. vi.; N. Japikse: *De Verwikkelingen tusschen de Republiek en Engeland van* 1660-1665.

[3] *Sandwich MSS.: Letters from Foreign Ministers*, f. 128.

[4] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 236; *S. P., Dom.*, ciii., f. 159, October 31, 1664.

were fully authorized.[1] Either side was prepared to sail under false colours. No merchantman was really safe without a convoy, and ships of war policed the seas, inciting one another to continual combat. Captured vessels were brought into port, their masts and rudders removed, their holds spiked up, and their goods taken.[2] As the new year opened, matters were in a state of extreme tension, and on both sides public opinion was violently inflamed. The country came to that pitch of feeling when war is pronounced inevitable. Pamphlets, letters, and ballads, did their best to keep ill feeling alive. The Amboyna massacre was raked up again in all its details, and its appeals to passion and revenge. The Dutch were pictured as a false, subtle people lurking for advantages. Their government, under the title of their High Highnesses or the "Hogen Mogen," lent a jingle for ridicule. They were nicknamed Butter-boxes, or spoken of as Water-rats, who would not drown so soon, and thus their punishment would last the longer. One sailor promised a friend the first Dutchman's ears for an umbrella; for if their thickness would not secure him from the sun, he knew not what would. Compliment was not confined to us. The pictures and poems in Holland were numerous and virulent. The Dutch called our seamen "English dogs," and that was brought up against them. Reports of the Dutch barbarities in Guinea were coloured and circulated. There were tales of Dutch spies, to "see where men may be landed, do mischief enough, and go away scot free." Their regiments were to land in Scotland, where malcontents were ready to join

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, December 16, 1664, and February 22, 1665.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 271: Coventry to Sandwich. He adds as postscript that the reprisals were an answer to De Ruyter's Guinea voyage, which was contrary to treaty, and to the stopping a ship of masts from Sweden.

them.[1] The alarms of the English were not ill founded, for there was great activity among the exiles abroad.[2] Aggressive dissent hoped much from the Dutch War. For the Crown an unfavourable issue would have been disastrous; dynasty and commerce alike depended upon our fleet.[3]

During the whole of this threatening time Sandwich was on board his flagship. He held on for the "winter's guard" as few other men would have done. It is infinitely to his credit that he did not leave the command to his Vice-Admiral, as did James and Rupert. He was several weeks in St. Helen's Road and off the Isle of Wight, until news came that the enemy threatened to make sport among our colliers.[4] On January 22 he moved his squadron of sixteen ships to the Downs, and anchored there on the 27th. He expected a brush with the enemy, for he was told by a Frenchman that several Dutch vessels were to go into the Downs, "to attaque what they found there."[5] But he waited in vain, and on February 8 the report that twenty sail of the enemy were off Flamborough brought a suggestion for Sandwich to try and intercept them at his discretion, by cruising between Yarmouth and Flushing.[6] He had just changed his flagship, for the *London* was sent in for repairs, and he began this brief expedition on board the *Revenge*. The winter was at its worst: "showers of snow, uncertain weather, and extreme cold, the wind shuffling round the compass." It was impossible to get in touch with the enemy, and Sandwich heard on February 10 that

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, February 23, 27, March 3, 16, 22, 27, 1665.

[2] See Ludlow's *Memoirs* (edited by Firth), ii. 376.

[3] For this question, see the *American Historical Review*, July, 1909; *The English Conspiracy and Dissent*, by Wilbur C. Abbott.

[4] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 275.

[5] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 242.

[6] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 151.

they were already in Flushing; but he resolved to remain at sea, for on February 13 he was told that the Dutch, under Banckers, were out "upon some greate designe." Whatever that may have been, the weather put an end to it, there came a "storm of wind, sometimes sleete and hayle, and a greate sea."[1] On the next day the *Fairfax* came with orders from Coventry. So bad was the tempest that she had been unobserved, and unable for two days to send her letters on board the flagship. Coventry had heard that the Dutch were in harbour, and suggested that Sandwich should return.[2] On the next day his squadron put back into the Downs.

Within a few weeks these covert hostilities merged into a war, with all the panoply of formal declaration; the sputter and sparkle of the crackers were followed by a set piece. The declaration was delayed in order that the pretexts might be published. Reports were drawn up of injuries and affronts, and summaries of the causes of war were circulated, tricked out with allusions and illustrations from the classics.[3] The Council had resolved to declare the enemy the aggressor.[4] All along the Dutch complained that they could not hear what plunged them into war, though the King said they had it from Downing again and again. On March 4 the formal declaration was made:

"Two heralds in their coats of arms, with four mace bearers, nine trumpeters, and two troops of horse assembled at Westminster, where the trumpet sounded, and the declaration was read with great shouting and rejoicing of the people. Thence they

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 247.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 75, ff. 155, 159.

[3] An excellent specimen is in *Carte MSS.*, 72, f. 712.

[4] *Carte MSS.*, 34, f. 56. See also 81, f. 250, and *Brit. Mus. Add. MSS.*, 32,094, f. 17, etc.: Considerations in Order to a Dutch War; an Account of the Commons' Debate thereon, etc.

went to Temple Bar, where the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in scarlet gowns on horseback, conducted them to Temple Gate, over against Chancery Lane, where it was read with more acclamation than before, the Horse Guards drawing their swords and clattering them: then again in Cheapside and before the Royal Exchange, with great demonstration of joy and sounding of trumpets; after which many nobles of the Court came into the City, to dine with the Lord Mayor."[1]

When war was actually declared, the fleet was far from ready. Corruption in the higher offices, idleness and dishonesty in the lower ranks, were coupled with extraordinary financial disorder. The arrears were enormous, and tradesmen fought shy of giving further credit. The system of victualling was wellnigh hopeless, for the whole burden rested on a single man.[2] Proper supervision was impossible; when the stuff was got on board, "the parcel did not hold out as good as the sample," and great embezzlements were carried on under the name of perquisites. A drastic effort was needed, for at all costs the fleet must be ready in the spring. Amid much bustle and confusion, preparations were shaped. A few officials were commendably active; and the King, in order to encourage the work, visited the ships at Portsmouth, despite the bad weather and the cold and unwholesome place. Stores were hastened on board, and the ketches, smacks, and hoys, hired for victualling, were allotted to their several ships; the remainder were sent down to the Gunfleet, "that they may not hide themselves in holes whilst they eat the King's bread."[3] Ropemakers were kept at work "early and late by candle and lantern," but their cordage and cables were made of several sorts of hemp, and wore very ill in blowy

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, March 6, 1665.

[2] See J. R. Tanner, *Calendar of the Pepysian MSS.*, vol. i., pp. 99, 152.

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, February 11 and 18, March 8 and 23.

weather.[1] There was a terrible shortage of clothes for the men, and precautions had to be taken against every kind of vermin. Hospital ships were needed, "well fitted with cradles and surgeons." There was "a great want of colours: they could not fight if they would, for want of a flag to make signals with, the only remedy being the red coats of the volunteers." No fire-booms were sent, so there was nothing available to ward off the approach of fire-ships and keep them from the sides. To quicken the various supplies, Sandwich suggested that two longboats should always be stationed at Deal, to supply the fleet with water, ballast, and other necessaries.[2]

But Sandwich, who throughout this troublesome time was extremely active, found that the main difficulty lay in the want of men, and after months of work he complained that his ships were far short of their complement. When men were obtained, often in batches of one or two hundred, they were liable to be transferred to the Red or the White Squadron, and the search began again.[3] This was very hard upon Sandwich, for he had spent the winter at sea, and hoped for some recognition of his work. He propounded a plan by which merchant seamen were drafted into the King's ships, and gave us men who were used to the water.[4] For at times the work of pressing was aggravated by a haul of unsuitable creatures—millers and sawyers who had never seen a ship, half-grown lads who had to be discharged and sent ashore, old men whose days for fighting and

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 241; *Rawlinson MSS.*, A 174, f. 74.

[2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, March 6, April 1, 6, and 9.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 130.

[4] *Ibid.*, 75, f. 241. Sandwich had lent his journal to Coventry. The volume contains the ordinances of the Commonwealth as to men, victuals, etc., and this idea of his was borrowed from the Commonwealth administration.

sailing were long past.[1] Poor wretches were dragged even from the churches, and for safety's sake were cast into prison.[2]

Desertion was frequent, for the pay was scant and uncertain. When colliers gave as much as £9 a month, what chance had the King's service with an offer of 23s.? Sailors had a greater inclination for private men-of-war, "in which they flatter themselves they shall get mountains of gold,"[3] and they escaped from the fleet at nights, cutting the boats from the ships' stern. So troublesome were the desertions that a suggestion was made that, out of every ten deserters taken, one should be hanged by lot. Rumour declared that the men were instigated to mutinous conduct by "a person of quality," and that the Dutch had "15,000 expert fighting Englishmen on their side."[4] Though the report was exaggerated, only substantial inducements could stay the leakage. The Privy Council offered medals, and rewards for the capture of ships and ordnance. The men were allowed the pillage of all merchandise upon or above the gun-deck; care was promised to the sick and wounded, and provision made for the widows.[5] The ballad-monger was brought in to cry up the arrangements:

> "The care and good provision for seamen that is made,
> Will make them fight for England's right and never be afraid;
> They'l find far richer plunder than e're they did before;
> Every day, in the fray, when the cannons loud do roar."[6]

But these stirring verses tempted few who had experienced the vagaries of the Exchequer; the con-

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, April 5, 1665.
[2] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 279.
[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, May 5.
[4] *Carte MSS.*, 34, ff. 62, 228; 75, f. 171.
[5] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, October 28, 1664.
[6] C. H. Firth, *Naval Ballads* (Navy Records Society).

tinual cry of the captains was for more men. The merchants did all they could to prevent their sailors being secured, for the merchant service was disorganized by impressments. For a time the seamen in colliers were exempted—"on account of the importance of the coal trade, no seamen employed therein shall be pressed";[1] but even the King's proclamation was overridden in times of need.

In the face of such troubles and discouragements, it is a marvel that the fleet was ever got to sea. Certain men worked with a will. Coventry and Pepys were unwearied. To confer with them and take stock of the preparations, Sandwich paid a brief visit to London in March—his second absence from his vessel for many months.

"I did take coach and to my Lord Sandwich's and dined with my Lord," wrote Pepys, "it being the first time he hath dined at home since his coming from sea: and a pretty odd demand it was of my Lord to my Lady before me: 'How do you, sweetheart? How have you done all this week?' himself taking notice of it to me that he had hardly seen her the week before."

During the Admiral's sojourn in town a fearful disaster befell his old flagship, the *London*. She was blown up, and out of a crew of over three hundred only nineteen escaped. The wreck lay near the mouth of the Thames; only the round-house was above water, and nothing except the guns could be got again. But the disaster did not actually change Sandwich's plans, for it had been arranged that he should hoist his flag in the *Prince*. She was the largest ship of the fleet, mounting eighty-six guns, but she was notoriously unwieldy and a heavy sailer. My Lord's

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, April 26, 1665.

daughters went with Mistress Pepys to inspect the vessel—an unpleasant journey, owing to the fear and folly of the children. On March 23 Sandwich prepared to rejoin the fleet; but first, busy as he was, he received Pepys "with mighty kindness" and joy at his promotions. Then he left London, going by coach to Gravesend, and joined his ship at the Hope. On March 27 the *Prince* arrived at the Gunfleet Sand, off the coast of Essex; there lay the Duke of York and Prince Rupert with about fifty sail. Great hopes were astir; it seemed at length as if the fleet might defy the enemy, and fear nothing but fire or sands.

II. The Battle of Lowestoft.

"The battle was hot,
And bloudily fought,
The fire was like rain, and like hail was the shot."
Naval Ballads.

There was, at the time the fleet assembled, some fear lest the Dutch should be out before them and seize the initiative;[1] but they made no movement, and the period of waiting gave to the King and his advisers a breathing space, during which the plan of campaign could be considered. The days were passing in which naval warfare dissolved into a series of minor actions. All side-issues, raids, surprises, and operations against commerce, were regarded as means of gathering the fruits of victory. It was realized that the result of naval war must depend on decisive fleet actions. The armed force of the enemy must be overthrown. Then, and only then, came such attacks as that of the Dutch in the Medway, or the English raid in the River Vlie.[2]

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, April 5: The Duke of York to the King. Admiral P. H. Colomb, *Naval Warfare*, pp. 24-44.

Though the quarrel concerned commercial and colonial issues, world-wide in their extent, the armed forces remained massed in home waters; not all the plaints of harassed merchants diverted our fleets from the North Sea. The idea of concentration against the armed forces of the enemy had penetrated, and each navy sought to deliver an overwhelming blow upon the opponent's main fleet. To deliver this it was necessary to seek out the enemy—better still to compel or to coax him into giving battle. Between the English and Dutch there was every chance that this idea should be evolved, on account of the geographical position of the combatants.

The North Sea formed a natural theatre of operations. The first Dutch War had shown the advantage of our geographical position in dealing with a power whose business lay in the same waters.[1] By a wise distribution of force we could keep the upper hand. With the exception of the Baltic trade, every stream of the sea-borne commerce of Holland passed near our shores. Rich cargoes of spices, sugar, silks, and precious stones, were exposed to our attack. We held the Straits of Dover, and dominated the passage round the Orkneys. Our fleet could be ranged astride the Dutch communications, suspend their trade, and condemn them to financial stagnation. They were held as in a vice, and our hold could not be broken, save by concentration of force. When war came, the Dutch gave thought only to a battle; and this determination on either side to fight to the end made our struggles some of the stoutest in the world's history.

The advantage lay with us, since we possessed the keys to the North Sea gates, and could afford to

[1] For the present-day aspect of the problem, see *The Strategical Features of the North Sea*, P. A. Hislam (*Naval Annual*, 1907).

await an engagement on our own terms. The majority of our merchantmen had no need to cross the arena of operations; the Dutch, on the other hand, were forced out to fight in order to save their convoys. Their object was to wrest the control of communications from our hands. This needed a determined effort and a decisive battle; until this came, their merchants were forbidden to stir out of port. We prepared to meet the attack. Coventry, when discussing our strategy, deplored our weakness in Guinea and the Straits, but felt that the main fleet would not bear detachments. In a private letter, he insisted upon a concentration of our strength in home waters—the same point which Sandwich had emphasized a few months before. "Trade," he wrote, "without sufficient security for it by superiority at sea, would be the greatest mischief that could happen to the nation."[1] He was alive to the importance of the first shock and the need of being prepared for it to the utmost; if one battle were lost, he said, ten times the money spent to ensure victory would not bring us again to equal terms with the enemy.

This concentration of force was made essential in the general instructions of the King to the Lord High Admiral. The great and powerful fleet was intended to "assert his right to the dominion of the Narrow Seas." No definite lines of strategy were laid down, but the Admiral and his council were free to use the means best adapted for the purpose, "either sailing to the North, into the Channel, or to the coast of Holland." And in conclusion the main business of the Admiral was emphasized, "to secure the mastery of the seas and safety of navigation, and for this object

[1] *S. P., Dom.*, cxx., f. 68, May 5.

to fight or not fight, as he thinks best."[1] The strategical value of the instructions is perfectly clear; the command of the sea was made of the first importance. Subject to this leading idea, the Duke was left with a free hand. But this very freedom alarmed Coventry. Instead of instructions, he would have had orders. He had grasped the necessity for concentration of effort, the need for a decisive blow. He feared that the nation would read the letter otherwise, and look to the fleet to defend small and scattered interests, and fritter away time in the protection of commerce. The instructions given to the Duke, he wrote,

"do not lead him to do anything now, nor justify him hereafter in case of bad success. There shall not be a merchant ship lost to the Westward whilst the fleet is to the Northward, but it shall be said his Royal Highness carried away the fleet without order, and the losse of the merchants laid upon that."[2]

Coventry showed rare insight into that narrow feeling and local panic which is the enemy of pure strategy. He saw the vital importance of concentration. By control of the North Sea trade routes we could compel the Dutch to come out and to give us battle; and this, though hotly debated, was never forgotten during the discussions of the council of war.[3]

So far little has been said of Sandwich. He was throughout of the same opinion as Coventry, and numbers of letters passed between them. Sandwich was, indeed, so strong upon the point that he was afterwards compelled to defend his attitude. It was on these grounds that he opposed a detachment

[1] *S. P., Dom.*, cxv., f. 76, March 22, 1665.

[2] *Brit. Mus. Add. MSS.*, 32,094, f. 46: Coventry to Falmouth, April 1, 1665.

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, April 5, 1665.

being sent to Guinea. The Dutch, he wrote, could not stir without passing through the Channel, where we could stop them before they took the ocean.[1] His journal clearly reveals his views as to the conduct of the campaign. Most of the discussions took place at sea, and Sandwich has faithfully set down a report of the councils. From the time he went on board the *Prince*, he wrote an account of the proceedings, and he has left full details both of the discussions on strategy and of the courts-martial.

Apparently both the council of war and the court-martial consisted of the same members, and the jurisdiction of the council extended to matters of life and death, mutiny, dissensions, and the like.[2] The members were the nine flag-officers—that is to say, the Admiral, Vice-Admiral and Rear-Admiral of each squadron, with the addition of the Duke of Monmouth, who was always present, and the Earl of Marlborough, "because captain of a ship by commission."[3] The presence of these two roused the jealousy of Buckingham. He was a volunteer in the fleet, but his position as a Privy Councillor led him to expect a call to the discussions. In addition, he no doubt knew that the King's instructions gave James permission to summon whom he thought fit.[4] He felt himself "not in the esteem a great man should be," and his captious behaviour earned him a name as the worst type of volunteer. The Duke protested against his demands, and Buckingham set out for London to learn the King's pleasure. Evidently Charles was not short of a ready answer, for Buckingham's name does not

[1] *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, ci., f. 68. It was at first intended to send a squadron to oppose De Ruyter (*Carte MSS.*, 75, ff. 130, 212, 234).

[2] Tanner, *Pepysian MSS.*, i. 184.

[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 252.

[4] *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, cxv., f. 76.

appear among those present at the councils. He merely showed his resentment by a change of ship, and foisted himself upon Sandwich in the *Prince*.[1]

The councils were held despite his absence. Those concerning strategy were of greater interest than the courts-martial, but the business of one of the latter is worth relating. On April 6 Lieutenant Mansell was summoned before the court. He had taunted his captain, Hannam of the *Rainbow*, with having been a rebel who had served under Cromwell's commission. The case was troublesome and delicate, for "any recounting of former differences and partyes" would have involved about half the fleet. The Duke said "that all of the Commanders were equally esteemed good subjects and officers, and he doubted not but that they would soe approuve themselves in all occasions, and he would severely reprehend any expressions of past divisions." A tactful enough speech, and the case ended in Mansell's being "cashiered from his employment in the Fleete."[2]

Councils on the strategy to be adopted were frequent, but the first important debate which Sandwich records was that held on April 17, while the fleet was still off the coast of Essex. A report came from Charles that a rich convoy of Dutchmen was off the West Coast of Ireland, and heading north. "The King is desirous the fleete should sayle and endeavour to attrapp these as they come about the North of Scotland." Lawson, the old Commonwealth seaman, objected to the idea of our going far afield; for, he said, within six weeks shortage of water would force us back, and thus the Dutch "would have a faire opportunity to come out and guard home their trade."

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, April 11 and 20, May 10 and 15.
[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 251.

He thought that if we exhausted the provisions by cruising the enemy might attack; his advice was, "Keepe our owne fleete together, fully supplied and fresh, free from all injuries that saylinge and keepinge the sea ordinarily procures, untill wee heare that the Dutch are out, and then goe to them."[1] Sandwich, however, regarded it as possible that inaction might be looked upon as cowardice; he advised the Duke's sailing to the enemy's coast, "with all convenient speed; it beinge of reputation both at Home and abroad." He also pointed out that "wee might attrapp any of their shipps that might be cominge Home by the backe of Scotland; the Dutch also might be provoked to come to sea quickly, which was the most desirable Thinge wee could have." He did not suggest an attack, but an attempt to coax the enemy to battle while men were enthusiastic and provisions were fresh, and he advised a return for water before the supply was too near expended. His plan was "generally liked." Rupert added the suggestion that watch should be kept on the two sections of the Dutch fleet, one in the Texel, and one in the Vlie, "soe wee should prevent their Conjunction, and as wee had notice of the Sallienge of either of them wee might attaque them separately." But as the Dutch were scarce likely to oblige us, it was decided to consider this when once we had sailed.[2]

On April 20 preparations for a move were made, despite the many defects of stores; the fleet "setting forth in the state it is," wrote Coventry, "would have been avoided if advertisements had been seasonably hearkened to."[3] The advice of Sandwich had been

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 256.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i., ff. 257, 258. "The Texel" was used by seamen to indicate the Channel between Texel island and the mainland.

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, April 20.

taken, "to try if the Dutch will come out and venture a battle, which is much desired whilst the men are in good health." The final instructions were given. In case of a storm the rendezvous were Bridlington Bay in a southerly wind, Southwold in a northerly. The captains were exhorted to behave themselves gallantly in fight, to give proper berth when under sail or riding at anchor, "and some other usefull advises of care of the Shipps masts and Tackle."[1]

A reform of great importance may be dated here, for during this cruise the order of sailing was also the order of battle, and an engagement did not call for any new formation.[2] For this Sandwich was no doubt largely responsible. He had tried the experiment of a definite position for each ship during his earlier cruise, and had framed instructions for forming line abreast and line ahead.[3] The plan of the line drawn up in his journal looks like an original rather than a copy.[4] Further still, the organization adopted tallies with that given in his earlier instructions. Each squadron was divided into three groups—those of the Admiral, his Vice and Rear Admiral; and each group was made up of a judicious mixture of ships—first, second and third rates, with their attendant fire-ships.[5]

Thus organized, the fleet weighed anchor, and on

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 268.

[2] *Cf.* Nelson's *Memorandum*, October 9, 1805. That this battle order was arranged at sea is shown by a letter of the Duke of York to the King, when he sends the King the order of battle (*S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, cxviii., f. 97, April 20).

[3] *Hist. MSS. Comm.: Somerset MSS.*, Report XV., part vii., p. 100.

[4] See J. S. Corbett, *Fighting Instructions*, p. 112. Mr. Corbett anticipated this document, "which has not come down to us," he says, "but which no doubt gave every ship her station in the line, like those which Sandwich had prepared for his squadron a few months earlier." So far no such other list has come to light.

[5] Appendix B. The division into three groups was probably used in the first Dutch War, and Sandwich may have discussed the formation with Blake.

April 21 sailed for the coast of Holland.[1] They made a brave show. "I only wish the King could see them," wrote an admirer.[2] For a few hours the weather was calm and foggy, and a short stay was made off Orford Ness. On the next day there sprang up a fresh south-westerly gale. "Wee lay and drove all the night," wrote Sandwich. "Sunday, 23: Wee made sayle again and our scouts tooke a Dutch fisherman or two who told us wee were neere the land off Egmont about 6 leagues."[3] The position close to the Texel called for a council of war. James "put abroad the standard," and all the flag-officers went on board the *Royal Charles.*

The discussion which took place was of great strategical interest, and revolved round three points. First, the enemy's fleet was then anchored partly in the Texel and partly in the Vlie, and there was some idea that the conjunction of the two portions might be prevented. Secondly, De Ruyter was expected back immediately from his famous cruise, during which he had taken his revenge in Africa, and done us considerable damage both in the West Indies and Newfoundland.[4] With him came numerous merchantmen. To capture these and to hinder an increase of the Dutch strength was a matter for consideration. Thirdly, the best means to provoke the Dutch to an engagement came up for debate.

There were many objections to the attack upon the two sections of the Dutch fleet. Among the shoals and deltas of Zeeland, the shallower draught of the Dutch ships gave them an advantage in any sudden movement so near the shore; the position which the English

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 268.
[2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, April 22.
[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 268.
[4] Corbett, *England in the Mediterranean*, ii. 56.

must needs take up left the channels unguarded, and would have facilitated the entrance of De Ruyter and the merchantmen, while to attack each section separately was equally useless, for a divided attack was not only fraught with danger, but would not have brought about a general action. The council thereupon decided to adopt the alternative of endeavouring to intercept De Ruyter, as the only means of provoking a general action in the open sea. "We thought the hinderinge their trade to come home," says Sandwich, "the best provocation to make the enemye's Fleet come out." For after all, the idea of an attack in the channels was a mere sudden suggestion which arose from the distribution of the Dutch fleet, and was not a plan which carried certainty; whereas our real object was to tempt the enemy to an engagement, or to force one upon them, and that, not near the shore, but well out to sea.

In order to compass "this most hopeful design," a station for our vessels was fixed, ten to twelve leagues north-west by north of the Texel.

"It was discoursed whether the Fleet should keep under sayle or come to an ancor, but concluded to ride at an ancor, because it would make the station of the Fleet more certaine to all our scouts and those that from England should seeke us; free us from the danger of loss of masts or bolt-spritts by runninge foule one of another, and prevent our separation; all which inconveniences were likely to follow our keeping under sayle."[1]

A proper disposition of the squadrons was also made; the Red anchored nearest the Texel, the Blue and the White were each a league away from the Duke's squadron. The scouting was carefully arranged; each squadron sent out four frigates, some to watch the

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 270.

approaches to the harbours, others to bring advice from the north. Every twenty-four hours the frigates returned to the fleet, which was anchored upon the Broad Fourteens.[1]

This fine strategical position was not maintained for long. Restlessness seized some of the members of the council. On April 25 the flag-officers met again, to debate whether the fleet should weigh, and stand in till they had sight of the Dutch shore. The private reason for this move was alleged to be the King's desire, for Charles thought that De Ruyter might steal home; the public reason was that a bold front would paralyze the preparations of De Witt. The Duke of York, Lawson, and Penn, advocated the plan, but Sandwich tacitly opposed it. "I submit to better judgements," he wrote, "but would not of my own choice have done it." Reason was on his side. He felt that the fleet in its present position was near enough to provoke the Dutch, for vessels passed daily, and carried news of their presence; also that, while a move might deter the Dutch preparations and create a panic in Holland, it deferred at the same time the desired engagement. But his most powerful objection was the danger of our ships, deep of draught, being overtaken by sudden storm upon a low and treacherous coast. And once close in, our movements would be sadly hampered, while De Ruyter could easily give us the slip. He thought that to anchor near the shore would be unpardonable, though he admitted that a look into the Texel, and then another stretch out into the open sea, might be allowed.[2]

He kept his reasons and reflections for his journal, and did not push them at the council. The "look at

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 271.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i., f. 272.

the Texel" was decided upon, but for two days a thick fog delayed the adventure. On April 28 the fleet weighed, and stood in for the shore. "About noone," wrote Sandwich, "wee made the Texel, and the Hollands Fleet within at an ancor: with my glasse I could make two Admiralls and two Vice Admiralls and abundance of shipps masts that rode further within." For two more days our vessels sailed within sight of the coast or manœuvred northwards, and then another council of war was held. A proposal to prevent the junction of the two portions of the Dutch fleet was again considered and rejected. Even had it been possible, Sandwich regarded it as inadvisable—

"because it would certainely hinder theire cominge out to engage us which is the chiefe thinge to be wished for, scince wee are superior to them in force and stronger now then wee are like to be hereafter, and shall shortly be necessitated to goe off theire Coast to recruit water and beare, and then they will have opportunitye to joyne without disturbance."[1]

A second proposition was one that came from Downing at the Hague—an attempt on the Dutch fleet as they rode in the Texel. The idea was thought worth a moment's consideration by Rupert and Sandwich, for there was the glory of Drake's attack upon Cadiz to give them encouragement. But the conditions were different; the narrow channels of the Texel made an attack extremely hazardous. "Both the enterprise," wrote Sandwich, "and the circumstance of the Duke's person commandinge the Fleete make it of very greate weight to determine."[2]

During subsequent movements, as the fleet plied backwards and forwards along the coast, the plan was

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 275.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i., f. 275. See also *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, cxxv., f. 59. It was discussed whether our fleet had kept too far away from the Texel.

considered. On May 5 the flag-officers met and rejected the exploit, for both the channels of the Texel were so narrow and shallow as to make it too hazardous. Only our fourth-rates could have got in, and then but singly, to have made a meal for the enemy; on these grounds "it was thought very unadvisable to make any such attempt." And as any considerable number of Dutch merchantmen was not likely to come home, a small squadron of fourth and fifth rates was detached to look round for prizes, and then return to the main fleet. A few ships of the enemy were taken, and some of our stores were seized by the Dutch. Meanwhile it was decided that the fleet should return home. The supply of water and victuals would only hold out for three weeks, and the stores at Harwich were estimated sufficient for as many months. Once restocked, the ships were ready for battle, or for the return of the East Indiamen, the Smyrna fleet, and De Ruyter. Above all, wrote Sandwich to Charles, the Dutch might think we go home of necessity, and then take the sea, hoping to catch us unprepared; "than which (I humbly believe) nothing is more for your Majesty's advantage."[1]

No sooner was a move suggested than storm upset the plans. Many cables parted, and the ships lost company. On May 10 it was debated whether the resolution to sail for England should be kept, or whether the main fleet should continue to ride off the Texel. The decision to sail was made, though Sandwich "was for ridinge still at an ancor untill wee had a leadinge gale of wind Homeward." He thought the stragglers could find the fleet, and objected to a start against contrary winds; for if the wind overblew, there was danger of collision and hazard to the cables. He

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 268.

also thought it possible that the Dutch might come out, in the hope that the storm had prejudiced our ships, and they might have attempted to pick up stragglers or small squadrons.

"In which regard I thought wee might have waited four or five days for a large wind that could bringe them out, and then have weighed ourselves and stood alonge our course, halinge within five or six leagues of the Dutch coast, that soe wee might have mett with any of theire shipps if they were abroad."[1]

But this "single opinion" was overridden, and the fleet again set sail. On May 13 the Dogger Bank was reached, and two days later the vessels anchored off the Gunfleet.

For the next fortnight the business of victualling was relieved by intervals of merrymaking. Many of the volunteers—Buckingham, Falmouth, and the like—left the fleet; but they who remained were sufficient to entertain throngs of women. Night and day were made merry by the sailors' wives and sweethearts; some, indeed, evaded the vigilance of the officers, and remained on board. Countess, courtesan, and country wench, jostled one another both in cabin and forecastle.

> "Spreading our sails to Harwich we resort,
> And meet the beauties of the British Court . . .
> Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
> Those deathless powers for us themselves declare,
> Resolved the aid of Neptune's court to bring,
> And help the nation where such beauties spring.
> The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
> And takes new valour from the ladies' eyes."[2]

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[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 282. The statement that Sandwich took several Dutch ships (*Cal. S. P., Dom.*, May 8) is dated wrongly, and belongs to September 8.

[2] Denham, *Instructions to a Painter*. But see the *Directions to a Painter* (*Poems on Affairs of State*, i. 24):

> "See where the Dutchess with triumphant trail,
> Of numerous coaches, Harwich doth assail," etc.

The Duchess of York came on board the *Charles*, and with her some of the most attractive Maids of Honour. Anne Temple was there, and Frances Jenyns, a lively lass of sixteen, who once dressed up like an orange-girl, and in the theatre cried "Oranges!" but she fell down among the crowd, and her fine shoes betrayed her.[1] Anne Temple fascinated Coventry; he was much pleased with her looks, he said, and liked them better than did his wife.[2] Between these girls there was sport enough, and they passed from ship to ship for all manner of dinners and entertainments. Just before the war began one of our most famous sea-songs was penned; for the Earl of Dorset wrote, "To all you Ladies now on Land," and mirrored for succeeding generations the gallantry of the sailor's life. Sandwich was not behindhand, but entertained the ladies right royally. They and their lovers dined on board the *Prince*, and enjoyed one of the Admiral's excellent dinners.

Such delights as the seamen had were but interludes to much hard work. The clamour for stores was louder than ever, and Sandwich was hard put to it to provision his squadron. For days the wind was against the victualling boats, and so stiff was the breeze that the vessels broke from their anchors, and had to run into smoother water. Often it took them a whole day to beat back again to the fleet. Then, to add to this, some of the food was only fit to be flung overboard—a serious matter to sailors, "who love their bellies above everything else." The provision of drink was most to be desired. "It is want of drink," wrote the Duke, "that has forced this great fleet back."[3] The blind and general discourse, "We

[1] Pepys's *Diary*; Gramont's *Memoirs*.
[2] *Carte MSS.*, 34, f. 230.
[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, May 20.

have a brave fleet, and we will be at them," became mere brag when water and beer were lacking. The drink was furnished at the last moment, for freshness' sake; but it was tumbled on board in musty and leaky casks. Beer and water were the staple drinks, but in addition there was a drink known as "beverage wine," made of such a strength "as that it shall be able to preserve the water from stinking."[1] Sandwich was one who preferred pure water for his men. "Water alone," he wrote, "they will drinke but moderately and with more content, short allowance money being paid."[2]

The question of provisions was gradually settled, but the business of getting men was still urgent. The bad food caused sickness, and deprived the ships of their sailors. About eighty sail of colliers was a tempting sight, but they had "a proclamation of the Kings to secure their men," and were allowed to go on to London.[3] Yet a week later, Sandwich tells us, numbers of men were pressed from the colliers, "notwithstanding the proclamation prohibitinge itt, and indeed there was necessitye for it, wee expecting a battel dayly and wanting seamen much."[4] This preparation of men and material absorbed everyone's energy. Few incidents were recorded in the journal, but of these some importance was given to the court-martial on Captain Nixon, of the *Elizabeth* frigate. Returning from Tangier, the *Eagle* in company, he had fallen in with two Dutch men-of-war,

[1] *Pepysian MSS.*, vol. i., pp. 167, 177.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 447. This is a memorandum by Sandwich upon the drink provided for seamen.

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, April 26.

[4] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 294. See also *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, cxxiii., f. 21. A note that the Duke picked 500 men out of a fleet of colliers is omitted in the calendar.

and exchanged some broadsides. He then bore up for the Channel, the Dutch in pursuit, though the captain of the *Eagle* advised him to continue the fight. Nixon's excuse was "the evill councell of his shipp officers and bad weather that he could not carry out his lower tire, and suspicion that these two men of warr had more shipps neere to countenance theire boldnesse."[1] He had been ordered, too, to make for Plymouth. He acknowledged, however, the imputation of cowardice, and at the court-martial begged mercy from the Duke.

The incident which followed was curious; for, upon Nixon's appeal for leniency, James and Rupert left the court, as if to throw the burden of severity upon other shoulders, and Sandwich was compelled to preside. The law was read,

"which says that whatsoever Captaine shall withdraw himselfe from a fight with the enemye, or not doe his best to destroy and take all Pirates and enimies, shall be punished with Death, or such other punishment as the Court Martiall shall thinke fitt."

After the Duke had shown his displeasure, and said that the honour of the King and nation were wounded in this miscarriage, leniency seemed impossible, and, though some of the officers were for a mitigation of the sentence, Nixon was condemned to death. But his execution was prevented, first by a storm, then Sunday saved him, and the next day was the King's birthday.[2] The captain of the *Eagle* was acquitted.

"Wee condemned alsoe a soldier to be hanged for speaking mutinous words reproaching the laws of warr," wrote Sandwich, "and saying if all the soldiers were of his mind they would feise the seamen overboard."[3]

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 288. [2] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, May 31.

[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 290. *Fysan*, to put to flight, hasten, impel. "*Ac he fysde forð flan geneahte*"—He impelled the arrow forth.

At length time brought a distraction in which lesser matters were forgotten, and which paled all else, for news came that the Dutch were out. Their fleet was ready, the nation up in arms, and every peasant was collected on the coast, prepared to defend his homestead in the event of a raid.[1] De Witt was their leader and example; "Never man took more paines than he hath done about this fleet, as looking upon his all to be at stake therein, and he hath infinitely animated all their seamen."[2] A regiment of 6,000 marines was ready for sea.[3] The Dutch sadly needed victory, for trade in Holland was at a standstill, and the burden of war was costly. The insurance on wine-ships went to fifty per cent., and that on the Smyrna fleet to thirty. Though the burghers grumbled, they were ready for considerable sacrifices, and a shipbuilding programme was laid down. New men-of-war were designed, of a much greater breadth, with more timber, more iron, and with brass ordnance.

"Either his Majesty must build proportionably to what they build," wrote Downing, "or how shall we be able to grapple with them? They count by next spring to have the whole 48 great ships that they are now building all done and fit to go to sea."[4]

But though De Witt inspired the nation, he had to contend with various checks. The officers grumbled, saying that he took too much upon himself, making himself more than Admiral or General, and yet understanding "nothing of neither." When he wished to consult Opdam, the Admiral "would not so much as stirre off from his bed to speake to him."[5] The

[1] Lefèvre Pontalis, *Johan de Witt*, i. 326.
[2] *S. P., For.: Holland*, 176, f. 48: Downing to Arlington.
[3] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 228.
[4] *S. P., For.: Holland*, 176, f. 51: Downing to Arlington.
[5] *Ibid.: Holland*, 176, f. 71.

cleavage between civil and military authority hampered the Dutch plans, but at length the fleet received benediction. At the end of May the civil authorities saw the ships clear of the Texel, and exhorted all the captains, who said a cheerful "Amen."[1] Their orders were to seek out the English, "even to the mouth of the river Thames," and their instructions ran to "destroying the English at water or at land, wherever they can meet them."[2]

When news came that the Dutch were astir, our ships moved some ten miles outside Southwold Bay, clear of the sands and shoals, and there awaited an engagement. On May 30 a gentle gale blew from the north-east, and carried the ships towards Orford Ness; then came a dense fog, which forced them to anchor. Next day the fog lifted, and the coast of Suffolk was again visible, where the towers of Aldeburgh, Dunwich, and Southwold, stood in graceful outline. Our position was three and a half leagues from the Ness, south by east.

There the council of war reconsidered the order of battle. Sandwich had suggested that this should be altered, and the merchant ships, mostly fourth-rates, placed together in rear of the line, and in three squadrons or divisions. By this means, he argued, "the ships of force would have had their strength contracted into a lesser room, by neere a league"; they would have been of a greater fighting value than when intermixed with merchant ships—"stronger to make an impression on the enimye in any part, or to resist any combined force of the enimye attemptinge us."[3]

[1] *S. P., For.: Holland*, 176, f. 78.

[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., ff. 259-263. These instructions, which should make a useful appendix to our own, have not so far been printed, in English.

[3] *Ibid.*, vol. i., f. 293.

The suggestion which Sandwich made is very remarkable, and strikes the true eighteenth-century note. He gives us not only the idea of ships of the line, but even the germ of the highly developed notion of concentration propounded nearly a century later by Bigot de Morogues. Instead of a long and unequal line, Sandwich suggested the elimination of all but those ships fitted to lie in the line; for a line so constituted need not preserve such close order, nor need it lose in power. Its movements are more prompt, signalling is easier, and the formation more exact. In Morogues' opinion, big ships and big guns gave superior concentration, and, having fewer units, they secured superior mobility.[1] To repeat Sandwich's words, the big ships are "stronger to make an impression on the enimye in any part or to resist any combined force of the enimye attemptinge us." Further than this, Sandwich had another reason for his plan: he mistrusted the merchant seamen, and regarded the captains of the King's ships "more entire and resolved to aid one another than it is to be feared the others are." But his scheme was rejected; though many of the council had been in favour of the plan, no one "was forward to speak, and soe agreed to continue our former order of battell."[2]

The old order was therefore retained in readiness for the engagement, which took place soon after this discussion. On June 1 the fleet was some two leagues from the Suffolk coast, and about noon the enemy was sighted.

"Prince Rupert's shipp from the topp-maste head discovered a Fleete of shipps in the offin, and presently

[1] J. S. Corbett, *Signals and Instructions* (1776-1794), introduction, part ii., pp. 8-12.

[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 294.

loared and hoisted his Ancient to make us take notice, and then lookinge out wee all saw them about 100 sayle, which wee judged to be the Dutch Fleet."[1]

The English then set sail and stood off to the southward, for the wind was north-east and favoured the Dutch. The decks were cleared, and preparations made for an engagement. On the next day the two fleets remained in sight of one another, lying some seven leagues from Southwold. About noon the wind shifted from the north-east to the south-east. This gave the Dutch the weather-gauge, but they did not bear up to the attack, and the superior manœuvring of the English gradually told.[2] By evening we had attained the desired position, and with it the power to give or refuse battle. On Saturday, June 3, the manœuvres terminated in the battle of Lowestoft.

"Never was seen a more proper day to dispute the Mastery of the Sea: for it was very smooth, a fine steady fresh gale at South West, not a cloud in the Sky, nor the least appearance of any alteration of wind or weather."[3]

On such a fair morning the fleets made a brave show, more picturesque than the grey hulks and scanty tackle of modern days. The palette and pencil of Van de Velde have left us glorious pictures of the engagement.[4] Ships of the line were sturdy and showy.[5] Their stems and sterns were embellished

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 295. "Ancient" is the old term for ensign.

[2] "The Dutch might have had the wind of us two days together: it pleased God yesterday to give it us" (Coventry to Albemarle, June 4).

[3] J. S. Clarke, *Life of James II.*, vol. i., p. 410. According to Coventry's log, we were then fourteen leagues off Lowestoft (*S. P., Dom.*, cxxiii., f. 91).

[4] Most of his pencil drawings are in the British Museum, and there is a drawing of the engagement in the United Services Institution.

[5] There is a fine picture of a seventeenth-century warship in E. K. Chatterton's *Sailing Ships* (Sidgwick, 1909).

with carvings worthy of the stalls of a cathedral; great gilded lanterns were on the poop—lanterns large enough to hold ten men. The flags were made of silk, and embroidered in gold. During action each vessel had her sails spread and yards gay with bunting. Round about her bulwarks went great scarlet waist-cloths, "as well for the countenance and grace of the ship as to cover the men from being seene." Before the battle, defiant display invited the enemy to combat; the flags were flaunted like the little banners at a bullfight. But the two fleets needed no incitement to combat; they were ready for an engagement, and evenly matched.[1]

The battle order of the English squadrons was the Red as centre, under James; the White, under Prince Rupert, in the van; and the Earl of Sandwich's Blue was the rear squadron. By the side of the commanders were captains of considerable experience. James had with him Sir William Penn, as Captain of the Fleet, and John Harman. Their ship was the *Royal Charles*, a first-rate of seventy-eight guns. The Vice-Admiral of the Red was Sir J. Lawson, in the *Royal Oak*, and the Rear-Admiral Sir William Berkeley, in the *Swiftsure*. Rupert's flagship was the *Royal James*, Captain John Kempthorne; the Vice-Admiral of the squadron was Christopher Myngs, in the *Triumph*, and Rear-Admiral Robert Sansum was in the *Resolution*. Sandwich sailed in the *Prince*—Captain Roger Cuttance. He had with him Sir G. Ayscue in the *Henry*, as Vice-Admiral, and Thomas Teddiman in the *Royal Catharine*, as Rear-Admiral. The Dutch fleet was divided into no less than seven squadrons,

[1] The English had 109 men-of-war and 28 fire-ships and ketches. They mounted 4,192 guns and contained 21,006 men. The Dutch put to sea with 103 men-of-war and 30 smaller vessels, yachts, and fire-ships. They mounted 4,869 guns and carried 21,556 officers and men.

with Opdam in the *Eendracht* as Commander-in-Chief.

In the early morning of June 3, between three and four o'clock, the fight began. The wind was south-south-west, but later it shifted a point to south-west by south. The English moved to the attack, sailing south-east; Rupert was in the van, the Duke had the centre, and Sandwich the rear. The enemy brusquely tacked upon them, "stemming westward, for both fleets past their broadsides as they crossed by one the other."[1] Not one of either side was out of play at this first encounter. The calm sea gave a chance for good shooting, but no great harm was done, for the fleets were far apart. They crossed, on opposite tacks, like two gigantic serpents meeting and passing, and in sinuous fashion curved round again in order to repass. Each line extended in length about fifteen or twenty miles.[2] But, despite the excellence of our seamanship, the line soon lost perfection; certain of our ships "luffed up to windward," and were then in rank some three or four deep, with greater hazard to friend than foe. Even then, in the first onset, only a single disaster happened, when the *Charity*, a small merchantman, fell into the enemy's fleet, and was sent instantly to Holland as a prize.

The accounts of the second stage of the battle vary somewhat. Both fleets had to tack, and it was not until seven o'clock that the ships were again at close quarters. Rupert, "his sayle and hull very much

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., p. 296. Mr. Corbett suggests that the English forced the Dutch to bear up and steer north-west, and then we kept the weather-gauge.

[2] Hoste, *L'Art des Armées Navales*, gives five leagues as the approximate length of the lines. When Sandwich suggested throwing out the twenty-four merchantmen, he speaks of them as lessening the length of the line by near a league. This gives eight ships to the mile—that is, just over 200 yards between each vessel.

torne," was still in the van, and engaged Opdam, who had tacked, with his head towards the south-east. The Dutch were thus sailing in the direction of their own coast, and, if they could have held on, would have passed ahead of the English, and got to windward.

"His Royal Highness," writes Sandwich, "suspecting the enemy would weather our fleet if we stood on and tacked in our proper berths to make good the line . . . tacked after the enemy, and commanded me to tack, which I did instantly, though in a great crowd of ships."[1]

The manœuvre was successful, but altered the positions of the line, so that the Duke's squadron became the van, Sandwich had the centre, and Rupert the rear. Owing to this sudden change of tactics, the original formation of the squadrons was gradually lost, and the action began to bear the character of a mêlée. The enemy had designed to break through, and passed very near, so near the *Prince*, indeed, that they wounded Sandwich and several of his men with their musket shots, and "sorely paid" his fire-ship. Once the enemy had passed, the English tacked, Lawson leading with some of the Red Squadron, while James endeavoured again to run ahead; the Blue followed him, and Rupert's remained the rear squadron.

This constant change of positions consumed several hours, but at length the combatants were once more side by side. It was about midday, and the action went on under a broiling sun. The continual booming of the cannon was heard on shore; "all this day by all people upon the River, and almost everywhere else hereabouts were heard the guns," writes Pepys. The two fleets, says Sandwich, lay with their heads south-east, "sometimes at great distance, and sometimes fair

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 297.

by." About two in the afternoon, Opdam's flagship, the *Eendracht*, the *Oranje*, and three or four more great ships, plied the *Prince* very hotly; but James "stretched it out ahead" of the Blue flagship, and began a furious engagement with Opdam at close quarters.

This enabled Sandwich to execute the decisive movement which turned the fortunes of the day. He let fall his mainsail, and putting abroad his blue flag on the mizzen, "a signe for my squadron to follow," he broke through the Dutch and divided their fleet.[1] Some of the ships gave way; others ran foul of one another, and became entangled. Into these the *Prince* poured her broadside, "and left them to the mercy of the part of our fleet that followed." The movement was most effective: the enemy became disordered and disheartened, and amid their confusion a fire-ship was sent among them, completing the destruction; of upwards of 1,000 men but one tenth were saved, and that by the English boats.

While Sandwich and his squadron broke through the enemy, James entertained Opdam. So hot was the action that some writers say the *Royal Charles* was actually boarded. A chain shot killed three of the Duke's volunteers; "they were so near his Grace that he was sprinkled with their blood and brains."[2] In the very thick of the fight, without any warning, Opdam's ship was blown up, and only five men escaped death. Some say that the explosion was the result of treachery. The *Oranje* meanwhile endeavoured to board the Duke's flagship, but the *Mary* attacked her, and was reinforced by two ships from the Blue Squadron, the *Royal Catharine* and the *Essex*. The

[1] *Fighting Instructions of* 1665, article 7—partly to get his own to "reform line as convenient upon the flagship."

[2] Lediard, T., *Naval History*, p. 577.

vessels were grappled and locked together; the fighting at close quarters was furious; man after man was cut down, or his brains were blown out by pistols held only a few feet away; faces were blackened by powder, and bloodshot eyes glared with animal fierceness. As the boarders endeavoured to get a foothold, they were pushed back into the sea. After an hour's desperate struggle the *Oranje* was compelled to yield, her men were taken prisoners, and she was set on fire.

By this time the afternoon was far spent.

"The whole Dutch fleet," writes Lediard, "seemed to be but one blaze; and the cries of so many miserable wretches, who were perishing either by fire or water, was more frightful than the noise of the cannon. The English gave their vanquished enemy all the assistance they could, while with continued fury they assailed the rest. The Dutch Vice-Admiral Stillingwerf was shot by a cannon-ball through the middle, and their Vice-Admiral Cortenaar received a shot in his thigh, of which he immediately died."[1]

The sun was now obscured by smoke, the sea strewn with wreckage and floating bodies. So great was the confusion and destruction that order was imperceptible, regular broadsides had ceased, and the Dutch fire slackened. When Sandwich broke through the enemy and lay on the east side of the mêlée, Rupert bore up on the Dutch, and contained them on the west. The Duke and his squadron being still southwards, the Dutch were hemmed in by a semicircle of hostile vessels. As the wind blew from the south-west, they made sail, cut off their boats, and took to flight. Sandwich on one side, still to the east, and Rupert on the other, hampered their escape. Three Dutch ships, the *Maarseven*, *Tergoes*, and *Swanenburg*, endeavoured

[1] Lediard, T., *Naval History*, p. 578.

to intercept Sandwich and to cover the retreat; but Sandwich bore up on them, and after a sharp dispute forced one of them sheer aboard her two consorts, "and beinge fast together and well paid, they struck their colours . . . and gave over shooting."[1] He then left them to the ships in the rear, "who might have preserved and secured them, but one Gregory in a fireship went and set fire to them," and they were all destroyed. The chase was vigorously continued, until the *Prince* had her main topsail shot to pieces and was compelled to slow down.

The evening saw the enemy fairly routed; all order of squadrons was long since lost. The Dutch fleet, on which such hopes of victory were built, was sadly crippled. Many of their vessels were sunk or burnt, and several were captured. They lost 4,000 men, and half that number were taken prisoners. Their Commander-in-Chief was dead; Evertzen was heading for the Maas, and Tromp for the Texel. The bad news preceded them. About four in the afternoon a terrific explosion shook every house in the Hague, and flung the windows wide open.[2] A sense of disaster touched the people. The folk who had waited on the beach—watching, listening, gossiping—were joined by terrified crowds. At length a small boat was seen, sailing swiftly towards the shore. There was no cheer from the vessel, no sign of victory. Almost before the craft could touch the land, it was surrounded by an anxious mob, panting with curiosity. A messenger stepped ashore, and handed a paper to the nearest official. The man read a message of five or six lines, and clapped the paper

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 300.

[2] The explosion would be that of Opdam's flagship, which took place about three o'clock, according to English time.

into his pocket. Soon the bad news leaked out—so bad that it could not be believed. The crowd became at once dejected and dangerous. The English Resident barricaded his house, for fear of an attack,[1] but the Dutch reserved their resentment for their own sailors. All along the coast, as fugitive after fugitive came in, the ships were met by hostile crowds of men and women. Admiral or captain, if the breath of suspicion touched him, if cowardice were even whispered, rank could not save him. Evertzen was thrown into a canal, and would have been stoned to death but for some friendly soldiers.[2] The enraged mob had not counted upon flight, and for several hours they were forced to see their ships driven before the enemy.

But the accident to the *Prince* checked the chase; she slackened speed and enabled the Duke to come up with the pursuers. He took over the command, while Rupert and Sandwich fell astern. The course was slightly changed: the fleet sailed more to the eastward, in order to cut off the enemy from the shore, and to foil them in their attempt to gain the Texel.

It was then about nine o'clock, and the still June night settled down. Lanterns were lit, the *Norwich* was told off to keep in touch with the enemy, and guns and signals were prepared.[3] Daylight was not far away; it seemed that the quarry was well within our grasp; but during the few hours of darkness a courtier robbed us of the spoils of victory. The Duke and Penn retired, and Harman had charge of the *Charles*. To him came Brouncker, a Groom of the

[1] *S. P., For.: Holland*, 176, f. 114: Downing to Arlington.
[2] Lefèvre Pontalis, *Johan de Witt*, i. 332.
[3] J. S. Clarke, *Life of James II.*, vol. i., p. 415.

Bedchamber, who protested against any risk to the Duke's person. He pictured to Harman the consequence of any mishap to the heir-presumptive, and begged him to shorten sail. Harman replied that he could not stay the ship without orders. Thereupon Brouncker went craftily between decks, as if to the Duke's cabin, and returned with a pretended order to reduce the speed. Captain Harman obeyed. The *Royal Charles* slowed down, and the rest of the ships copied the commander.[1] When day broke the pursuit was resumed, and until the sun was high Rupert and Sandwich chased the enemy. But the delay of the leading squadron had been fatal, and the advantage was with the Dutch. Their knowledge of the coast was perfect; their lower draught enabled them to glide into the Texel, where our deeper ships could not follow. We were compelled to bear off to the northward, and the pursuit came to an end.[2]

The victory, says Evelyn, "might have been a complete one, and at once ended the war, had it been pursued, but the cowardice of some, or treachery, or both, frustrated that."[3] The suspicion got abroad that there had been mismanagement. But, though thwarted in the results of their pursuit, the victors were exalted by the flight of the enemy. Rupert and Sandwich went on board the *Charles* to kiss the Duke's hand, "whose preservation," wrote Sandwich, "made our victory glorious."[4] An informal council was held;

[1] The examination of Harman did not take place until April, 1668 (it is printed in the *Journals* of the House of Commons). It is possible that the Blue and the White Squadrons were not much checked. They were in the rear, and were in touch with the enemy as soon as the day broke.

[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 301.

[3] Evelyn's *Diary*, June 8.

[4] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 301

the need of speedy repairs, the disposal of the prizes, and the care of the wounded, all claimed attention, but the chief business was the distribution of the fleet in various ports. The Admirals felt that the vessels might be dispersed at once, "preferringe reall dispatch, before the Consideration of appearinge in some part with an entire Fleete, to confirme the reputation of our victory." Debate brought up the question of a return in triumph; and though the victory was so notorious that they "needed not the fringe of such an appearance," the council determined to protect themselves against malice and artifice, and to sail with the whole fleet into the Downs.[1] Unfavourable winds hindered their design, they worked more to the north, and on June 10 the undivided fleet anchored in Southwold Bay.[2] But three days later the council again met, for a stay at Southwold begat uneasiness. An east wind could bring the Dutch down upon us; the roadstead was open, and good sailing was a hard task. The fleet was therefore distributed: the vessels and their prizes were sent to Hollesley Bay, to the Rolling Grounds, and to the Nore; the flagships and most of the second-rates went to the last-named place.[3] This done, the commanders were able to sit down and survey the results of their work.

They had won an undoubted victory. The news was received with great joy: the trained bands, with drums beating and colours flying, "gave several volleys and acclamations"; church-bells were rung, bonfires flared in the streets, and a cheerful and devout thanksgiving was ordered from the pulpits.

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 302. [2] *Ibid.*, vol. i., f. 304.

[3] The distribution of the fleet is set out in the *MS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 306. See also *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 303.

The English had taken nine prizes, and burned or sunk twelve Dutchmen.[1] The only ship taken by the enemy was the *Charity*:

> "Well, seldome game so lost, but losers make,
> One trick; the Conquer'd from their Conquerors take.
> Fortune was pleasant when she lent the Dutch
> Our *Charity*, a thing they wanted much."[2]

At first the Duke and Rupert had more than their share of praise, and the work which Sandwich did was ignored and underrated. Only the Dutch did him justice.[3] So little was said about him in England that Pepys was seriously troubled, and feared a conspiracy of silence, though the King sent a very gracious letter, and said "that my Lord Sandwich had done nobly and worthily."[4] But Coventry's official account did not so much as mention the Earl, while a great pæan of praise went up for the Duke and the Prince.[5] Not for some days did any public notice of Sandwich's part in the battle appear; then a letter from Captain Ferrers was shown to

[1] The official list of prizes is in *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, cxxiii., f. 29.

[2] *Brit. Mus.: Luttrell Collection of Proclamations and Broadsides*, vol. iii., f. 84; "*The Dutch Armado, a Meer Bravado.*" In the same volume there is an acrostic (f. 80) which says:

> "Though Falmouth, Portland, noble blood did spill,
> They have their Honour, we our Sandwich still."

[3] The work done by Sandwich is fully discussed in Appendix C.

[4] Pepys's *Diary*, June 9; *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 305. See also *Carte MSS.*, 223, f. 273. The King's letter is in *Brit. Mus., Sloane MSS.*, 1519, f. 192.

[5] (*a*) In a private letter Coventry says: "The behaviour of Prince Rupert and my Lord Sandwich was soe eminently good that noe man can bee silent of it" (*S. P., Dom.*, cxxiii., f. 41).

(*b*) In the *Carte MSS.*, 79, f. 12, there is a curious diagram which was found among Lord Wharton's papers. The diagram endeavours to give the credit of breaking through the Dutch fleet to Rupert, and puts Sandwich in

L'Estrange, and the *Newes* of June 15 made some reparation.[1]

"The *Prince*," it said, "was much damnified in the battle, her hull, masts and rigging being exceedingly shattered and torn: His Lordship shewing himself aloft all the while, as unconcerned as if he had been in his own Parlour."

Yet this tale of gallantry did not cover the work which Sandwich had done, and he had a distinct grievance. Pepys met him on June 23 at a Tangier committee—my Lord no doubt, like the rest, "fat and lusty, and ruddy by being in the sun." There, in

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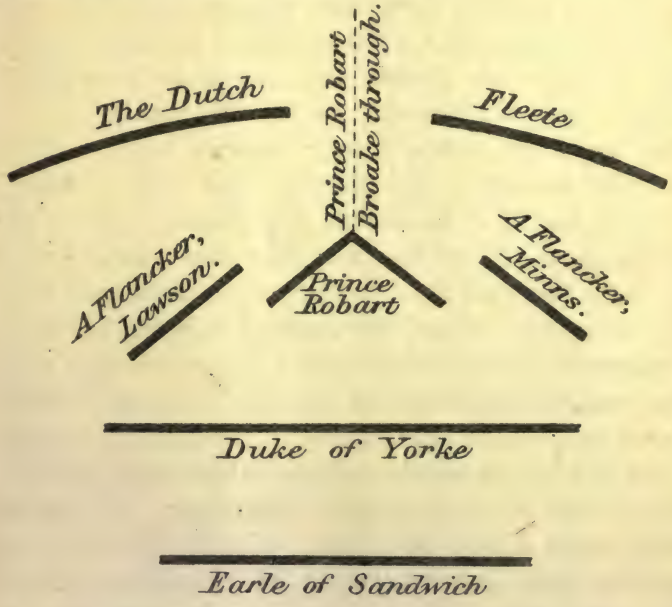
the rear. The designer has no idea of line tactics, and his formation of the fleet is decidedly medieval. The note is given here in order to demonstrate the length to which a partisan will go.



[1] Pepys's *Diary*. The *Newes*, Thursday, June 15, 1665: Hickes to Williamson (*Cal. S. P., Dom.*, June 10), expresses a general dissatisfaction at the meagreness of the accounts.

conversation, Sandwich told Pepys how mighty strange it was that the printed relation should give him no word of honour. After the first pass, he was in the van all the rest of the day, and his ship had thirty shots in her hull, and not one whole mast nor yard; indeed, the *Prince* was "the most battered ship of the fleet," and Evelyn confirms this, and says that she was pierced like a colander.[1] Sandwich was naturally piqued, and spoke with no little bitterness as one to whom injustice had been done. He criticized not only Rupert, but Lawson and the Duke, though he stated clearly that the last-named had come to his rescue at an opportune moment.[2]

It would be a pity should this chapter end upon a jarring note. The tradition of the navy calls for a unanimity which does not always come its way. These jealousies cast a shadow upon glorious results, and at times are pushed into too great prominence When they are thrown aside, the results remain. And the biographer of Lord Sandwich has two things to consider—that the English had won a tactical victory, and that Sandwich had played a great part in the gain. From the time that war was imminent he had a foremost hand in the preparations; and when the campaign began, he showed himself a seaman possessed of no ordinary skill. The excellence of the line, and the disposition of the squadrons, undoubtedly owed much to his suggestions. He had given directions to his own small squadron which were generally adopted in the later stages of the war. His sailing trials were a new departure. His letters show real anxiety that defects should be remedied, and his journals display a keen interest in the campaign, and

[1] Evelyn's *Diary*, May 31, 1672.
[2] Pepys's *Diary*, June 28, 1665.

a sound knowledge of its strategy. When the battle was joined, he exhibited noteworthy powers of leadership. The moment the regularity of line was lost, he detached his squadron from the mêlée, and executed a decisive movement. The victory of June 3 was not entirely his; but when the work is fairly estimated, his share is seen to be considerable, and he played a part which should surely have endeared him, not only to the King and to a faction, but to the nation as a whole.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BERGEN AFFAIR[1]

"God prosper the fleete,
And send they may meet
De Ruyter to make up the conquest compleat."
Naval Ballads.

AFTER the battle off Lowestoft there came a lull, and both sides set out to refit their ships. The victory of the English was indecisive; they had given a display of superior tactics, and swept the enemy into harbour, but the command of the sea was in abeyance. The Dutch suffered the disgrace of defeat, but were not forced to pay the penalty; their power was bent, but unbroken. When Evelyn said that the victory might have been a complete one, had it been pursued, he voiced the feeling of the nation. Once the bonfires had burned out, and the cries of joy were spent, the English sat down to count the cost. Uneasiness stole upon them; the gains were not even sufficient to pay for the medals of commemoration. What an outcry there would have been had the story of Brouncker's interference with the pursuit leaked out, but enough was whispered abroad to make men eager for a further

[1] Authorities: *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., and *Letters from Ministers; Carte MSS.* The *Rawlinson MSS.* also contain some very important matter. Granville Penn, *Memorials of Sir William Penn.* The correspondence relating to Bergen is in the Public Record Office, *State Papers, Foreign* (*Holland and Denmark*), and the Marquess of Bath's *MSS.*, vol. xcv. Other authorities are given in the footnotes.

tussle, and it was resolved that the mischief should be remedied. The return of De Ruyter was imminent; the Barbadoes fleet, which had put into Weymouth, carried the news of his departure from Newfoundland, and other vessels told of Dutchmen seen off the Irish coast.[1] Their East Indiamen were upon the high seas, "a booty that would pay for the powder and shot of a twelvemonth's war." They offered so great chance of a handsome prize that the Council determined they should be taken, and to that end sent out the fleet.

The vessels were allowed four weeks for provision and repair. By the last day of June they were judged ready for sea, and the main body rode at anchor off the Nore. The river was full of life; there was a constant procession of craft of all kinds, from ketches to yachts; and when the Queen-mother sailed for France with only a small escort, the English fancied themselves masters of the sea. Again the bustle preparatory to a campaign began. On board the *Royal Charles* were the King and Duke; and on July 1 Sandwich, who had been in London, joined his ship. He went down to the Nore in a pinnace, accompanied by Evelyn, who has left us a description of the scene. As the Admiral went on board, the sailors

> "made a great huzza, or shout, at our approach, three times. . . . We dined with many noblemen, gentlemen, and volunteers, served in plate and excellent meat of all sorts. . . . It was surprising to behold the good order, decency and plenty of all things in a vessel so full of men."

Later in the day Sandwich was called to a Council on board the *Charles*, and it was then finally determined

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, July 1; *Carte MSS.*, 34, f. 307.

that James should not adventure himself again at sea, at least for that summer.[1]

The change in the command was, in the main, due to the exigencies of dynastic policy. A man so eager as the Duke would not of his own will forego the chance of a second victory, but under pressure from the King and Council he withdrew from active service. The security of the succession, indeed, of the Restoration demanded the safety of his person as the one life between the Stewart line and its extinction.[2] The King and Council then debated upon his successor. Of his two companions in the late campaign, Sandwich was Vice-Admiral of England, and Rupert Admiral of a squadron. The former should have had precedence, but, in the hope of pleasing the Prince, a joint command was proposed.

"Many," said Clarendon, "thought it would have in the conjunction produced a very good mixture, the danger from the Prince being too sudden resolutions, from too much heat and passion, and the Earl having enough of phlegm and wariness in deliberating, and much vigour in the executing what was concluded; and they were both well prepared and inclined to perform the function."[3]

But Clarendon was wrong, for the dual command was acceptable to Rupert only upon his own terms. Though Clarendon blames Coventry for the destruction of the plan, the main objector was the Prince himself. He decried a joint commission, which proposed that two Admirals should rub shoulders in one ship. With such an arrangement, said he, there could be no government. He asked for two distinct squadrons and two distinct commands.[4] But his former record as a seaman was tarnished by disaster; and now the

[1] Evelyn's *Diary*, July 1. [2] See *Commons' Journals*, October 10.
[3] Clarendon, *Life*, ii., pp. 516-518. [4] Pepys's *Diary*, July 5.

King stood out against this scheme, summoned Sandwich into his cabin, and assured him that Rupert's plan was wholly unacceptable.

"He expressed," says Sandwich, "more value for mee than I deserve, God knows, and told me I should bee sure either to command joyntly with the Prince or be trusted alone with the whole affaire, and soe advised about regulating the squadrons, and appointed that I should weare the red flagg."[1]

Since Rupert was obdurate, his command came to an end, and the conduct of the campaign devolved upon Lord Sandwich.

The task taken in hand by the new chief was one of no little difficulty. The Government bid for success by fair means or foul. They were partners in a scheme by which great riches might be gained at the price of a little self-respect. Sandwich was instructed to intercept De Ruyter; a station was fixed on the Dogger Bank whence he could mount guard upon the trade route to the Texel. That part of his work was straightforward, and rendered more honourable by the great reputation of the Dutch Admiral; but the English went farther, and sought to assure a profit. Conceptions of international law were crude, and of international morality there was no thought. The Admiral was bidden to ride roughshod over such laws as existed. His instructions stated that, if the Dutch went towards Norway, they were to be attacked, plundered, and destroyed, "though they should go into any harbour belonging to the King of Denmark in those parts."[2] For the rivalry of English and Dutch extended to neutral Courts; above all to a kingdom like

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 309.

[2] The instructions are in the *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 310. The question whether there was a right to pursue in hot blood into neutral waters was doubtful. It was raised when Boscawen did so at Lagos in 1759.

that of Denmark and Norway, whose territory touched the North Sea, and whose harbours afforded a ready refuge in time of distress.

This design upon the Dutch in a neutral harbour was the outcome of diplomatic spade-work. Our envoy at Copenhagen, Gilbert Talbot, conceived the plan. He was sent, when war broke out, to obtain the neutrality of the Danes, and to outbid the Dutch envoys in asking for covert help. Since the Danes had suffered from Dutch depredations upon the Guinea coast, they might be expected to make common cause, but they would not agree to an offensive alliance.[1] The battle of Lowestoft was a strong card in Talbot's hand, for the victory had given us position. With England apparently mistress of the seas, Talbot had the ear of the King of Denmark and Norway. Frederick III. was already deep in debt, and willing to share in any spoil. The possibility of valuable vessels seeking refuge in Danish ports threw out prospects of a rich booty. When Talbot sounded the King, he had good reason to believe Frederick's inclinations were perfectly English.[2] Having ascertained this, Talbot made a daring suggestion, and guarded himself by making it as a private person. He proposed that the King of Denmark should connive at an attack upon any Dutch vessels which might put in to the harbour of Bergen. At first Frederick demurred, not from scruple, but for want of sufficient force. Talbot then offered him an English squadron, and clinched the bargain by tendering an equal share of an almost certain prize, which could be estimated in millions.

When King and Envoy had concluded their compact, the proposition was sent to England, and received with

[1] Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, ii. 336.
[2] *S. P., For.: Denmark*, vol. xvii., f. 352.

favour. The King and the Duke of York were gratified by such evidence of Denmark's good-will; they promised

"that the motions of our fleet shall be directed to attend it with all possible care, by lying so in the other passages, as may oblidge the enemy to shelter himself in the ports of Norway, and following them thither to secure it, with all fitting orders accordingly."[1]

If the Dutch fleet came into a port before the preparations were made, then artifice could be used to entertain them. A fair division of the spoil was guaranteed, and all precautions were taken "which may cover it from the world" and keep the name of Denmark untarnished.

It was in pursuance of this scheme that haste was necessary, and the English fleet somewhat hurriedly set sail. On June 30 the King sent to Talbot his letter of approval, and two days later the instructions for the business were drawn up and handed to Penn. At that time the final details of the command were still under consideration, and for the sake of dispatch Penn was put temporarily in charge of the fleet. The King's proposal was that we should again divide into three squadrons; Penn was appointed Vice-Admiral, and commanded the White. Though the instructions were made out in his name, he was ordered to hand over the command as soon as Sandwich joined him. Penn sailed at once for Southwold. So quickly was he gone that time did not permit a copy of the instructions to be taken; Coventry merely committed them to memory, and passed them on to Sandwich by word of mouth. But this was not enough. Sandwich, with his customary caution, obtained a further order from

[1] *S. P., For.: Denmark*, vol. xvii., f. 368.

Coventry, which gave him the absolute conduct of the campaign.[1]

Within a few hours Sandwich actually took over the work. He first attended to some private matters which claimed attention. He signed and sealed the agreement for the Mountagu-Carteret marriage, and visited Lady Sandwich, who was lying ill at Tonbridge. He then posted off in pursuit of Penn. On July 4 he boarded the *Prince* off Gravesend, and shortly after noon the vessel was under sail. When within a few leagues of Southwold, the watch discovered a squadron far off to the eastward. Penn had laid too great stress upon the need for haste. The instructions had been given him for Sandwich to execute, and the question of the supreme command was beyond doubt; but Penn took the instructions as directed to himself, and started with a badly-furnished fleet. Many of the ships were hastily patched up after the late fight. Some which should have been taken were still on the stocks—indeed, a whole division was left behind for Allin, the Admiral of the Blue, to bring along. A day or two in Southwold Bay would have enabled better provision to be made, and from the outset the fleet would have had its full strength. Instead of this, Sandwich found, to his annoyance, that the ships which were gathered together had been under sail the whole of July 5, and were making for the Texel. He had therefore to shape his course for the open sea, and on the following day he came up with the fleet. Penn immediately came on board the *Prince*, and put the conduct of affairs into the proper hands.[2]

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 310.

[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i., f. 312; *Clarendon MSS.*, 83, f. 162: Sandwich to Clarendon. The fleet was made up of 2 first-rates, 6 second-rates, 10 third-rates, 29 fourth-rates, 7 fifth-rates, 15 merchantmen, and 1 fire-ship. The shortage of men was 2,500.

When the flagship joined the fleet the vessels were upon the great shoals of the Dogger Bank. There, on the eastern side, the ships plied for days, hoping for a sight of De Ruyter. Thence Sandwich wrote to his friend Henry Bennet, who was now Lord Arlington:

"Untill now I have been prevented of opportunity to returne my most humble Thankes for your Lordship's letter at my partinge, and all the kind expressions therein for mee, which I assure your Lordship I will soe farr studdy to deserve as faithfullnesse and affection in that service can pretend unto. This morninge was the first faire weather I could gett friends aboard in, and now amonge others Sir Tho: Clifford is with mee, and I have invited him to my Shipp which I thinke he accepts and finds it in many respects convenient. This fleete hath been hasted away, though with a very greate defect of men (2,500 fewer than they had before). I hope care is taken to send them in the fleete from Sould bay. We are endeavouringe to gett into the Station appointed us; nothinge shall be wanting in mee to perform what the Kinge my Master expects, whose pleasure is dearer to mee than all other considerations in the World besides, and I account it the Greatest happinesse in the World that I know he believes it to be soe; I begg your favor at any tyme to signify his Majesty's mind unto mee, and to fix mee in your own good opinion."[1]

On July 11 the flag-officers came on board the *Prince* and discussed the posture of affairs. It was resolved that the design on Bergen should be postponed until the remainder of the fleet came up, and the *Milford* was told off to bring the vessels from Southwold. Two days later the council met again. Since the wind was southerly, present hopes of De Ruyter and his East Indiamen were put aside, and a letter was sent, begging that the rest of the ships should be hurried to the Dogger. Soon came the news that Allin, with twenty-five sail, was already on

[1] *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, cxxvi., f. 75, July 11; latitude 54.50.

his way. He joined the main body on July 17, and Sandwich was thus in command of some eighty vessels all told.[1]

When the fleet was fully numbered, the Admiral wrote a final letter to the King:

"In obedience to your Majesty's commands by my Lord Rochester I have accommodated him the best I can, and shall serve him in all things that I can. Sir Thomas Allen mett with us this morninge, and by the advice of the Councell of Warr, the whole fleete is now under sayle bound for the Naze of Norway. The particulars relating thereunto will be presented your Majesty by my Lord Arlington and Sir William Coventry. The blessinge of heaven that accompanyes your Majesty's affairs is my great comfort under the weight I now susteine, whence I hope for success in this voyage, and abilities to serve your Majesty in this occasion, whom noe person in the world serves with a more faithfull and affectionate hart."[2]

Once satisfied that the fleet was of sufficient strength, Sandwich set about the execution of his plans. At a council of war the probable movements of De Ruyter and the East Indiamen were debated. "Wee did thinke," wrote the Earl, "that neither of them would come along that sea untill they had a Fleet to protect them, or winter come on." By that time the Dutch knew that our great ships would be laid up in harbour, and till then, it was thought, they would decide to dally off Norway.[3] One member of the council (Penn) was for a blockade of the Texel, and all were of opinion that the station off the Dogger Bank was useless. "If they should put it to the

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 318; and another list is *Brit. Mus.: Harleian MSS.* 1247, f. 55.

[2] *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, cxxvii., f. 10.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 313. The master of a French ship reported (on July 8) that Tromp was coming out to look for the East Indiamen, but later information would not confirm this.

adventure to go home, the sea is wide, and foggs, and nights, and the flatt coast along the shore of Jutland advantagious for them to escape us by."[1] On these grounds a move was made, and the fleet worked eastward, in the hope that, with careful watching, De Ruyter would not be able to slip from harbour to harbour along the Norwegian coast, and thus evade capture.

In deciding thus, the flag-officers were guarding the route most favourable to the Dutch; and, that it might be thoroughly watched, the fleet prepared to sail to the Naze of Norway. There they could obtain news of any vessels lurking about that coast, and garner knowledge of the harbours. While the council sat, there came intelligence that some Flemish vessels were in Flekkero. A squadron of twelve was told off to attempt these in the harbour—"if it could be done with little losse of tyme, and to good effect." It was also decided that this squadron could be reinforced, if by any chance De Ruyter or the East India fleet were there. The twofold work of the expedition was at last linked up; there were hopes of the capture of De Ruyter, and the prospect of an attack upon the enemy in the harbours of the Dano-Norwegian kingdom.[2]

The first part of the scheme was doomed to failure. On July 23 the scouts brought news that certain ships from the Straits were in Bergen, but that the East Indiamen were not there, neither was the man they sought. The time for intercepting De Ruyter had, in fact, gone by. The Dutch Admiral was then nearing home, and good fortune preserved him. He had been at sea for many months; his vessels were ill-manned, his men sick, and "in panic fear of meeting the English."

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 319. [2] *Ibid.*

But their leader's courage sustained them, and early in July he gained the gate about the North of Scotland. Once that was passed, he had either to make a bold dash across the North Sea or to hug the coast of Norway. In the first case there was every chance of meeting the English fleet, who would have compelled him to fight an infinitely superior force. In case he should try this, Penn had been "peremptorily for going backe with the Fleete for the Texell." This move, however, would have availed us little, for De Ruyter chose the other course. His ships were better adapted to the shallows than were those of the English. Aided by fogs, he gave us the slip. On July 13 he was off Bergen, and engaged a Flemish vessel as scout. That was the very day on which Sandwich and his council decided to await the reinforcements from England, in the vain hope that a southerly wind was sufficient check upon De Ruyter. While they reasoned thus he passed them. On the day they left the Dogger Bank he was within fifty miles of them, off the Naze. Two English vessels discovered him on July 23, working his way along the coast of Denmark. Thence he passed into the shallows of the easternmost river of Holland, and on July 27 he was safe in the Ems.

De Ruyter's achievement was considerable. He brought in nineteen ships, some of them prizes taken from the English in Newfoundland. When he reached home he had on board only six days' provisions. He and his crews had faced untold hardship, and endured to the end. His triumphant arrival was the signal for great rejoicings, and did much to relieve the depression which followed the battle of Lowestoft. The Dutch looked upon his return as miraculous, and as a proof that divine providence had not forgotten their

land.[1] He dispersed the gloom of defeat; disorder vanished, and the spirit of the nation was reanimated. Little wonder that women embraced the Admiral, and children joyed over his return. This success, wrote Downing, "hath huffed them up beyond the skies." If they get home the Indiamen as well, he wrote again, "who in the world to De Witt?"[2] For De Ruyter's arrival was a great blow to the English; the treasure he had brought was as nothing in comparison with the moral effect of his exploit. There remained for us only one hope—the capture of the East India ships as a recompense.[3]

It is not quite clear when the news of De Ruyter's return reached Sandwich. He was informed on July 23 that his rival was not in the harbour of Bergen; on the day following some reports concerning him were taken from Greenland whalers.[4] But before Sandwich could have had definite news, the attack on Bergen was already in train. The instructions laid stress upon the need for seizing the first opportunity, and on July 23 Sandwich was told that the Straits fleet was certainly in the haven. The gist of Talbot's correspondence was known to the flag-officers; as early as July 17 some indications of their plan had been sent to Copenhagen by the hand of a young volunteer, John Werden, who was one of the Admiral's especial friends. His instructions are unknown; nothing was written down, since Sandwich and Talbot had no cipher. But Sandwich thought that the arrangements were definitely made; he believed that the cartridge was prepared, that now his

[1] Brandt, *La Vie de M. de Ruiter*, pp. 286-288 (Amsterdam, 1698).
[2] *S. P., For.: Holland*, clxxvii., ff. 156, 188.
[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, August 9: Coventry to Arlington.
[4] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 321.

business was to apply the match, and he advised the King to fasten his windows before the explosion. He expected Frederick to do his share, "being prepared by Sir Gilbert Talbott," he wrote, "quickened by our expresse. . . . And," he adds, "I was encouraged in this expectation both by the King and Duke. . . . We therefore committed the successe to God and adventured the party."[1]

The expedition was entrusted to Teddiman. A squadron was detached; at first the strength was fixed at eighteen sail, but on July 30 the council increased the number to twenty-two. The largest vessel was a third-rate, and two fire-ships and four or five ketches accompanied the squadron.[2] The flag-officers had then to decide whether the attack should be made at once, or whether it were better to wait for pilots and for further news from shore. Delay was dangerous. Provisions were scarce, and rapid action offered the best passport to success. Hardly had the council thus reasoned and decided, when a captured vessel was brought alongside and her captain examined. He came out of Bergen two days before, and could assure the English that ten East Indiamen had lately entered the harbour. So rich a prospect justified an attack. The fleet seethed with excitement, and volunteers jostled one another for a part in the adventure. They were "full of hopes and expectations," says one of them, "having already shared amongst us the rich lading of the East India merchants; some for diamonds, some for spices, others for rich silks, and I for shirts and gold, which I had most need

[1] *Rawlinson MSS.*, A 468—an *Apologia* drawn up by Sandwich and Pepys, and in the hand of the latter. The whole document is of the greatest interest.

[2] The final arrangement was 1 third-rate, 8 fourth-rates, 4 fifth-rates, and 9 merchantmen.

of."[1] Teddiman was dispatched at once, and with him went young Sydney Mountagu, Sandwich's son, and his cousin Edward; Lord Rochester, Sir Thomas Clifford, and young Charles Harbord, a great friend of the Admiral.

That same night the squadron set out with the highest hopes of success; but from the outset misfortune was in their wake. The nights were wild and stormy. With great difficulty the vessels fetched the harbour of Bergen, "the yard-armes sticking in the very rocks," for the roadstead was narrow and the water shallow.[2] Teddiman ordered his captains "to warp in close to the Dutch ships in the port and under the Castle." The night of August 1 was spent in taking up suitable berths and in negotiations with the Governor. The English had expected encouragement; instead of this, they found themselves involved in troublesome disputes, for the Governor protested against the entrance into his port of more than five men-of-war. In addition the Dutch looked upon Teddiman's coming as a challenge, and were hardly persuaded from sounding their trumpets and opening fire. When a warning shot from the castle broke a sailor's leg, the affair appeared most unpromising; the English felt that they had been duped. Letters were transmitted to the Governor; that which Sandwich sent assumed neutrality, and could never have been written had not Sandwich deemed that the diplomatic arrangements were far advanced.[3] Teddiman wrote in the same strain, and received answers

[1] John Wilmot, Lord Rochester; account in Wordsworth, *Ecclesiastical Biography*, iv. 611 (fourth edition).

[2] For a description of the harbour from a sailor's point of view, see the *Naval Chronicle*, xix. 405.

[3] *S. P., For.: Holland*, clxxvii., f. 132. The volume contains a copy of this letter, and copies of those of Teddiman to the Governor, etc.

in which neutrality was implied, but there was no promise of help. The English negotiations were conducted by Thomas Clifford, who received at the time his diplomatic and military baptism. To Clifford it seemed that the Danes played fast and loose with us. So critical was our position that young Edward Mountagu went ashore in a last effort to cajole the Governor. It was said that the Garter was offered, but the Governor had hardened his heart, and the coveted decoration did not prevail; "he was," said Arlington, "distracted betwixt his avarice and the saving his Master's point of honour."[1]

The delay caused by these conferences was invaluable to the enemy. When Teddiman first reached Bergen, the Dutch ships were lying one on another "incapable of execution." In the time gained, four ships of their convoy were moored athwart the harbour, their broadsides were trained upon the English, and the vessels were able to cover and hamper any attack upon the remainder of the fleet. Dutch and Dane alike strengthened the castle; powder and shot were taken ashore, cannon dragged up from the ships, and Dutch sailors put to man the batteries. Meanwhile Teddiman "got eight sail in a line," and brought his broadsides on the ships within the harbour; the other seven vessels he placed against the castle. The situation grew desperate. An explosion, or the withdrawal of the English, formed the only solutions. The Governor begged Teddiman to retire, and asked for a few days' grace that he might get directions from the King. To the English this seemed a mere talk against time, for every minute the forts were being strengthened and manned. Teddiman's patience was exhausted. He did not attack,

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 46, f. 197.

however, until he had held a council, and given his captains charge not to fire at the castle.

At dawn on August 2 he "let fly his fighting colours," and poured a broadside into the enemy. The castle and forts replied, and poured their fire upon the English. Three hundred guns were trained upon our vessels, and supported the fire of the Dutch. The wind was with them; it blew strongly out of the harbour, blinded the English with smoke, and prevented the entrance of our fire-ships. In the confusion, vessels ran foul of one another, their rigging was torn, their cables cut away by chance shots. For three hours Teddiman was exposed to an attack, twice as fierce as he expected. At length he withdrew. There was no anchorage outside the bay, and he was constrained to take his ships to Jettifiord. He brought off all his vessels, though six or seven were much damaged and could hardly sail. The loss of men was considerable—over four hundred. Edward Mountagu and a volunteer, John Windham, were killed, together with six captains. There was nothing to tell of this disastrous expedition but a story of mingled disappointment and valour.[1]

> "The Bergen business was well laid,
> Though we paid dear for that design;
> Had we not three days parling staid,
> The Dutch fleet there, Charles, had been thine;
> Though the false Dane agreed to fell 'um,
> He cheated us, and saved Skellum.[2]

[1] For details of the attack see Teddiman's letter (*Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 330), Clifford's letter (*Rawlinson*, A 222), *S. P., Dom.: Charles II.*, cxxix., ff. 79, 88, and the authorities quoted in the various footnotes. There is a pen-and-ink drawing of the position of the ships and the harbour in *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 332. Those interested in naval history will find an account of an action in the harbour of Bergen, in 1808, between the *Tartar* frigate and some Danish gunboats (*Naval Chronicle*, vol. xix., p. 420). This affords a most interesting parallel to Teddiman's attack.

[2] Rochester, *The History of Insipids*, in W. W. Wilkins' *Political Ballads*, i. 195.

The blame for the disaster fastened upon Sandwich, but, in truth, the failure at Bergen was, like a hundred other mistakes, due to an improper understanding between the soldier and the diplomatist. When evidence is examined, it will be found that there is a heavy account against the diplomat. In Talbot's letters to Arlington, which immediately preceded the affair, he writes as though all were in train. "The King," he states, "has ordered his Governor to shoot only powder." There is no ambiguity here. And again, the King "sends orders to his Governor to storm and seem to be highly offended, but not to shoot at the English, or at least not to touch them."[1] On July 24 he wrote to Sandwich without a word of doubt or warning:

"I have treated with His Majesty of Denmarke," the letter runs, "not to look upon you as an Enemy . . . but that it may not be suspected by the world that the said Governor doth any way favour your enterprise or hath any intelligence with you, he is to send you this letter of advertisement under hand, together with an admonition to you not to offer any violence to the King his Master's Sanctuaries. . . . You are not therefore to be surprised if he seem to be highly displeased with your proceeding."[2]

As the writer said, displeasure was but an outward show to amuse the Dutch. If this letter reached Sandwich before the squadron started, then the attack was undoubtedly justified.

But even if Talbot's letter failed to reach him, Sandwich was justified in giving his orders. The King and the Duke of York had every confidence in Talbot, and had not hinted that there was a doubt in

[1] *S. P., For.: Denmark*, xvii., f. 378. Some of the letters are printed in Lister's *Life of Clarendon*, vol. iii., pp. 389-409.

[2] *Rawlinson MSS.*, A 256, f. 1.

the matter. The month which passed between the approval of the scheme and the attempted execution gave ample time for the arrangement which Talbot claimed to have made, and everyone thought that he had made it.

"The order from Court," wrote Carteret, "was given upon very good grounds, the King of Denmark having engaged him to the King of England not to protect any of the Dutch ships in his harbour, but to the contrary to doe great matters against that Nation."[1]

Arlington spoke of the business as one which "had been before concerted";[2] and again: "We had never engaged in so difficult an enterprise, but upon assurance from the Court of Denmark, that they would favour us in them, much otherwise than they have done."[3] Coventry thought that the misfortune at Bergen did not arise from the fleet, though he did not know where to assign the cause.[4] Manchester also assured Sandwich that the affair cast no reflection on him, but that Charles resented the part played by Denmark.[5] "I cannot yett believe," writes Clarendon, "that the Kinge of Denmarke . . . after he hathe done soe much, will by doinge no more force us to tell tales in our own defence."[6] The general opinion at Court, led by the Duke of York, was favourable both to Sandwich's design and Teddiman's action. "The greatness of the attempt, the bravery of the thing, and the good conduct in bringing off every ship, hath quite swallowed up the loss of our men and the repulse."[7]

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 329.
[2] *Ibid.*, 46, f. 197: Arlington to Ormond.
[3] Arlington, *Letters*, vol. ii., p. 18.
[4] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 335.
[5] *Ibid.*, 75, f. 333.
[6] *Ibid.*, 223, f. 287.
[7] *Ibid.*, 75, f. 339.

The account of the affair at Bergen which has always passed current filtered down through Burnet.[1] His account is in the main an abstract of Talbot, whose narrative has been made a classic.[2] But it is a brief rather than a narration; it was not drawn up at the time, but at a later date, and has all the defects of an after-thought. The affair of Bergen, on Talbot's own confession, "was laid asleep" till Guldenlew came to England as Danish Ambassador; and that was not until 1669.[3] Then the Dane endeavoured to justify his master's action, and Talbot at the same time prepared his story at the request of Charles II.

The account does Sandwich the greatest injustice in many important particulars. In the first place, it is stated that Sandwich had been commanded not to stir from the Dogger Bank until he heard from Copenhagen. There is no such command in his instructions, nor in any later letter; neither the name of Copenhagen nor of Talbot is even mentioned. Neither did Sandwich act against the King's precise orders. The station of the fleet was left to the discretion of the council of war, and by them arranged. A further charge is that Sandwich did not preserve the secrecy required when he told Werden of the project. Sandwich was obliged to have a messenger; and as he had no cipher with Talbot, he was compelled to communicate by word of mouth. Talbot confesses himself in the same difficulty, and sent his secretary under similar conditions. Indeed, the plan was little of a secret. The ports of Norway had been used months before as a shelter by the English, in order to surprise

[1] Burnet, *History of his Own Time*, vol. i., pp. 385-388 (edition of 1808).

[2] The narration is in *Brit. Mus.: Harleian MSS.*, 6859, and *Add. MSS.*, 27,990; it was printed in *Archæologia*, vol. xxii.

[3] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, 1668-1669.

the enemy when sailing from the Sound.[1] A newsletter dated July 20 hopes "that if their fleet has sheltered in Norway, ours will putt them thence by force. The King of Denmark would take satisfaction for the affront or a share in the prey."[2] This did not look like secrecy, and the charge is one of many which breaks down upon examination. Such another may be noted. Talbot states that, on dispatching Werden, Sandwich "stood over to the coast of England," in order to pick up another section of his fleet. This would have disorganized the business, and the statement is contrary to fact. The stragglers had joined him ten days before; the fleet remained where Werden left them, until Teddiman's squadron was detached, and then sailed northwards.

A further charge is that of a premature attack, as though Sandwich were warned not to anticipate the day. It must be repeated that Sandwich was not instructed to wait for orders. The moment at which he was bidden to throw aside neutrality "would bee when any considerable substance of the Hollanders was lodged in theire ports." Under such directions, he carried out his business to the letter: "scarce at any time," he says, "in one place soe great a mass of wealth was ever heaped together."[3] He hoped to gain these riches, because he believed the plot complete. As Clarendon said in Parliament, the Earl of Sandwich received orders to go for Norway, "upon such encouragement as was not made good, so that he was disappointed of the expectation he had very reasonably carried with him thither."[4] In the council of war, not a man but hoped that the King of Denmark

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, May 29: Captain Grove, of the *Success*.
[2] *Ibid.*, July 20: James Knight to Henry Muddiman.
[3] *Rawlinson MSS.*, A 468.
[4] *Lords' Journals*, October 11.

would have done his share, "being prepared by Sir Gilbert Talbott quickened by our expresse. . . . And I was encouraged in this expectation," wrote Sandwich, "both by the King and Duke. We therefore committed the Successe to God and adventured the party."[1]

Then came the failure, for which Sandwich cannot be held wholly responsible. Talbot was not told that Sandwich had orders to attack; Sandwich, on his part, did not know how much or how little Talbot had arranged. But it appears that Talbot was too sanguine from the first, and did not conceive that Frederick might find a conscience. The King mumbled about methods, and would not hasten to get his orders into cipher, nor did the envoy ascertain whether any orders were actually sent. As the days passed there came a distinct change in Talbot's letters; doubt took possession of him. At the end of July, when it was too late, he put his uneasiness into words. He indicated that after all, perhaps, the bargain was not clinched: his messages, he said, had miscarried, and it was hard to give seasonable advice. He talked of sending news to Sandwich of all that stirred; yet in a later letter he bemoaned that "if we lose this occasion the whole design is lost."[2] It is probable that Frederick had played him false. Werden simply says: "All that the King of Denmark would order in favour of us was sent to his governor three or four days . . . before July 26."[3] This expressed doubt chimes in very well with Talbot's uneasiness. The day on which the news of the failure reached Copenhagen he wrote to deplore the want of fixed intelligence, and again

[1] *Rawlinson MSS.*, A 468. See p. 326, *ante*.
[2] *S. P., For.: Denmark*, xvii., ff. 384, 393.
[3] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 335.

wondered whether to give Sandwich advice or not. Then comes his postscript on the failure. He still thought the matter could be repaired, and charged a number of cross-accidents on the various messengers. At length Talbot threw the whole blame upon Sandwich. On August 16 he wrote: "I was in fear it would be precipitated when Mr. Werden said that my Lord Sandwich was resolved to attempt it without order from hence."[1]

This somewhat lengthy review of the diplomatic side is needed in a defence of Sandwich, because Talbot's narrative has so long held the field. There is yet another source: an official account of the Bergen affair, apparently unused by historians, with one notable exception.[2] This appears to be an unvarnished story; no attempt is made to whitewash the Court or to clear Lord Sandwich; it was, indeed, published when he was absent in Spain, and when every man's hand was against him. The statement that he advised a premature attack is refuted. It is made perfectly clear that he had every cause for belief that the understanding with Denmark was complete. And not only did Sandwich believe it, but the home government was equally surprised at the breakdown of their diplomacy, and for some weeks they considered further prospects of Danish aid.[3]

While the ill-fated attack upon Bergen was in progress, Sandwich remained for a few days off the Norwegian coast. There he considered the needs of the fleet. So dirty and windy was the weather that

[1] *S. P., For.: Denmark*, xvii., ff. 395, 403. The dates given here are in the old style.

[2] See Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, vol. ii. The pamphlet is entitled *A True Deduction of all Transactions*, etc. (London, 1666): *Brit. Mus.*, 669, d. 1, No. 24.

[3] *Carte MSS.*, 46, f. 199; *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, August 27.

he could only consult the flag-officers by letter. For a whole day and night the vessels were driven northwards; on August 4 "handsome weather" permitted a meeting of the council. The journal does not detail the debate in full. Penn, the great advocate for watching the Texel, was absent; he "excused himself by reason of pain." Had a blockade been suggested, it could not have been of long duration, for the vessels were in need of water.[1] It was decided, therefore, that the fleet should endeavour to fetch Shetland or some part of the English coast. A message was dispatched to Teddiman, and on August 7 Sandwich brought the fleet to Shetland, and anchored in Bressa Sound. No sooner had the water been taken in than a new trouble came upon them. "Divers high spotted fevers" broke out among the men; it seemed as if the cursed plague raged even upon the high seas. Sickness and the shortage of provision forced the fleet to return.[2] It was resolved not to look for Teddiman, but to steer with all industry for the coast of England, making for Flamborough Head. On August 13 the fleet set sail, and was scarcely out of Bressa Sound when the *Sapphire* brought the bad news from Bergen. During the voyage down the coast about thirty ships were sighted, which proved to be Teddiman's unlucky squadron. On the 18th he joined Sandwich off Flamborough Head, and three days later the vessels were once more in Southwold Bay.

The welcome extended to the fleet was not auspicious; the failure of Bergen plunged men's minds

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 326. See also Colomb's *Naval Warfare*, pp. 50-52.

[2] *Carte MSS.*, 74, f. 269. On August 9 it was found the stock varied, so that some of the ships contained "dry provisions" which would last from two to six weeks, and the allowance of beer varied; in some for a few days, in others four weeks.

into a winter of discontent. Some said that Teddiman "staid too long while he saw the Dutch fitting themselves," and swore that by a sudden attack he might have taken every ship. Others said that the East Indiamen had still to get back to Holland, and the return of our fleet seemed most ill-timed.

"The expectations, not only of the Court but of the whole kingdom, are upon our meeting with the Dutch," wrote Clifford to Sandwich, "and if we are not fortunate in meeting them, give me leave to tell your Excellency that there will be a great dissatisfaction. . . . In everybody's opinion there is an ill face upon our affairs."[1]

Ties of blood and friendship led Manchester to send a like warning. The great victory of June was barren, since De Ruyter had swept the coasts of Guinea, plundered the Indies, and then got safely home. Another blow was needed, and if the Dutch get into port, said Manchester, "there are those that will make discourses."[2]

The nation gave no thought to the need for provisions, and eagerly awaited a decisive action; "a great deal of money being spent," says Pepys, "and the kingdom not in a condition to spare, nor a parliament without much difficulty to meet to give more. And to that, to have it said, what hath been done by our late fleetes?" Trade with the Baltic was at a standstill, for the enemy had recovered from the shock of June 3, and was again at sea. De Witt had re-established discipline; De Ruyter's return had given the Dutch renewed courage, and the redoubtable Admiral was there to lead them. The fleet placed under his command was little inferior in numbers to

[1] *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 339. [2] *Ibid.*, 223, f. 309.

that which sailed in the spring. In some respects it was, perhaps, better equipped; a notable change, the result of past experience, was that the fleet, instead of being in seven squadrons, was organized in three, upon the English model. With De Ruyter in command, the vessels sailed from the Texel, ready to convoy the merchantmen from Bergen and to reassert control over the trade routes.

To meet this formidable enemy and to check their design, Sandwich prepared again to put to sea. He had no better wish than to engage De Ruyter. The moment he returned he wrote to Albemarle, and begged for men and provisions,[1] but owing to the evil of working without a reserve, and to the hurry with which Penn had set out in July, he was hampered in his preparations. His ships were half manned, his sailors were underfed. He was zealous for an effective force. He knew that had he remained at sea during the whole of August, and not put into Southwold, it would have been in vain, since he was so ill-provided with victuals. His papers showed glaring discrepancy between the victuallers' statement of the drink said to be provided and that actually on board. The victuallers had miscalculated by three weeks. "I am grieved at the heart," wrote Pepys, "to see your Lordship in this streight, which shall be eased as far as any paynes of mine will stand in steade."[2] But the system of victualling was still at fault. The whole of the business of contract lay with a single contractor; "had he died, all would have stood still." Coventry was in great fear lest the attempt to intercept De Ruyter should fail for want of provisions; if the

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.*, August 25.
[2] *Carte MSS.*, 75, ff. 337, 338.

Dutch staid any time in Norway, he wrote, the fleet would once again be forced back, and another opportunity lost.[1]

The need for success was as urgent upon one side as the other. It was known that De Witt and De Ruyter would spare no effort to bring home the East India fleet from Bergen, and to protect some other Dutchmen which were overdue from the Mediterranean. Vessels carrying valuable silks and spices, and a cargo of 120 tons of gold, were upon the high seas.[2] This was the prize which Sandwich hoped to take. The plan adopted in order to compass the design was one which should ensure a decisive action; the fleet was given a position off the Dogger Bank, 55° N.N.W., and twenty leagues from the Texel. The object was to risk an open blockade, in order to strike at the enemy some distance from their own ports. The task was formidable, and was rendered more difficult by the increasing uncertainty of the autumn weather.

Under such circumstances, Sandwich was impatient to be gone; though he was decidedly a cautious man, he never delayed action through hesitation or fear. His importunity about provisions had had some results, and he felt justified in setting out for a few weeks. "Just now," wrote Pepys, "comes newes that the fleet is gone, or going this day out again, for which God be praised. My Lord Sandwich hath done himself great right in it, in getting so soon out again."[3] Even then the final arrangements were hurriedly made, and were not wholly satisfactory; the liquor allowance was one half, and certain vessels were ill-fitted.

[1] *Cal. S. P., Dom.:* Coventry to Arlington, August 30 and September 2.
[2] Lefèvre-Pontalis, *Johan de Witt*, vol. i., pp. 360-362.
[3] Pepys's *Diary*, August 28.

At the council of war held before sailing, Sandwich issued a memorandum to the captains, which embodied his fighting instructions, and which in parts reads like the most famous memorandum ever delivered in our naval history. He urged upon the commanders that the order of battle should be kept, but "if they were hindered of that by any accident then to be sure to putt themselves in a line any where to have theire broad sides to the enimye."[1] The set of instructions, the second for which Sandwich was responsible, is of remarkable interest throughout.[2] "I did admonish the Commanders of some ships for our advantage in fighting and saylinge," is his introduction; and he expounded his ideas at the council of war, entering them in his journal as though delivered in the form of an exhortation.[3]

The instructions were delivered while the fleet lay three leagues from Southwold. Despite the rough weather, anchor was weighed, and on August 30 the vessels were well out to sea. In two days a fine fresh breeze brought them within fifteen leagues of the Texel, and in the enemy's path. De Ruyter was returning from Bergen. He had gone there with some hopes of meeting Teddiman, but missed him by several days. He was able, however, to take the East Indiamen under his protection. The Governor of Bergen, although handsomely rewarded for his former services, demanded 100,000 crowns for having protected the vessels since Teddiman's attack; but the

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 337. *Cf.* Nelson's memorandum on the eve of Trafalgar: "No captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy."

[2] J. S. Corbett, *Fighting Instructions* (1530-1816), contains the first set.

[3] The council minutes are in *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 341. The instructions are not included, and are printed as an appendix to this volume.

Admiral resisted this demand, and set out with his valuable fleet for Holland.[1]

The anxiety and excitement in the Dutch fleet was intense; their scouting and knowledge of the English movements was worthy of their leader, but rough weather was their undoing. September came in like a lion; one after another their vessels were dispersed, and the attempts to reassemble them were all in vain. Great East Indiamen, laden with riches, but foul after their long journey, broke away from their convoys, and rolled helplessly about in the North Sea, at the mercy of the tempest and the enemy. On the morning of September 3 the English sighted seven or eight of the stragglers. Frigates were sent to chase them, whereupon the quarry bore down for the Texel. For a whole day the pursuit lasted, and in the evening the English took a fine prize—two great East Indiamen, a Straitsman, a Malagaman, and four men-of-war, several small vessels, and 1,300 prisoners.[2] The only loss on our side was the *Hector*, a fifth-rate carrying twenty guns. Immediately the prizes were taken the whole fleet tacked to the westward, and ran about six leagues towards the English coast, in order to avoid the dangers of a lee shore.

Then for two days came constant councils, busied with the arrangements for securing the prizes, and for collecting the scattered ships of the fleet. One by one they came in, bringing perhaps a vessel from the Straits, or some smaller Dutchman. The prizes were rich, and their security an anxious business. They

[1] Brandt, *Vie de Ruyter*, p. 306. He arrived at Bergen on August 19 (O.S.).

[2] *Brit. Mus.: Egerton MSS.*, 2618, f. 119: Sandwich to Albemarle.

were manned and formed into a small squadron convoyed by six merchantmen. They sailed upon the Admiral's starboard quarter; if an engagement came on, the captains were instructed "to keep on the off gauge from the enemy." In case of imminent danger, the men were to be taken from the prizes, and the ships burned or sunk.[1]

There was again some prospect of a battle. Sandwich was under no delusions about the strength of the Dutch fleet, nor about the resource and persistence of its leader; but having already made considerable gains, he adopted a cautious policy. He determined to keep what he had, and to add to his riches rather than to risk a loss; since he held gilt-edged securities, he avoided speculation.

The wind varied strangely; now southerly, now in the opposite quarter; now fierce, now calm. The enemy was reported off the Well Bank, some seventy or eighty strong. Sandwich, though he had the larger force, wished to perplex and thus to divide them; the choice of an engagement was theirs. He decided on nothing apart from his flag-officers, and they resolved not to continue the chase too near the Texel. Failing further success in regard to prizes, they fixed a definite date for the return to England.

"In four days time," said Sandwich, "wee judge wee must meet with some of these scattered parcels of their Fleete, or they (beinge none of them 20 leagues from home) will by that tyme be gone into port, and our stay in the sea at this tyme of the year unnecessarily may be of very ill consequence to the greate ships and prizes."[2]

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 347; *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 346.

[2] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 351; *Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 348: Sandwich to the King; *S. P., Dom.*, cxxxii., f. 26.

The day after this decision was made excitement began again. Eighteen sail of the enemy were sighted, chased, and attacked. Four men-of-war were taken, one of seventy guns; some merchantmen, their victuals, ammunition, and a thousand prisoners; a glorious but cumbersome amount, for, as Clarendon put it, they had to be clothed and fed, and did us more harm ashore than afloat. The English lost only one captain, Lambert, and a few men.[1] After this first encounter, Sandwich stood westward, and met thirty sail more, one a Vice-Admiral.[2] There was a sharp brush, and the *Revenge* lost her captain, Langhorne. The Dutch, panic-stricken, fired some of their prizes. But fog and thick weather prevented a further chase; the ships could scarcely see one another, and the wind was rapidly rising. The Dutch were within eight or nine leagues of their own havens, and endeavoured to draw the English on to a lee shore. Lord Sandwich was wary; he would not risk having to tack in the night, but kept his fleet together, and stood westward towards the English coast.

The precaution was justified, for the wind rose to a gale. Sails were blown out of the bolt-ropes, and there was a great sea. For two days the vessels sailed homewards; at length the welcome sight of Yarmouth steeple appeared upon the horizon. With a north-east wind the fleet sailed down the English coast, and on September 13, about sunset, anchored off the Buoy of the Nore. The vessels were all

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal*, vol. i., f. 351 : Sandwich to the King; *S. P., Dom.*, cxxxii., f. 83.

[2] Sandwich in his letter says that the Vice-Admiral was Banckers; the Dutch say it was Van Nes (see Brandt, pp. 316 and 317). In Tromp's *Life* it is stated that some of the Dutch ships were betrayed by a pilot from Bremen (p. 317).

safe, and the prizes were intact. Sandwich was satisfied that he had done the nation a great service; he ended the first volume of his journal with every sign of joy, and subscribed it with the words *Deo Gratias.*[1]

[1] *Sandwich MSS. Journal,* vol. i., f. 352.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

GENEALOGY OF EDWARD, FIRST EARL OF SANDWICH

Reign.		Married.	Died.
William the Conqueror.	1. Drogo de Monteacuto came to England at the Conquest.		
	2. William.		
	3. Richard.		
	4. Dru de Montacute, Lord of Montacute	Aliva Basset of Wycombe.	
King John.	5. William de Montacute, second son, Sheriff of Dorset and Somerset.	Isabel.	1216
	6. William de Montacute	Berta de la Hind, of Broomfield, Wilts.	
Edward I. Edward II.	7. Simon de Montacute, Baron of Shepton Montacute; Governor of Corfe Castle and of Beaumaris Castle; Admiral of the Fleet; M.P. from 28 Edward I. to 8 Edward II.	Aufricia, daughter of a heiress of Fergus, King of the Isle of Man.	1316
Edward I. Edward II.	8. William de Montacute, Lord of Montacute and Man; Governor of Corfe and Berkhampstead Castles; Steward of the Household; Seneschal of Aquitaine; M.P. 11 and 12 Edward II.; Ambassador to France; Governor of the Isle of Oleron; died in Gascony; buried at St. Frideswide's, Oxford; Knight of the Bath.	Elizabeth, daughter of Peter, Lord Montfort of Beaudesert, co. Warwick.	1320
Edward III.	9. Sir William de Montacute; knighted 19 Edward II.; Ambassador to the Pope, 1330; Baron of Denbigh, 1330; Governor of Sherborne and Corfe Castles; Governor of Channel Islands, 8 Edward III.; Constable of the Tower, and received the Crest of the Eagle from the King, 1334; Admiral of the Fleet, 1335; created Earl of Salisbury, 1328; Earl Marshal of England, 1338;	Catharine, daughter of William, Lord Grandison.	1344

	created King of Man, 16 Edward III.; M.P. 1330-1343; founder of Bisham Abbey; died from wounds received at a tilting combat at Windsor.		
Edward III. Richard II.	10. Sir John de Montacute, Steward of the Household, Richard II.; M.P. from 31 Edward III. to 13 Richard II.	Margaret, daughter and heiress of Thomas, Lord Monthermer, son of Ralph de Monthermer and Joanna, daughter of King Edward I.	1390
Edward III. Richard II. Henry IV.	11. Sir Simon de Montacute	Eleanor, daughter and heiress of William de Boughton, Northants.	1400 (beheaded)
	12. Thomas Montagu	Christian, daughter of Thomas Basset.	
	13. John Montagu	Alice, daughter of William Halcot.	
	14. William Montagu	Margaret, daughter of Christopher Butline.	
	15. Richard Montagu; resided at Hemington, Northants.	Agnes, daughter of William Knotting.	
	16. Thomas Mountagu; resided at Hemington, Northants.	Agnes, daughter of William Dudley.	
Henry VII. Henry VIII. Edward VI.	17. Sir Edward Mountagu, King's Serjeant; knighted, and Chief Justice of the King's Bench, 30 Henry VIII.; Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1546; executor to King Henry VIII., and counsellor of Edward VI.; received the grant of the Manor of Barnwell, Northants.	Helen, daughter of John Roper (as third wife).	1556
Henry VIII. to Elizabeth.	18. Sir Edward Mountagu; knighted 1567; Sheriff of Northants, 1569; his eldest son was created Baron Montagu of Boughton, 19 James I.; his fourth son was created Earl of Manchester in 1627.	Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Harrington, of Exton Hall, Rutland.	1602
James I. Charles I.	19. Sir Sydney Mountagu of Barnwell, Northants; Master of the Requests to King Charles I.; purchased Hinchingbrooke Priory from Sir Oliver Cromwell.	Paulina, daughter of John Pepys, of Cottenham, Cambs.	1644
Charles I. Charles II.	20. Sir Edward Mountagu, first Earl of Sandwich.	Jemima, daughter of Lord Crew.	1672

APPENDIX B

LINE OF BATTLE, JUNE 3, 1665

Merchant ships are denoted by asterisks (*).

WHITE SQUADRON.

		Rates.	
Rear-Admiral's Division.	Milford	5	Rear-Admiral's group.
	Speedwell	5	
	—— **Resolution**	3	
	Truelove	6	
	Anne	3	
	Kent	4	
	Constant Catherine	4*	
	Bear	4	
	Advice	4	
	St. Andrew	2	
	E. Indian Merch[t]	4*	
Admiral's Division.	Portland	4	
	Bendish	4*	
	Henrietta	3	
	Mary Rose	4	
	Assurance	4	
	Garland	5	Admiral's group.
	Fire-ship. **Royal James**	1	
	Merlin	6	
	Revenge	3	
	Exchange	4*	
	Rainbow	2	
	Reserve	4	
Vice-Admiral's Division.	Catherine	4*	
	Return	4*	
	John and Abigail	4*	
	Expedition	4	
	Ruby	4	
	Lion	3	
	Newcastle	4	
	Monck	3	
	Hector	5	Vice-Admiral's Group.
	—— **Triumph**	2	
	Paradox	6	
	Colchester	5	

RED SQUADRON.

Rear-Admiral's Division.	Sapphire	4	Rear-Admiral's van wing.
	Leopard	4	
	George	4*	
	Portsmouth	4	
	Bonaventure	4	
	Success	4	Rear-Admiral's group.
	—— **Swiftsure**	2	
	Little Mary	6	
	Fairfax	3	Rear-Admiral's rear wing.
	Satisfaction	4*	
	Amity	4	
	Eagle	4*	

		Rates.	
Lord High Admiral's Division.	Yarmouth	4	Commander-in-Chief's van wing.
	Coventry	5	
	Loyal George	4*	
	Old James	2	
	Antelope	4	
	Mermaid	5	Commander-in-Chief's group.
	Drake, 6. **Royal Charles**	1	
	Norwich	5	
	Happy Return	4	Commander-in-Chief's rear wing.
	Mary	3	
	Blackmore	4*	
	Fountain	5	
	Plymouth	3	
Vice-Admiral's Division.	Dover	4	Vice-Admiral's van wing.
	Coast frigate	4*	
	St. George	2	
	Guinea	4	
	Norwich	5	Vice-Admiral's group.
	—— **Royal Oak**	2	
	Martin	6	
	Diamond	4	Vice-Admiral's rear wing.
	Royal Exchange	4*	
	Gloucester	3	
	Bristol	4	

BLUE SQUADRON.

Vice-Admiral's Division.	Guernsey	5	Vice-Admiral's group.
	—— **Henry**	2	
	Lizard	5	
	York	3	
	Providence	4	
	Unicorn	2	
	Assistance	4	
	Castle frigate	4*	
	Hampshire	4	
	Hamb^rg Merch^t	4*	
	Jersey	4	
Admiral's Division.	Goodhope	4*	Admiral's group.
	Swallow	4	
	John and Thomas	4*	
	Bredah	4	
	Dunkirk	3	
	Pembroke	5	
	Blackmore	5	
	Fire-ship. **The Prince**	1	
	A ketch.		
	Oxford	5	
	Mountagu	3	
	Centurion	4	
	Maryland Merch^t	4*	
	Dragon	4	
Rear-Admiral's Division.	Dreadnought	3	Rear-Admiral's group.
	Society	4*	
	Adventure	4	
	Golden Phœnix	4*	
	Princess	4	
	Marmaduke	4	
	Essex	3	
	Paul	5	
	—— **Royal Catherine**	2	
	Forester	5	

NOTE.—The White Squadron is given in the above order. The *Charity* joined the fleet after April 20, or was one of the fire-ships.

APPENDIX C

THE BATTLE OF LOWESTOFT, JUNE 3, 1665

THE account of the battle is based largely upon two sources—the account given by Sandwich in his *MS. Journal*, now used for the first time; and another account written by his Captain, Roger Cuttance (*Carte MSS.*, 75, f. 307). The latter was originally among the *Hinchingbrooke MSS.*, and was doubtless written for Sandwich, who was disappointed at the meagre praise allotted to him by the scribes for his part in the action. Both Sandwich and Cuttance state categorically that the former gave the signal for breaking through the Dutch fleet, "hoisting the blue flag at the peak of the mizzen yard arm." This was in accordance with fighting instruction No. 7 (see J. S. Corbett's *Fighting Instructions*), and was a sign for the squadron to bear up in the wake or grain of the flagship. It is acknowledged that Sandwich divided the enemy; the Dutch say that he broke their line, but the successful move has been attributed to accident, not to a tactical design (see Clowes's *Royal Navy*, ii. 260). But Sandwich had already issued some such instructions, and he and his squadron were familiar with the movement (see *Hist. MSS. Comm. Report*, xv., Instructions; reprinted by J. S. Corbett, p. 108). In addition he was present when the instructions of April 18 were drawn up, and when they were emphasized on April 20. On the Dutch part the success of the manœuvre was recognized, and attributed to him. Opportunity has not permitted an investigation of the Dutch archives, but an account based on contemporary evidence gives Sandwich the glory. "Le Comte de Sandwich separat la Flotte Hollandoise en deux vers l'1 heure du midy" (*Description Exacte*, 1668, p. 54). A similar account is given by a later author, possibly from the same authority (*La Vie de Corneille Tromp*, 1694, p 267).

Again, "Sandwigh, omtrent ten een uur naer den middagh, de Hollandshe Vloot in tween van een gesneden" (*Leeven en Daaden der Doorluchtigste Zee-helden*, by L. van den Bos, Amsterdam, 1683). Our own Minister in Holland, Downing, (*S. P., For. : Holland*, 177 and 178) reported on the good order of the line kept by the English fleet, and a steadiness of purpose which much impressed the Dutch. In drawing up the official accounts, there is very little doubt that the observers were at the greatest disadvantage. Each described the situation from the point of view of his own squadron, and that before detailed consultation was possible. Coventry's account was written on June 4, and in print on June 8 ; the *Summary Narration* was in print on the same day (see Granville Penn, ii. 322-325). Coventry apologizes for his account as imperfect (*Cal. S. P., Dom.*). From this was written up the official account of June 5, sent to the Lord Mayor, which concludes with the statement that it will be hard to give particulars till all stories are compared (*S. P., Dom. : Car. II.*, cxxiii., f. 46). A few valuable but very brief notes are in the logbook of the *Royal Charles* (*ibid.*, f. 91, and *Add. MSS.*, 32,094, f. 58). These give the positions of the fleet in the earlier passes, but omit the doings of the Blue and White Squadrons. The last-named authorities form the basis for the printed account of June 10. The gallantry of James and Rupert is much insisted upon in the *Intelligencer* and the *Newes*, but nothing is said about Sandwich until the *Newes* of June 15. Then there is no discussion of the tactical question, and, indeed, one would scarcely expect it.

Another contemporary authority to be cited is James himself in the extracts published by Macpherson, and incorporated by J. S. Clarke in his *Life of James II.* Here again the accounts of the earlier passes are given, but the movement by the Blue Squadron is omitted ; indeed, nothing is detailed between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Then the story of the Duke's share in the battle is set out at length, and the notes can only be looked on as furnishing material for the story of the Red Squadron. This is in accordance with Von Ranke's estimate of the authority (*History of England*, vi., 29-45): "Above all things it is to be made patent that he devoted himself with the greatest zeal to the service of his country." The notes

were put down by the Duke's secretaries, and there is one point in relation to the battle which makes it look as if the account was written long afterwards. The *Royal Charles* did indeed stretch it out ahead of the *Prince*—a fact which Sandwich records; but, instead of this happening at 10 a.m. Sandwich fixes it much later, and more credibly so. He at least wrote up his journal almost red-hot; for example, "Some," he writes, "affirme they saw Dutch ships sinke downe, but I have yet nothing credible thereof" (*MS. Journal*, i. 300).

As to the modern authorities who have gone over the same ground, reference should be made to J. C. de Jonge, *Geschiedenis van het Nederlandsche Zeewesen*, vol. ii., part ii. (Amsterdam, 1835). He regards the authorities for the battle as confused, and difficult to estimate at their proper worth. He has worked in the Rijks-Archief, and studied the contemporary authorities (p. 200), and cites three of especial value. From these he concludes that Sandwich broke through the Dutch line ("Linie"), and that at least one other squadron followed him (p. 193). Still one more modern writer must be quoted—Chabaud-Arnault, who writes in the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* (vol. lxxxvi.). He speaks of Sandwich as cutting through the Dutch line: "Mouvement opportune et bien exécuté qui décida du sort de la journée."

The matter apparently stands thus: There is not sufficient evidence to prove that Sandwich manœuvred in order to break the enemy's line, in the sense in which the term would be used in the eighteenth century. But two points we certainly obtain from his journals: First, that the English had a definitely organized fighting line—a regular formation, in which each ship had her proper station; secondly, Sandwich had in his own mind the possibility of the Dutch breaking through our fleet (*i.e.*, breaking our line), as was done in the first Dutch War, though it may be interpreted passing between two squadrons, and thus cutting one squadron off. Surely it is a small step from thwarting an opponent's movement to using it oneself. As Granville Penn has it, "the measure must have been, originally, the momentary suggestion of fit circumstances presented to professional skill and valour united in the same person" (*Life of Penn*, ii. 353).

APPENDIX D

LORD SANDWICH'S FIGHTING AND SAILING INSTRUCTIONS, August 30, 1665. (See p. 340)

At the Councell of Warr I did admonish the Commanders of some shipps for our advantage in fightinge and saylinge:

In Order to Fightinge

1. To be in theire place accordinge to the order of battle, at the first if possible.

2. If they were hindred of that by any accident, then to be sure to put themselves in a line anywhere to have theire broad sides to the enimy.

3. In tackinge and saylinge in tyme of fight to have especiall care of fallinge foule one of another, which is the greate occasion of destruction.

4. If by accident they be out of the line, take heed not to fire at the enimye through our friends, but watch an opportunity to have the enimye clear.

5. Wee meetinge now with a mixt Fleete of men of warr, East India men etc., noe man to seize a merchant untill victory obtained and certaine.

In Order to Saylinge

1. Give good berth to avoid disablinge our shipps by tackinge or fallinge foule.

2. Take speciall heed not to lose Company of the Fleete, which whoso does shall justify himselfe at a Court Martiall.

3. None to chase but by order of the Flagg, the contrary to be examined at a Court Martiall.

4. Sayle in such an order as you may most readily fall into the posture of battle.[1]

[1] Sandwich had issued certain tactical directions on July 19 which related to the signals for drawing into a line, and for squadrons to close up to their respective flags (*Brit. Mus.: Harleian MSS.*, 1247, f 55).

END OF VOL I.

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